May
1928

The BOOKMAN

A Revue of Life and Letters

William Dean Howells
Unpublished Letters, 1857-1867

Marcel Proust in Review
By *Angel Flores*

Books Nobody Knows
By *Frank Parker Stockbridge*

Who Am I?
By *Lion Feuchtwanger*

&

IN DEMAND
The Agonies of Literary Success
Anonymous

50 Cents a Copy $5.00 Yearly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Important New Publications

THE STREAM OF HISTORY by Geoffrey Parsons

Never has the endlessly fascinating theme of universal history been treated with such clearness, impartiality, vigor, and enthusiasm as in this magnificent volume. The author views his subject from the modern standpoint of a mighty stream whose source as well as its ending is unknown, but which is forever surging onward. Eras and epochs flow resistlessly together, bearing on their surface the bubbles that were great men and the chips of great events that sweep from one age into another.

AMBITION
by Arthur Train

"Arthur Train's best novel."
—*Louisville Courier Journal.*
Fifth large printing $2.50

THE GREENE MURDER CASE
A Philo Vance Story
by S. S. Van Dine
Author of "The 'Canary' Murder Case," etc.

"The best detective story published so far this year."—*The Forum.*
$2.00

THE TORCHES FLARE
by Stark Young

A brilliant novel of dramatic and artistic life in New York. $2.50

THE BLACK CAP
New Stories of Murder and Mystery
compiled by
Cynthia Asquith
Editor of "The Ghost Book," etc.

"Shall We Join the Ladies?" Sir James M. Barrie's famous and hitherto unpublished play, leads this remarkable collection of tales by well-known authors. $2.00

QUEER STREET
by John Wiley

The changes wrought by passing years in a New York family and the street on which it lived. $2.00

Exciting, thrilling, informative, here is a book that will always have a place in the library of the man or woman whose soul is stirred by the magnificent visions of history. *With decorations by James Daugherty.*

$5.00

THE RESTLESS PACIFIC
by Nicholas Roosevelt
Author of "The Philippines: A Treasure and a Problem"

A graphic presentation of conditions in Eastern Asia to-day with the national aims and conflicting ideals of the great Pacific powers—America, Britain, and Japan—stated with clarity and conviction. *With maps.* $3.00

TENNIS by Helen Wills

The personal charm of America's foremost woman tennis player fills this informative and lively volume. *With many illustrations by the author.* $2.50

THE OTHER SIDE
by Struthers Burt

Essays, provocative and pungent, on the "other side" of subjects now before the public. A stimulating and engrossing book. $2.00

RANK AND FILE
True Stories of the World War
by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

"A thrilling cross-section of American bravery . . . drawn from varying elements of our national life."
—*Washington Post.*
Illustrated by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. Second printing. $2.50

SERVICE RECORD BY AN ARTILLERYMAN
by Leo V. Jacks

One of the great books on the World War. A vividly told and thrillingly alive narrative by a man who fought in almost all the great American offensives. $2.00

BARRIE
by Thomas Moult

"A beautiful biography . . . the reader who wants to know how Barrie happened in this universe would do well to buy and read this volume."—*Emporia Gazette.* $2.00

BELIEFS THAT MATTER: *A Theology for Laymen*
by William Adams Brown
Author of "A Life of Prayer in a World of Science"

What one modern Christian believes may be a plain statement of practical faith for men and women of to-day. $2.75

THE BUILDING OF CULTURES
by Roland B. Dixon
Author of "The Racial History of Man"

A study of the origin and growth of civilizations which answers many of the great questions about human culture. $4.00

PERHAPS I AM by Edward W. Bok

"This pleasant, mellow, retrospective gossip of an intelligent observer makes delightful reading—a lively, entertaining, informing, and supremely readable book."—*Hartford Courant.* $3.00

At all bookstores

Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York

Read the NEW Scribner's Magazine

THE BOOKMAN is published monthly by the BOOKMAN PUBLISHING CO., INC. 50c a copy; $5 a year (Canada, $5.50, foreign $6). Publication office, 19th & FEDERAL STS., CAMDEN, N. J. Editorial and general office, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Camden, N. J.

Copyright 1928, by the BOOKMAN PUBLISHING CO., INC. Copyright in Great Britain and all European Countries including the Scandinavian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY

1884-1928

Editors
SIR JAMES MURRAY
DR. HENRY BRADLEY

Editors
DR. WILLIAM A. CRAIGIE
CHARLES T. ONIONS

The Oxford University Press announces that the NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY *based on historical principles, publication of which began in 1884, is now completed. The concluding section* WISE-WYZEN *was published in England on April 19th. On that day a set of the Dictionary was by His Majesty's gracious permission presented to King* GEORGE *the Fifth.*

Complete sets less the concluding half volume are available at all good booksellers at prices from $425 upwards for the complete set. The Publishers will gladly forward on application a detailed prospectus of the work. The concluding half volume will be obtainable in America on May 24th.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS *American Branch* NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

HOME STUDY COURSES *AND* ADULT EDUCATION

IN these days of widespread educational expansion schools are crowded; our leading universities must turn away many applicants for entrance; and thousands of adults are studying in their leisure time.

Columbia University welcomes this educational expansion, for through broader, deeper and more exact knowledge come wider culture, more vital social life, more intelligent training of youth, and greater efficiency in business or professional life.

Many of the hopes for a fuller life that are visions in school and college days are carried to completion by adult education.

Since 1919 the University has been developing its facilities to meet adequately this increasing desire for study at home by individuals or groups. Carefully prepared courses for home study are offered in the subjects listed here.

These courses have been prepared by our instructors for study at home by individuals or groups. Everyone who enrolls is instructed by a member of the University teaching staff; and while each course covers all material essential to a full understanding of the subject, the close personal relation between teacher and student makes it possible to adapt the instruction to the individual needs of each student.

The University will send on request full information about these home study courses. A coupon is printed below for your convenience. If you care to write a letter briefly outlining your educational interests, our instructors may be able to offer helpful suggestions. Mention subjects which are of interest to you, even if they are not listed below because additions to the courses offered are made from time to time.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSES

COLUMBIA University Home Study Department has prepared courses covering the equivalent of four years of High School study. This complete High School or College Preparatory training is available to those who cannot undertake class room work. We shall be glad to send you our special Bulletin.

Columbia University Courses for home study are offered in the following subjects:

Accounting
Algebra
American Government
American History
American Literature
Applied Grammar
Astronomy
Banking
Biblical Literature
Biology
Botany
Boy Scouting
Business Administration
Business English
Business Law
Business Organization
Chemistry
Child Psychology
Composition
Dramatic
English
Various Languages
Lyric Poetry
Contemporary Novel
Drafting
Drama
Drawing and Painting
Economics
Economic Geography
English
English Literature
Essay Writing
European History
Fire Insurance
French
Geometry
German
Government
Grammar
Greek
Harmony
History
Italian
Juvenile Story Writing
Latin
Literature
Magazine Article Writing
Marketing
Mathematics
Personnel Administration
Philosophy
Photoplay Composition
Physics
Psychology
Public Speaking
Religion
Secretarial Studies
Short Story Writing
Sociology
Spanish, etc., etc.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, University Extension—Home Study Department, New York, N. Y.
Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subject:
Bookman—5-28

.....

Name .....Occupation.....

Street and Number .....City.....State.....

1291

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAY, 1928 VOL. LXVII, NO. 3

The BOOKMAN

Contents for May

Frontispiece: *William Dean Howells, 1859* . . . . . [Facing page 249
In Demand: The Agonies of Literary Success . . . Anonymous 249
The Ante-Room to Fame. *Letters of W. D. Howells* 258
Who Am I? . . . . . *Lion Feuchtwanger* 267
Sonata in Blue. *Four Sonnets* . . . . . *Alfred Kreymborg* 270
Marcel Proust in Review . . . . . *Angel Flores* 272
Books Nobody Knows . . . . . *Frank Parker Stockbridge* 277
Aunt Rhoda and the Riddleman. *A Story* . . . . . *Lawrence Housman* 282
Sights and Sounds: 288
Back to the Theater . . . . . *Norman Hapgood*
"Ballads, Songs and Snatches" . . . . . *Abbe Niles*
Anonymously . . . . . *John Farrar* 293
A Bookman's Notes 297
Fairly Utter Approval . . . . . *Burton Rascoe* 302
Perhaps Rather Bitter Olives . . . . . *S. K. Ratcliffe* 308
Explaining the Orient . . . . . *Lyman Bryson* 310
A Shelf of Recent Books 313
Reviews by *Louis Sherwin, S. Daniel House, Herschel Brickell, John Nicholas Beffel, Don Seitz, Keith Hutchison, Sydney Greenbie, Bernhard J. Stern, Stanton A. Coblentz, Marjorie Greenbie, Edward Hale Bierstadt.*
And If Like the Lily? . . . . . *Horace M. Kallen* 326
Talk About Art . . . . . *Rose Mary Fisk* 327
Post War Novels—And Others . . . . . *Edith Walton* 330
Novels of the Spring Season . . . . . *Louise Maunsell Field* 332
The Bookman's Monthly Score 334
News Story Contest: *Prize Story for February* 335
Comment by Julian Mason, *Editor in Chief, New York Evening Post*
Boston: Chapers VII—VIII . . . . . *Upton Sinclair* 338
In the Bookman Office (*Front advertising section*) IV
Looking Ahead With the Publishers (*Front advertising section*) VIII
The Book Mart (*Rear advertising section*) XXXIX

In the rear advertising section:
Brief Reviews; Fiction Notes; Globe-Trotting Through Books

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Bookman Office

Burton Rascoe has resigned as editor of THE BOOKMAN.

We are not permitted to say anything more of the anonymous author of "In Demand" than that he is an American writer of distinction and celebrity. The reason for his desire to remain unknown will be obvious to readers of his merciless exposure of the merciless impositions to which the successful, especially in literary and intellectual pursuits, are subjected in the day of go-getting culture and high-pressure publicity.

MILDRED HOWELLS has devoted five of the years since the death of her father, William Dean Howells, in 1920 to collecting and editing his correspondence—an undertaking made formidable by the great number of the letters and the fact that almost no pioneering work had been done in investigating the details of his long and exceedingly active career. The letters will eventually fill two large volumes, and with Miss Howells's copious notes will constitute the first and the official biography of one of the principal figures in American letters. Howells's close association with most of the leading literary personalities both at home and abroad during sixty years makes his correspondence an unusually rich panorama of the literary scene.

THE BOOKMAN has been assisted in the selection and annotation of the correspondence, which will appear in several issues, by HERBERT GORMAN, critic and man-of-letters now on the staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune's* "Books". The chief part of Mr. Gorman's task has been compression, the wealth of interesting and valuable material making difficult the cutting to the requirements of magazine publication.

LION FEUCHTWANGER won his first fame in English-speaking countries with his novel "Power". More recently "The Ugly Duchess" has repeated the first book's favorable reception with the critics and with the public. Some time ago a book appeared in Germany called "J. L. Wettcheeks' American Song Book", a series of impressions of the United States done in verse. Though the equivalence of "Wettcheeks" and "Feuchtwanger" should have been obvious, it was only recently that the author's identity was learned, as well as the fact that the American "impressions" had been gained without a visit to the country—chiefly, in fact, from a reading of Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson and Upton Sinclair. The book is to be published here as "Pep". Herr Feuchtwanger is expected to visit this country soon.

The poems of ALFRED KREYMBORG will soon be dignified with a handsome uniform edition. Mr. Kreymborg has just completed his share in the selection of the material for the second volume of "The American Caravan".

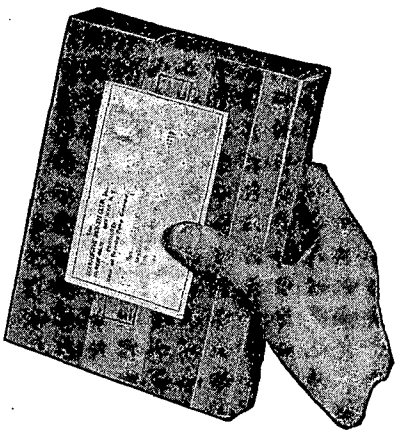
ANGEL FLORES was introduced to BOOKMAN readers last October with his authoritative paper on André Gide. In addition to interpreting and translating Continental authors for English-reading peoples (and in addition to teaching at Rutgers College), Señor Flores has been active in making leading American and British authors accessible in the Spanish language. He has just completed a translation of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"—which must have been an exhausting task! Mr. Eliot has expressed himself as pleased with the result. Other books translated by Señor Flores have been Sherwood Anderson's "Poor White" and D. H. Lawrence's "Sons and Lovers". Señor Flores has become the official translator of the brilliant Spanish author Ramón Gómez de la Serna and will soon prepare a first selection for THE BOOKMAN.

It is good news to hear that FRANK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What will be the Next Book-of-the-Month?

MEMBERS of the Book-of-the-Month Club's Selecting Committee are now engaged in choosing the most outstanding and readable book among forthcoming publications. We do not know what the book will be. We do know, however, that any book agreed upon by Henry Seidel Canby, Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley, and William Allen White is sure to be one that few intelligent booklovers will care to miss. When the votes are in, and the "book-of-the-month" thereby determined, subscribers will receive a full report about it, a month in advance of publication. They will also receive concise advance reports about all other important forthcoming books. They can, at their option, get either the "book-of-the-month," one of the other recommended books, or none at all!



—this unique and convenient service costs you nothing! *Find out all about it.*

AFTER the tumult and the shouting about new books is over, most critics will agree that the really worth-while new books published in the course of a year can usually be counted almost on the fingers of two hands.

If you are bookishly inclined, however, you are overwhelmed and confused by the hundreds of new books continuously thrust upon your attention. You are pulled this way by some favorable review, and that way by some clever advertisement. Often there are a dozen books you have been excited into thinking you want—at the same time! Unfortunately, you can't read them all, for your reading time is limited. Your attitude may be summed up in this statement; you are particularly anxious *not to miss* those books which, in the general opinion are "really worth reading." But what are they?

The Book-of-the-Month Club represents the first attempt ever made to find out, for the busy reader, what the outstanding new books may be, and to make sure that he actually *obtains and reads them*, instead of merely wishing to.

The plan of the Club is simplicity itself. The publishers send copies of their new books far in advance of publication to our selecting committee, which consists of the distinguished group of individuals named above. Out of the scores of books submitted every month, this committee selects those which it considers outstanding, for one reason or another. All of the best forthcoming books are listed. And the book which rates the highest, in the opinion of the committee, is given the additional distinction of being called the "book-of-the-month."

A month before it is published, you receive a carefully written description of this book, *and of all the other new books recommended.*

If you believe you will like the "book-of-the-month" you let it come to you. If not, you ask for one of the others to be sent in its place.

If none of them appeal to you, after reading the reports, you specify that none be sent. And, finally, if you decide to take a certain book and then find you are disappointed, *you may exchange the book*—at no cost —*for another*. In other words, the Book-of-the-Month Club stands behind every book recommended by its selecting committee, with a responsible guarantee of satisfaction.

Is it any wonder that over 80,000 of the most notable people in the country—in every line of endeavor —now guard themselves, by means of this service, *against missing the new books they are particularly anxious to read?*

Why not try it for yourself? The cost is—nothing! *You pay only for the books you keep*, at the same price as if the publisher himself sent them to you by mail. Send for a booklet which describes this unique and convenient service more in detail. Your request will not obligate you in any way.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
218 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 25-E
218 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y.

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARKER STOCKBRIDGE, extensive contributor to magazines and compiler of "The Bookman's Monthly Score", will soon be working on an autobiographical novel, tentatively entitled "An American Journalist".

When LAWRENCE HOUSMAN startled England years ago by acknowledging that he was the author of "An English Woman's Love Letters", published anonymously, he had already established his reputation as a poet and writer of charming prose fantasies. A more recent volume was "Echo de Paris", a dramatization of Oscar Wilde's return from prison.

It was with considerable temerity that we approached NORMAN HAPGOOD and inquired whether he would, for old time's sake, be interested in writing a piece for THE BOOKMAN on the current theater. Mr. Hapgood was THE BOOKMAN'S first dramatic critic, contributing from 1899 to 1902 vigorous and penetrating reviews that stand up amazingly well after twenty years. But since then he has worked in quite different fields, rising high in the ranks of those whose opinions count in world affairs, even representing our country abroad—so that we feared dramatic criticism might signify youthful fancies long since put away. But on the contrary we learned that Mr. Hapgood follows as intently as ever all the vital activities of the stage, and would be delighted to step into his old calling.

The winner of the news-story prize this month, ALLEN RAYMOND, is a native of New Bedford, Mass. His college work was done at Wesleyan University. Thereupon, he says, "driven by wanderlust and the writer's itch" he joined the vanishing tribe of tramp newspapermen as a reporter for the New Bedford *Evening Standard*. For eight years he devoted himself assiduously to the amusement of watching the circus of American life, and exploring the fine art of newspaper making. Then came war, and marriage. Then a novel. Two and a half years of free-lancing in Paris resulted in two more novels and a valise-full of short stories. In January 1925 he joined the staff of the *New York Times*. He was sent to London as the *Times* correspondent in May, 1927.

Mr. Raymond reports that he is the father of a Junior League of Nations: David, American; Allen Junior, temporarily a Frenchman; and Nicholas Ochs, temporarily an Englishman. His amusements are golf and working for a newspaper. He has "an absurd hankering to run a newspaper, somewhere, some day".

JULIAN MASON, judge in the news-story contest this month, is editor of the New York *Evening Post*. He came to the *Post* last year from the managing-editorship of the *Herald-Tribune*. Until 1922 he had been the managing editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*.

* * *

Summary of the previous instalments of UPTON SINCLAIR'S "Boston":

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, finds herself a widow at the age of sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease. While her three daughters are wrangling over the family heirlooms, she decides to go away, never having enjoyed the tradition-bound life of her circles and feeling now that she is free to do what she wants.

Cornelia begins life anew in Plymouth as a working woman, taking a job in the cordage plant at six dollars a week. She boards with an Italian family, the Brinis. A fellow-boarder, a studious laborer named Bartolomeo Vanzetti, talks to her much of his ideas. He has a taste for poetry and is idealistic and revolutionary in social questions. When the workers at the cordage plant go on strike for higher wages, Vanzetti is one of the agitators. Cornelia accompanies him to anarchist meetings, hears his idol Galleani make a speech, and meets his friend Nicola Sacco.

When Cornelia has been in Plymouth a

(*Continued on page X*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUTNAM BOOKS

From the Singing Whigs to the Black Republicans

Presidential Years

By MEADE MINNIGERODE

We have here the whole exciting story of the birth and political growth of the United States from 1787 to 1860. "Mr. Minnigerode has the talent for catching the essence of a dead age in a few graceful sentences."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Ill. $3.50

Pencil Bridge

By GEOFFREY MOTT-SMITH
With an introduction by SYDNEY S. LENZ

This is an easy and stimulating way to play bridge. All you need is a pencil and some leisure. $1.50

Nocturnes and Autumnals

By DAVID MORTON

A new book of poems by the author of *Ships in Harbour, Harvest,* etc. $1.75

Going to Pieces

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The famous critic describes various phases of theatrical endeavor with the charm, irony and humor, which have always distinguished his writing. $2.50

From Rome to Florence

By HUBBARD HUTCHINSON

An exhaustive and compact description of the Italian scene. $2.50

FICTION

Daughters of Folly
By COSMO HAMILTON, $2.00

The King's Passport
By H. BEDFORD-JONES, $2.00

Birds Around the Light
By JACOB PALUDAN, $2.00

The Blessing of Pan
By LORD DUNSANY, $2.00

The Stranger at the Feast
By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN, $2.00

Skyward

By COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD

The famous North Pole and trans-Atlantic flyer has written the story of his sky adventures and outlined his bold plan for flight across the South Pole. Illustrated $3.50

Safari

A Saga *of* the African Blue
By MARTIN JOHNSON

The great story of the African wilderness—tragedy, comedy, escape from death, adventures among animals and natives. Gorgeously illustrated with action photographs. $5.00

For sale at all booksellers

New York G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE PUBLISHERS

ALTHOUGH the beginning of May finds the bulk of the spring books already on the market, some of the publishers have apparently saved their choicest offerings for late spring or early summer. Among the fiction will be found Thomas Beer's third novel, *The Road to Heaven* (Knopf), while the John Day Company promises *In the Beginning,* by Norman Douglas, the author of "South Wind". To readers who have followed Arthur Schnitzler's brilliant novelettes, the last of which was "Daybreak", his *Theresa* (Simon & Schuster) will bring an added interest in that it is his first full-length novel in twenty years. Egypt and the Nile provide the background for *The Key of Life,* by Francis Brett Young (Knopf). Knopf also offers two continental novels: *The Redemption of Tycho Brahe,* by Max Brod; and *The Way of Sacrifice,* by Fritz Von Unruh.

Although not definitely promised for May, *A Mirror for Witches,* by Esther Forbes (Houghton Mifflin) will doubtless appear some time during that month. Esther Forbes will be remembered as the author of "O Genteel Lady", of last season's fame. Naomi Mitchison, the author of "Cloud Cuckoo Land" again chooses ancient Greece as a setting for her *Black Sparta* (Harcourt, Brace), a collection of stories built around famous and obscure characters in its history. Another work of fiction with its roots in history is *Catherine Paris* (Harcourt, Brace), in which Princess Marthe Bibesco deals with the nobility in Europe before the War. Incidentally, this book has been selected by the Literary Guild. In *Arrogance* (Dutton), Léonie Aminoff continues her series of novels on the romance of Napoleon.

A novel contrasting the mid-Victorian with the modern young woman is presented by Gerard Hopkins in *The Friend of Antaeus* (Dutton), while Rupert Hughes deals with the problems of today in *The Lovely Ducklings* (Harper). A satire of 1928 America is given in *Show Girl,* by J. P. McEvoy (Simon & Schuster). Katherine Tynan tells the story of *Respectable Lady* (Appleton), and in *The Youngest One* (Doubleday, Doran) Katherine Haviland Taylor writes of "a girl who came back".

Under the title of *The Plains of Abraham,* Doubleday, Doran present a historical novel of the country around Lake Champlain by the late James Oliver Curwood. Admirers of Zane Grey will welcome his *Nevada* (Harper). In *Pilgrims of the Impossible* (Doubleday, Doran), Coningsby Dawson sets forth a clergyman's son in his search for the ideal life. From the same firm comes a story of international intrigue and mystery in *Four-and-Twenty Blackbirds,* by Howard Vincent O'Brien. Presented as fiction, *Captain Jack: His Own Story,* As Told to Henry Outerbridge (Century), is the story of the international figure who rose from trampdom to a super-sleuth in the employ of secret service.

In *Condemned—to Devil's Island* (Harcourt, Brace), Blair Niles, basing her fictional biography on material gathered firsthand, portrays the life of a convict in the Devil's Island Penal Colony in French Guiana. Alban M. Phillips recounts some of the daring escapes of history in *The Prison Breakers* (Holt). In his autobiography, *Some Memories of a Soldier* (Century), Major-General Hugh Lenox Scott relives his campaigns from those in 1876 against the Indians on the western plains on through the World War. William E. Dodd gives a psychological biography of the two greatest figures of the Civil War in his study, *Lincoln or Lee* (Century).

Two new volumes in the Representative Women series come from the Viking Press: *Bianca Cappello,* by Clifford Bax, the biography of a young Venetian girl of the Sixteenth century; and *Lady Hester Stanhope,* by Martin Armstrong. Samuel Chotzinoff, the music critic of *The New York World,* offers *Eroica: The Life of Ludwig van Beethoven* (Simon & Schuster). Houston Peterson writes of *Havelock Ellis, Philosopher of Love* (Houghton Mifflin).

The Philosophy of John Dewey (Holt) is a collection of his papers in various fields,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cromwell

By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

In this penetrating analysis of Cromwell and his Protectorate, the author shows wherein lay the fascination of Cromwell's character, and illuminates those dark questions that have always arisen around him and his period. It is written with a richness of atmosphere and feeling characteristic of the new biographical method. With 8 illustrations. $4.00

The Stump Farm
By HILDA ROSE
The poignant story of her stump farm failure and of her heroic attempt to begin anew. $2.00

Pirate's Face
By NORVAL RICHARDSON
How a Spanish adventurer subtly dominated a romantic young girl's mind. $2.50

In Search of Our Ancestors
By MARY E. BOYLE
Retraces man's origin and development from later ages back to their beginnings. $3.50

The Virgin Queene
By HARFORD POWEL, Jr.
An advertising man, inspired by the spirit of Shakespeare, sets England by the ears. $2.00

Crusade

By DONN BYRNE
The romantic tale of how Sir Miles O'Neill fought and loved in Araby the Blest. $2.00

*Red Rust

By CORNELIA JAMES CANNON
A novel of the wheat lands that is arousing nation-wide acclaim. 40th thousand. $2.50

Behold, the Bridegroom—
By GEORGE KELLY
"In this tragedy, Kelly appears to have written his finest play."—*New York Times.* $1.50

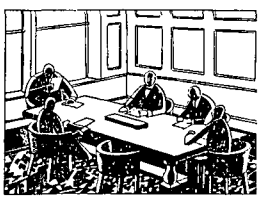
Florian Slappey Goes Abroad
By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
How Florian Slappey acted as interpreter, knowing no word of a foreign tongue. $2.00

Hamiltonian Principles
Jeffersonian Principles
Edited by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS
Selections from their writings. Each $2.00

Smiley's Haven
By BLANCHE CROZIER
An irresistible, whimsical vagabond, cast upon a tropic island, marries into the gentility. $2.50

*Business the Civilizer

By EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
A remarkably original contribution to the new literature of business, by a man whose lifetime of adventure and experience in advertising has made him world famous. With 38 illustrations. $3.00



*Indicates An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. These Books are For Sale at All Booksellers

Boston LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY Publishers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Bookman Office

(*Continued from page VI*)

year she is recognized by her grand-daughter Betty Alvin, visiting friends in the town. Betty absorbs some of Vanzetti's ideas and on returning to her home shocks her parents. By intercepting Betty's mail they learn of Cornelia's whereabouts. Cornelia decides to return to Boston.

America, meanwhile, has entered the world war. Back in Boston, to the consternation of her family, Cornelia definitely aligns herself with the pacifists. Shortly after the passing of the Conscription Bill, Vanzetti visits Cornelia on his way to Mexico, for he refuses to fight in what he considers a capitalists' war.

Betty comes to live with Cornelia while attending Radcliffe. During the war they are under close surveillance, although the position of their family saves them from open molestation.

After the Armistice Betty and Cornelia are arrested for participating in a suffragist parade. Betty's appalled family sends her abroad with a safe and stupid cousin as chaperone. Vanzetti has returned to Plymouth.

* * *

Emma Bugbee, who adds to the brightness and accuracy of the news columns of the New York *Herald Tribune,* has written to inquire why no woman reporter has yet been mentioned among those reporters who are good runners-up for the first prize in THE BOOKMAN'S monthly award for the best news story. She asks, "Aren't women reporters people?"

Investigation disclosed the fact that very few women reporters have submitted stories for the contest. Women reporters seem even more excessively modest about their work than male reporters.

If news stories by women reporters are not submitted in the contest no woman will be awarded the prize. Let the women reporters take heed of that little point. When they have written news stories of distinction let them forget modesty and send the stories in to be read and judged.

Looking Ahead With the Publishers

(*Continued from page VIII*)

edited and supplied with a long critical introduction by Joseph Ratner. Reprinted from the edition of 1886, the two-volume *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,* by Sir Leslie Stephen, is issued by Putnam.

David Hunter Miller, legal adviser to President Wilson, has written a two-volume history of *The Drafting of the Covenant* (Putnam); while John Spencer Bassett summarizes and appraises the result in *The League of Nations* (Longmans, Green).

A two-volume anniversary offering is the *Illustrated History of the Russian Revolution, 1917-1927* (International), compiled from reports of the Russian leaders Bukharin, Trotsky, Lunacharsky and others. From the same press comes a *Guide to the Soviet Union,* prepared by the U. S. S. R. for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. Another two-volume history is given of *The Philippine Islands* (Houghton Mifflin), by W. Cameron Forbes, who has taken a prominent part in this first American adventure in colonial administration.

The second volume in the Library of Living Classics, edited by Manuel Komroff, is *Tales of the Monks* (Dial). Selections from the works of *Remy de Gourmont,* chosen and translated by Richard Aldington (Covici) are gathered in two volumes.

Alice Corbin Henderson has compiled an anthology of the poetry of New Mexico in *The Turquoise Trail* (Houghton Mifflin). A poem of the Kentucky mountains is Percy MacKaye's *The Gobbler of God* (Longmans, Green). Mr. MacKaye is also represented on the Longmans, Green May list by *Kentucky Mountain Fantasies: Three Short Plays for an Appalachian Theatre.* A poetic drama which should find a welcoming public is John Masefield's *The Coming of Christ* (Macmillan). From the Princeton University Press comes an art monograph by Allan Marquand, *The Brothers* of Giovanni Della Robbia.

On the Macmillan list are two volumes peculiarly fitting to the month of May, in which they are to be published: *The Real Log Cabin,* by Chilson D. Aldrich; and *Home Flower-Growing,* by E. C. Volz.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW INTELLIGENCE TEST

RULES: STUDY THE TITLES ON THIS PAGE CAREFULLY FOR ONE MINUTE. THEN CLOSE THE MAGAZINE • WITH YOUR FOREFINGER MARKING THE PLACE AND SEE HOW MANY TITLES AND AUTHORS YOU CAN REMEMBER CORRECTLY.

PRIZE: IF YOU CAN NAME THESE BOOKS ACCURATELY • WE WILL SEND YOU ONE OF OUR GRAND NEW SPRING CATALOGUES ABSOLUTELY FREE! IT CONTAINS MORE TITLES THAT YOU WILL WANT TO REMEMBER TO HAVE YOUR BOOKSELLER SEND YOU IMMEDIATELY!

PAYSON & CLARKE • LTD

6 EAST 53D STREET ~ NEW YORK / N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN

Announces for Forthcoming Publication:

THEODORE DREISER BEFORE SISTER CARRIE,
by EDWARD D. McDONALD
A searching study in literary origins.

AT THE SIGN OF RAMON ..... *by* ANGEL FLORES
An account of the most interesting literary figure in modern Spain, with translations.

A TRIP TO NEW YORK ..... *by* DOUGLAS GOLDRING
A British author looks us over.

LITERARY THIEVES ..... *by* LOUIS SHERWIN

ON CONRAD'S VOCABULARY ..... *by* FORD MADOX FORD

NEGRO POETS AND THEIR POETRY,
by WALLACE THURMAN

THOREAU AND GAUGUIN: A COMPARISON,
by JOHN COURNOS

Short Stories by

GLENWAY WESCOTT, GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, CLEMENT WOOD,
D. H. LAWRENCE, PATRICK KEARNEY

THE BOOKMAN 452 Fifth Avenue New York

Please add my name to THE BOOKMAN's subscribers. I enclose check (or money order) for $5.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eugene O'Neill's

STRANGE INTERLUDE

"He has not only written a great American play *but the great American novel as well.*"
—Dudley Nichols, *N. Y. World.*

The dramatic sensation of the century.
A Best Seller. $2.50

A PLAY CALLED THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL
and
Seven other
Outstanding
Novels

Rose Macaulay's

DAISY and DAPHNE

The most novel idea that has ever come from Rose Macaulay's satirical and wise pen. It is a new conception of dual personality, immensely wise and true, and a new satire on the manners of our time, that is too delightful for words. $2.50.

Frances Newman's successor to THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN

DEAD LOVERS ARE FAITHFUL LOVERS

Frances Newman is never satisfied to say that a woman is in love, is jealous, or is happy. She always says exactly what the woman is feeling in her body and in the mind which is part of her body. Her new, wise, witty and subtly beautiful novel will be as widely discussed as her "THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN." $2.50.

SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN by A. Merritt

"For the mystery story fan it is the treat of the season," say Nat Ferber of the *N. Y. American*, and 20 other specialists in Crime and Mysteries. 3rd Edition. $2.00.

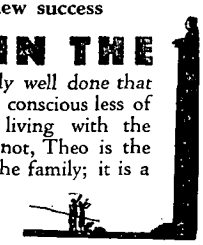
BOOJUM!
by Charles Wertenbaker

"Hell, there is life ahead," and Boojum goes for it. He lies, he drinks, he is expelled from college, he rides freights, he lives on his nerve, he sails the seas, lives in Dublin with another seaman's wife. He learns enough to break him free from adolescent cynicism. He lives an Odyssey of youth that reveals more, in a better and truer story, of the youth of our time than any recent novel. It is a real discovery that we are proud to publish. $2.00.

Sarah G. Millin's new success

AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY

"So brilliantly well done that the reader is conscious less of good writing than of actually living with the Bissakers themselves. Genius or not, Theo is the complete portrait of an artist in the family; it is a sympathetically drawn portrait as well as a splendid novel."—*The New Yorker.* 2nd Edition. $2.50.



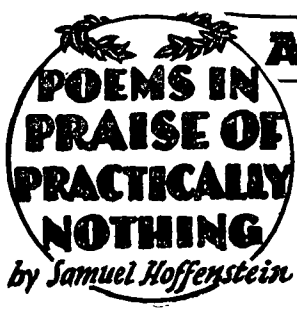
THAT BRIGHT HEAT
by George O'Neil

"'THAT BRIGHT HEAT' is distinctly different. It is a bit of art, evincing mastership in restraint and evoking admiration." —*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"A gallery of vivid portraits vividly and excellently done." —*New York Times.*

"O'Neil, hitherto the distinguished young poet, becomes automatically the distinguished young novelist. No outline can indicate how much dramatic stir and fever there is in the book. To summarize, this is a book for the collector of first editions. For it represents the arrival in fiction of a new novelist who writes as no one else writes in America — and that way is good and beautiful and first-rate."
—Lynn Riggs, *Daily Oklahoman.*

2nd Edition. $2.50.



A POETRY BEST SELLER

"Wields a graceful scimitar and so deftly slices away at our national and individual foibles and idiosyncrasies, our household gods and literary idols that he makes you like it. Worse than that, he makes you want to read him out loud. Happy the man who will be the first in his family to capture a copy of 'P.P.P.N.' He will displace the radio, the saxophone and the infant in the family's estimation."
—Harry Hansen, *N. Y. World.*

"There is no finer modern poet in the Heinesque tradition of tenderness and sardonic laughter."—Burton Rascoe, *The Bookman.*
"An epoch-making day for American light verse."—Walter Yust, *Phila. Ledger.*
"Incomparable."—H. L. Mencken.

3rd large edition, 4th on the way. $2.00.

At all booksellers

BONI & LIVERIGHT, Publishers, 61 W. 48th St., N.Y. GOOD BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing—for June:

THE BOOKMAN

will publish

THE FIFTH *of the* PRIZE WINNING NEWS STORIES

In THE BOOKMAN'S monthly and annual awards amounting to

$1,300

~ for ~

THE BEST NEWS STORY PRINTED IN AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS EACH MONTH

THE arbiter of the news stories submitted in the contest for the month of March is Julian Harris, editor of the *Columbus, Ga., Enquirer-Sun.* Among the many fine news stories sent in from all parts of the country, Mr. Harris will select one. The story will be republished in THE BOOKMAN for June, with comment on the story by Mr. Harris concerning the story's special merits. An award of $100 will go to the reporter who wrote the story and the story will be formally entered among the twelve stories to be voted upon by THE BOOKMAN'S jury of awards at the end of twelve months. THE BOOKMAN will award an additional $100 to the reporter whom the whole jury deems to have written the best of the twelve news stories printed. In the case of a tie, this amount will be given to each of the winning contestants.

The jury consists of the following members, all of them trained newspaper men of the highest standing in their profession:

JULIAN HARRIS, *editor, Columbus, Georgia, Enquirer-Sun.*
JULIAN MASON, *editor-in-chief, New York Evening Post.*
PAUL PATTERSON, *editor, the Sun papers, Baltimore, Md.*
CLARKE SALMON, *managing editor, New Orleans Item.*
HENRY JUSTIN SMITH, *managing editor, Chicago Daily News.*
CASPER S. YOST, *editor, St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

City editors, managing editors and reporters on all newspapers throughout the country are urged to co-operate in making the contest comprehensive by sending us stories by members of their staff or stories they themselves have written, or stories that have been called to their attention.

In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner specified by the juror.

One juror is sole arbiter for one month, another juror the next month, and so on. Stories are not to be sent to any individual juror direct but addressed to:

Editor of THE BOOKMAN, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Clippings for the month of May will now be received

THE ARBITER FOR THE MONTH OF MAY WILL BE CASPER YOST

[THE APRIL STORY SELECTED WILL APPEAR IN THE JUNE ISSUE]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING · · · New CENTURY Books · · · 1928

The Legion of the Damned

By Bennett J. Doty

Thrilling true story of adventures in the Foreign Legion. *Illus.*, $3.00

The Empire Builder

By Oscar M. Sullivan

A biographical narrative based on the life of James J. Hill. $2.50

John Stevens

An American Record

By Archibald D. Turnbull

The story of the American genius of the early nineteenth century. *Illustrated*, $5.00

My Jeanne D'Arc

By Michael Monahan

An inspiring new biography of Joan, the Maid, the Soldier and the Saint. *Illustrated*, $3.00

Memoirs of a White Crow Indian

As told by Thomas B. Marquis

Reminiscences of a man who lived sixty years among the White Crows. *Illustrated*, $3.00

HERBERT HOOVER

A Reminiscent Biography

By Will Irwin

An intimate and revealing study of Herbert Hoover, by the man who knows him best. *Illustrated*, $3.00

BOOKS of the HOUR

The DEMOCRATIC PARTY: *A History*

By Frank R. Kent

A brilliant cross-section of American history, by one of the most popular political writers of the day. *Illus.*, $5.00

The REPUBLICAN PARTY: *A History*

By Wm. Starr Myers

A fascinating picture of the career of the Republican Party. Revealing its rise to power. *Illustrated*, $5.00

Drifting Sands of PARTY POLITICS

By Oscar W. Underwood

An inside view of our national legislature—how it functions under pressure of organized minorities. $3.50

Sheaves

By Marie Conway Oemler

Author of* Slippy McGee, *etc.

A clever comedy of the shams and shambles of modern society. $2.00

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

By Elizabeth Jordan

A lively story of a pretty lady alone in New York and its night life. $2.00

A Dinner of Herbs

By Marjorie Bartholomew Paradis

A penetrating story of a modern Portia's experimental marriage. $2.00

The Deadlock

By V. V. Vieressaev

A remarkable, vivid and powerful novel of life in modern Russia. $2.00

Chaps and Chukkers

By Joseph B. Ames

Adventures of polo playing cowboys on western ranches and eastern Long Island $2.00

THE CENTURY CO. · · · *Publishers of Enduring Books*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRIME CLUB

HERE is the greatest idea since Sherlock Holmes finished his last case! If you have ever sat up till the small hours to reach the thrilling solution of a mystery—if you have ever matched your wits against Scotland Yard, and discovered that you both were wrong—if you agree with Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Premier Baldwin, and countless others among the distinguished people of the world—in short, if you want thrills and enjoy mystery stories—join the Crime Club!

Every month members of the Crime Club receive the best mystery story available, chosen by a jury of famous critics. No dues, no initiation fees. You pay only for the books. Every month a new thrill comes through the mail to Crime Club members—and every thrill is big enough to last till the next one arrives!

THE CRIME CLUB JURY

Crime Club books are selected by jury trial—the most just and honorable way of reaching a verdict. The members of the jury know good mysteries. Frances Noyes Hart, author of "The Bellamy Trial" and reporter of the Hall-Mills case; Grant Overton, former fiction editor of "Collier's"; William Rose Benet of "The Saturday Review"; John Kidd, President of the American Booksellers' Association; and Arthur T. Vance, editor of the "Pictorial Review"—these comprise the jury. They assure Crime club members of only the best.

THE CRIME CLUB AUTHORS

Crime Club authors include the most notable list of mystery writers ever got together under a single imprint. They are a guarantee in themselves of the books Crime Club members will receive. Edgar Wallace, Mary Roberts Rinehart, A. Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, A. E. W. Mason, Sax Rohmer, Frank L. Packard, H. de Vere Stacpoole—these are a few of the authors on the Crime Club list. Besides these are some new names—dark horses now—famous authors of a year hence.

THE CRIME CLUB, INC.
Garden City, N. Y.

FREE—*The Crime Club Annual*

When you have signed your application card, you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE an amazing new book—DRAMATIC CRIMES OF 1927: A Study in Mystery and Detection. This is a $5.00 book—320 pages—illustrated—handsomely bound. It contains detailed accounts of 17 different crimes, written from the inside by a seasoned newspaper man.

Members receive free each month The Crime Club News—an illustrated tabloid newspaper devoted to crime and detection in fiction and real life. It tells the latest news of Crime Club books—the authors—where they got ideas for stories—a newspaper full of fascinating information!

Join the Crime Club—and learn the secret which "Crime Club members never tell!"

The first CRIME CLUB *book is just out!*

Here is the greatest mystery novel since *The Bellamy Trial!* A new kind of murder story—an original work of genius, by a new writer whose name is on the lips of mystery readers everywhere!

On a lonely Nevada ranch, isolated from towns and railroads, a murder was done. The air had been heavy with brooding crime—but the finger of suspicion pointed nowhere. They had all—Sam and John and Mrs. Magin, the housekeeper, Mrs. Ricker and Herbert Hand, the Canneziano twins—all had lived there together, off and on, for years. Yet one of these was a murderer. . . .

Every chapter brings a new thrill, as the suspense and drama mount in mysterious challengs to the most adventurous reader. The climax is as revealing as a flash of lightning—and as terrifying!

Read this great mystery yourself—for Crime Club members never tell!

The Desert Moon Mystery

by

Kay Cleaver Strahan

$2.00 At All Bookstores

HOW TO JOIN THE CRIME CLUB: Simply write your name on the coupon—and send it or take it to your bookseller. He will send you THE DESERT MOON MYSTERY immediately—and the first of every month following, the new Crime Club book for that month. You pay on delivery.

CRIME CLUB LOCAL HEADQUARTERS
(Your Bookseller)

☐ Please enroll me as a member of The Crime Club, and send me the Crime Club book each month, for which I agree to pay $2.00 on delivery.

☐ Please send me further information about The Crime Club.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Native Arab's Story Such as No Other Has Dared to Tell

THE MARSH ARAB

HAJI RIKKAN

By "FULANAIN" (WE TWO)

The book Gertrude Bell suggested. This moving life story of a native peddler and seer is a glamorous romance of the Iraq marsh country. It is written by an English civil officer and his wife who knew Haji Rikkan intimately for years. Revealing for the first time the intrigue, the barter, the tribal loves and hates of life so dramatic as to be uncanny and presenting Arabia from an entirely new viewpoint, it stands as one of the most important books of the season. Frontispiece photograph, topographical lining papers and a map. $3.00

THIS LONDON: ITS TAVERNS, HAUNTS AND MEMORIES
By R. THURSTON HOPKINS

London—a great unexplored jungle! Mr. Hopkins rambles over the back roads to little-known nooks and corners and reveals delightful secrets of bygone days. Many illustrations. $4.00

CORIOLANUS

Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Jr., A.B., Litt.D.

The Twentieth Volume in A NEW VARIORUM EDITION OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. "Here are the fruits of penetrating scholarship—sound critical appraisement, wit and understanding."—PHILA. RECORD. The Variorum Edition is a living, breathing presentation of the mind and work of the great dramatist. As a compilation of origins and commentaries it unfolds for the enjoyment of every reader many treasures of literature, history, biography and criticism. Half Morocco, $9.00; Cloth, $6.00.

COLUMBUS—UNDERGRADUATE
By JOHN A. BENN

Fresh from Harrow, the author rediscovers Princeton. Anyone who enjoys a good-natured knock as well as a boost, and a student's clear-cut impressions will relish this book. $2.00

HUMAN MIGRATION and the FUTURE By J. W. GREGORY, F.R.S., D.Sc.

A thorough-going and interesting discussion of the case for and against immigration, the motives governing it and particularly the problem as it affects the United States. 4 illustrations, 2 maps and many charts. $5.00

OPALS AND GOLD
By ROBERT M. MACDONALD

The fascinating adventures of a miner who traveled to every corner of the South Seas searching for gold, pearls and precious stones. 8 illustrations. $4.00

The MYSTERIES AND SECRETS OF MAGIC By C. J. S. THOMPSON, M.B.E.

Demons, witches, jinns and banshees, all the hidden powers of good and evil that once swarmed the earth—they are all here in this storehouse of weird and half-forgotten lore. 62 illustrations. $3.50

"Comprehensive, compact, lucid, readable and accurate as well as entertaining."
—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

Now ready—complete in Ten Octavo Volumes. Profusely Illustrated.
Write for illustrated circular and full particulars.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA—LONDON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTHFIELD SUMMER CONFERENCES

East Northfield, Massachusetts

Established in 1880 by D. L. Moody

SEASON OF 1928

YOUNG MEN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE	*June 15 to 23*
YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE	*June 25 to July 2*
WOMAN'S INTERDENOMINATIONAL HOME MISSION CONFERENCE	*July 5 to 13*
CONFERENCE FOR WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES	*July 13 to 21*
CONFERENCE OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION	*July 23 to August 1*
GENERAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS	*August 1 to 13*
MASSACHUSETTS CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONFERENCE	*August 13 to 20*

The Northfield Conferences are interdenominational and international in scope. Among the speakers and leaders announced at this date are:

REV. DONALD FRASER, D.D., of Scotland
REV. JAMES MOFFATT, D.D.
BISHOP JOHN T. DALLAS
MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY
PRESIDENT CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D.
PRESIDENT HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, D.D.
PROFESSOR RUFUS M. JONES, D.D.
MRS. HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY
ROBERT E. SPEER, D.D.
REV. ELMORE M. MCKEE, D.D.
MISS MARGARET SLATTERY
REV. ALBERT W. BEAVEN, D.D.
MRS. JOHN FERGUSON
JEROME DAVIS, PH.D.

For bulletin giving further speakers, topics for study and discussion, and full information regarding accommodations, special railroad fares, and other arrangements, address

NORTHFIELD SUMMER CONFERENCES
AMBERT G. MOODY, *Secretary*
EAST NORTHFIELD, MASS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bobbs Merrill Books

By JOHN ERSKINE

The Delight of Great Books

Works of genius are made of vital interest to us by a genius of interpretation. Erskine makes it difficult for us *not* to enjoy the classics. $2.50

By IRIS BARRY

Portrait of

Lady Mary Montagu

Fascinating, delightful—more vital and charming than nine-tenths of even the best novels.—*Nation and Atheneum.* $5.00

By SHANE LESLIE

The Skull of Swift

Stimulating, provocative; has color, grace, wit. A new Swift appears; the narrative moves swiftly to fine prose. A curious and absorbing book about an eccentric and great man. —*N. Y. Times.* $3.50

By HOWARD W. ODUM

Rainbow Round My Shoulder

The Blue Trail of Black Ulysses

Mined of lusciousore. The material is vivid and dramatic and will send the book over the top.—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.00

Edited by EDWARD GARNETT

Letters from

Joseph Conrad 1895-1924

It is no exaggeration to describe these letters as of paramount importance to English literature. — *William McFee, in N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Abraham Lincoln and Walt Whitman

More than a book of piquant interest. It represents toil, experience, research. —*Carl Sandburg in Chicago News.* $2.75

By OTIS SKINNER

Mad Folk of the Theatre

Moonstruck, pagan, unmoral—truly a glamorous tribe, and their stories lose nothing under Mr. Skinner's talented pen. — *Philadelphia Ledger.* $3.50

The Bobbs-Merrill Company
Publishers Indianapolis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dutton Book of the Month for May

THE FRIEND OF ANTAEUS

By Gerard Hopkins

$2.50

Evadne, "the unfortunate woman," Magdalene who shunned reality, and Ian Wace, simple and beautiful in his devotion and search for strength—their turbulent love story is seen in sharp relief through the eyes of subtle intuitive Glenner Passingham. The artistry of this book is most unusual.

"The Friend of Antaeus" has been selected by our editorial board as our May Book of the Month.

Each year thousands of manuscripts are submitted to our editorial office. Each year we publish between 200 and 300 books.

Each month, from these books, our editorial board will select one book which because of its literary value or importance or general interest is the outstanding book for that particular month.

To obtain the Dutton Book of the Month simply go into the nearest book shop and ask for a copy.

Or, if you prefer, fill out the attached coupon leaving it with your bookseller or mailing it direct to E. P. Dutton & Company.

E. P. Dutton & Company, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City

☐ *Please send me your book of the month for April.* (Check enclosed) $2.50

☐ *Please send and bill me each Book of the Month as published.*

☐ *Please send me each month your circular describing the Dutton Book of the Month.*

Name.....

Address.....

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two of the Most Important and Best Selling General Books of the Spring

"It is a wonderful volume. It is inspiring to have such a clear and authoritative presentation of the part this nation has played in world affairs since it began to participate in matters reaching outside its borders." — *Senator Arthur Capper.*

ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY
1896—1906
By A. L. P. Dennis
$5.00

Stranger than fiction is this story of Mussolini's career from a blacksmith shop to the helm of Italy. A complete, adventurous, exciting and personal biography of the MAN, not the statesman.

MUSSOLINI, MAN OF DESTINY
By
Vittorio De Fiori
$3.00

Best Sellers During April

1. A SON OF MOTHER INDIA ANSWERS, *by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.* 19th Ed. (Gen.) $1.50
2. REEDS AND MUD, *by V. Blasco-Ibanez.* 15th Ed. (Fict.) $2.50
3. IRON AND SMOKE, *by Sheila Kaye-Smith.* 18th Ed. (Fict.) $2.50
4. HAPPINESS, *by William Lyon Phelps.* 11th Ed. (Gen.) $1.00
5. NOW WE ARE SIX, *by A. A. Milne.* 74th Ed. (Juv.) $2.00
6. THE DREADFUL NIGHT, *by Ben Ames Williams.* 9th Ed. (Detect.) $2.00
7. MUSSOLINI, MAN OF DESTINY, *by Vittorio de Fiori.* 5th Ed. (Biog.) $3.00
8. CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE, *by Eddie Foy.* 5th Ed. (Autobiog.) $3.00
9. ADVENTURES IN AMERICAN DIPLOMACY, *by A. L. P. Dennis.* (Gen.) $5.00
10. THE RIVER BETWEEN, *by Louis Forgione* 3rd Ed. (Fict.) $2.50

On Sale at All Bookstores

SHORN
By
Robert Grant
$2.00

Exciting adventures in Mexico with bandits, bullfighters, crooks, a beautiful girl and a gay love story.

GREEN FIRE

By John Taine

$2.00

In this weird mystery story strange dangers threaten the Earth as two scientists struggle for its control.

$2.00

GUN-SMOKE

By Dane Coolidge

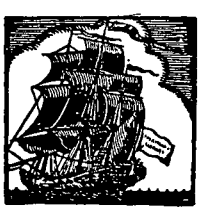
A story of the dangerous times when cattle-thieves and bandits were kings of the Western Frontier. A daring hero rides fast and loves well.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

New American Edition

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE
By H. M. Tomlinson

UNDER FIRE
By Henri Barbusse


$.80 per Vol.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Symbol of Service
in fine Book-making

THE distinctive Conkey Winged Horse trade mark is symbolic of over fifty years of development in the printing arts .... It typifies an institution of capability ....The immense Conkey plant embodies mental and mechanical equipment that has succeeded in manufacturing fine books for over a half-century.

The Winged Horse imprint in your book signifies quality from cover to cover .... It assures strength of construction, fine papers, excellent typography, and long service .... The Winged Horse imprint should be in every book you buy.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
Printers, Binders and Book Manufacturers
HAMMOND, IND. CHICAGO and NEW YORK

CONKEY-MADE BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Dean Howells, in 1859

A photograph taken when the young Howells was writing poetry and feeding his soul on the German poets, particularly "dear, wicked Heine". (*See the Letters, page 260.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAY, 1928 VOLUME LXVII, NO. 3

The BOOKMAN

IN DEMAND

The Agonies of Literary Success

Anonymous

I AM a writer. In the last year or two I have achieved a certain amount of notoriety at my craft. Nothing to rock the zenith, you understand, but as a result of the usual compound of luck, diligence and reasonable ability, I am perched for the moment moderately well up on the slippery rungs of the ladder called success. And it isn't nearly as jolly as I had been led to suppose. I should like to describe rather specifically what a modicum of recognized achievement means in the greatest Republic ever heard of, in the year 1928. I have no definite means of knowing whether my case is typical, but from casual conversations with my brothers and sisters up and down the ladder I gather that it is not seriously outside the common experience.

The initial sensation is undoubtedly exhilarating. One stands for the moment enchanted in the gaudy flare of having been shot out of the vast herd of nobodies into a somebody. To this white light, the textbooks, the editorials, the sermons, the correspondence school courses, the *American Magazine,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* the advertisements for developing the personality-or-your-money-refunded—all point with fingers smudged with radiance. One has arrived. Nor, at this dizzy moment, can one fail to note how right, how just, how merited the arriving is. The ego soars off on a wonderful joy-ride; one's eyes brighten; one's pulse quickens; one's step lightens. The world is indeed a beautiful place in which to live.

At this point some of us crack under the strain and become unspeakable bounders for the rest of our lives—particularly if we have been shot up too suddenly, with luck the main mixture in the compound. For the others, the effect is probably salubrious, on the whole. One's metabolism is undoubtedly benefited by a little inflation of the ego now and again, just as it may be benefited by becoming gently stewed once in a blue moon. The effects are very similar.

Say a month or two, or three or four, of this toxic drug, and then the ego comes home to roost, the ground turns firm under one's feet, and there is today to be got through, and tomorrow, and the day after, crammed from morning to night—aye, and far into the night—with the concomitants, camp followers and by-products of one's achievement.

Two months of elevation and I was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through. Not that the kick was completely gone—I still am subject to spasmodic joyous reactions when a reviewer outdoes himself on my behalf, or when one higher up the ladder leans down to pat my head—but the all-pervading ecstasy was gone. I began to lie awake at night remembering what an ass I had made of myself on this occasion and that; in fact, on all together too many occasions. The jag was over, leaving a slightly sour taste. And the horse work of being a Somebody began to block the horizon.

Now these chores of notoriety have undoubtedly varied with different ages, and vary now among the contending professions. A prominent bootlegger has different calls upon his attention from those of a channel-swimmer, or an aeroplane hero, or a great surgeon, or a painter, or a newly elected Senator. I can report only what happens to a writer whose line is not fiction but more or less stern fact—acclaimed, to be sure, by his enemies as fiction. I do not know how it goes in small towns, but only in one big town. Nor do I know what happens when one achieves timeless and enduring merit, for my work deals with immediate problems which in another decade may be either solved or quite without importance. But here is the sort of thing which I have had to meet in the months that have passed since my joy-ride was over.

I give first a sample of an average day. Be it understood that I have won notoriety but not financial independence. My royalties will not meet a third of my household budget. I have a living to earn and a family to support—unfortunately on a somewhat expanded scale.

I reach my office at 9:30. There are twenty letters on my desk, and half a dozen notes bearing telephone messages. I cannot afford a private secretary, so there is nothing to it but to tackle the mail and the messages unassisted. Here is a letter—a fat one—from a gentleman in Kansas. He reports that he has read my last book; on the whole he likes it, but why do I say this on page 81, I am surely in error on page 159—he cites much contrary evidence, and he would like to enter into a philosophical discussion with me regarding the concluding chapter—and does so, for five single spaced typewritten pages. He thinks, despite my obvious shortcomings, that we have much in common, and invites "a correspondence" in sound Victorian style. Now what is one to do with such a gentleman? To answer him in detail would take a day; to carry on "a correspondence" would take weeks out of my life. Furthermore and unfortunately he is clearly not a nut—nut letters can go right into the waste basket—he must be answered somehow. I cram the letter into an "awaiting reply" file, and contemplate with consternation its growing bulk.

The next letter is from the secretary of an upstate women's club. She reminds me with a touch of asperity that on such-and-such a date I met her at a tea and promised to speak before her organization in the not too distant future. I was to let her know. Two months have elapsed and she has not heard a word. The fact of my coming has long since been announced to the members and they are growing impatient. It places her in a very compromising position. She hopes that I can appreciate that position. She hopes to hear from me by return mail. Of course the club is, I must understand, as poor as it is enthusiastic. But a number of distinguished speakers—she mentions names (the dirty scabs)—have been glad to come to Cheeseford and freely give their message to a group of women who are particularly endowed to absorb it. There is a return train at 8:13 and the trip only takes four hours with one change.

I put the letter down and stare gloomily out of the window. The clerks in the brokerage house across the way continue their happy routine. The lady's name means nothing; I have met so many people at so many teas that I have long since abandoned all hope of trying to recognize anybody again. Just an endless blur of faces, in such quantities that the kindly human experience of meeting new people, exploring new personalities, has been flattened into a featureless plain. The savor has been squeezed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from human contacts. The lady probably met me toward the end of the inflation period when the world was beautiful, tea-parties divine, and I was ready to promise anything to anybody. But a promise is a promise; I am beginning to be agile at the art of lying out of many things, but I do not know how to lie out of this. I can only set a date to go to Cheeseford and then pray for an attack of influenza. I place the letter in the "immediate" file; while all joy, all hope, goes out of the day.

Trapped like a beast in a cage; four hours going, four hours coming, and supper with the Wesley Joneses. Mr. Jones is sure to be the president of Cheeseford's only bank, and the sort of thing I write and speak about always gives bankers acute indigestion. We shall have a lovely time, Mr. Jones and I. Mrs. Jones meanwhile will add to the party by telling Mr. Jones that he should have been there to hear me, that he would have learned a lot, that there is such a thing as being too cautious, that perhaps Mr. Mellon is not the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton, and anyway that the speaker is the sort of man who makes you think. Mr. Jones will glare up from his soup with unutterable hatred; nor can I blame him.

The next letter is an unctuous one written by a publicity agent who would have made an excellent butler, delicately hinting, without saying, that a man in my position can scarcely hope to maintain his place in the world without owning a steam yacht. An ocean view and cabin plans of the "Alturedia" are enclosed, in four colors. Then follow in succession two invitations to banquets from which "no prominent citizen can afford to absent himself". Neatly engraved in the lower left hand corners are the symbols "R. S.V.P." and "five dollars". Do I dare to chuck these in the waste basket? I do, but my conscience gives a nasty twinge. Next comes an appealing note from an undergraduate, telling what my books have meant to him, how he is tired of the old cut and tried topics, and asking confidently for a subject for his honors' thesis. This obviously must be answered, but what in Heaven's name shall I answer? I have had dozens of such letters, and am always hoping to have the time to compile a list of subjects for petitioning undergraduates—and graduates as well—but I never find the time; probably because I do not know what other people ought to write. It is hard enough determining the direction of my own writing.

Here is a letter from an old friend, a cheery, back-slapping sort of letter, lamenting the fact that we have drifted apart in recent years. He hears that I am doing some interesting things (he obviously doesn't know what they are), he wants to compare notes, and appoints next Thursday at one o'clock at the University Club for a luncheon and a good long talk. It is marvellous the way these old friends have come to life. And it is marvellous the way they always seem to be the more infantile sort of old friend. Time means nothing to them, and they are good for an hour on Junior's mastoid operation without half trying.

Next comes a very bulky letter. I know in advance what it is bound to contain. Sure enough it is a badly typewritten manuscript, prefaced by a note from an amateur philosopher in South Dakota. The manuscript deals with very lofty matters, and at very great length. It is the only copy and will I preserve it carefully? I am asked to give a full report upon its merits and defects, and also assist the philosopher in getting it published. "I feel sure with your wide experience among the magazines, you will know just where to place it, and I feel sure that despite the errors in structure (which you will know how to correct) you will agree with me that it carries a message which the world sorely needs." The first sentence of the opus reads as follows: "We are hovering above an abyss for which if no answer is forth coming, threatens to ingulf us". There are forty-three pages of it.

Through all this letter opening the telephone has been ringing with relentless stolidity. "No, I'm tied up for lunch; I don't see how I can get away for dinner. Really I am sewed up solid for the next ten

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

days. Can I give you a ring then? No? Well, let me see, let's make it two weeks from Monday at 12:30. Fine." Down it goes on the calendar; another noon-time gone beyond recall. This chap wants to explain a great scheme, and get me on his Board of Advisors. He will take a good three hours, smoking long cigars, because I just do not know how to terminate an interview with these important-sounding promoter chaps. My publisher calls up to announce that he is sending a man up to see me—apparently a somewhat irate man. An insurance agent calls up to remind me of my age and the fact that now is the time—and there isn't much left—to get that twenty-year endowment at a bargain. I brutally hang up on him, and feel like a cad for doing it.

At this point Mrs. W. James Carleton sweeps into the room, places a silver pocketbook on my desk, gives off an odor of *Quelques Fleurs,* unmasks a pair of startling blue eyes and asks me to reconsider my decision about the debate with Professor Pomperty before the forthcoming convention of the National Widget Association. "We just can't give you up," says Mrs. Carleton, the blue eyes in high gear. She leans forward, I catch the curve of her breasts below the V of her blue frock. "Please say you'll come. We don't know who else to get; everybody has been looking forward to it so; I'm just not going to leave this office until you say you will." This, I submit, is the dirtiest trick ever played by one sex on another, but what can a poor victim do? Throw a charming woman out of his office; tell her bluntly he'll be damned if he'll come? He can't; in the face of those blue eyes he cannot even concoct a lie that will hold water. He can only smile inanely and submit, knowing all the time that the high-powered secretary of the National Widget Association has deliberately dispatched this woman to do in person what a letter and a telephone call could not do; knowing all the time that the embattled Widgeters will sleep through his morning session remarks after a hard night among the Metropolitan white lights; knowing that it will take two days to write the speech, a cupful of adrenalin to deliver it and to wrangle with Professor Pomperty in the rebuttal afterwards.

He will have to prepare a special digest for the press, he will have to supply a photograph; worst of all he will have to sit through the illimitable boredom of the annual banquet. With the word "yes", all fire has gone out of the lovely blue eyes. The details are arranged as anticipated above in business like fashion. The lady holds out her hand, nods, "I mustn't disturb a busy man any longer", and vanishes. Undoubtedly forever. I wonder what these charming head-hunters receive per captive. It is apparently a well organized industry and doubtless has a recognized tariff. This game has been played on me just six times to date. Three times I had good excuses and stuck to them; the other three I have been summarily undone.

I dictate a little correspondence, but make no appreciable dent upon the mounting file. I answer more telephone calls. I see a youth bearing a letter from a prominent individual whom I know slightly, intimating that perhaps I know where the youth can find a job. I do not, but it takes twenty minutes to try to convince him of it. Nor is he convinced.

I go out to lunch with a man who, it develops, wants me to write a book for him; he to supply the ideas and I to supply the English. The bottomless indignity of this proposal never crosses his mind. I am to be well paid for my English; what more can one ask? I grow angry. He is astounded. I am ashamed of my anger, remembering that money is today the final criterion of ethics in Western Civilization. He thinks me slightly cracked. It is unpleasant that other people should think one cracked. It is unpleasant to question a host's honor while you are eating his bread. On the whole it is not a very successful luncheon.

I go back to the office and attempt a little real work, the bread and butter work that is clamoring to be done. But the cumulative memories of the morning haunt me vindictively. Why could not I have been more tolerant with my luncheon partner and less so with Mrs. W. James Carleton? And why

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was I so uppish to that poor little job-hunter? I am without manners, back-bone or intelligence. The work lies untouched in front of me, while I watch the happy broker's clerks pull the cranks of their adding machines.

Presently there appears a distinguished university professor—so distinguished indeed that one can only give him undivided and indefinite attention. He requires plenty of both. To make quite sure of it he tells me that he is using one of my books as collateral reading in his classes. There is something of a genuine thrill in this news; I am suffused with a happy warmth and only too ready to listen to him. It develops that he wants me to help him with a legislative bill. It deals with the more abstruse aspects of the credit system, and is not an easy bill to understand. As I know nothing about credit—although the great man kindly assumes that I know all about it—I am subject to recurring spasms of perspiration before the afternoon is over. When one becomes a Somebody, one is supposed to know everything. This is pleasant in the general, but not so pleasant in the particular. And it is extraordinary how difficult it becomes to admit that ignorance honestly. The professor leaves me floundering—doubtless a little dubious as to the ultimate wisdom of using my books in his classes—and bearing with him a number of very unreserved and very ill-advised promises to give a whole lot of time to furthering a measure about which I know nothing and care less. But personages are personages, even, as I have already observed, as a promise is a promise.

Following the professor, I receive a lady who "just dropped in to see if I would autograph her copy", and perhaps tell her what she could do to help the good work along. There is nothing I can tell her, but her generous offer demands a courteous half-hour. I see a man who wants me to rewrite one of my magazine articles for book publication in a symposium he is editing. The honor is held to be full compensation, and he wants the revision by the end of the month. Rewriting a published article is, for me at least, like disinterring a corpse. I had far rather write two new ones. But no. This section must be transferred, the conclusion must be sharpened, new material must be added here. . . . And as the allied trenches awaited Big Bertha, I have awaited the remorseless ring of the telephone throughout the afternoon. Nor have I been disappointed. The last call is from another resurrected friend who wants to pin me down for a week end. My vagueness he counters with relentless, chronological exactitude. I let him down in the end and feel as though I had struck him across the face.

Perhaps my story has a little run away with me, and I have not recounted a strictly average day. But I give you my word that every incident recited is a true one and that I have known many worse days. The average day, however, is perhaps not quite so crowded, not quite so unpleasant, and may at any moment be relieved by a genuine acknowledgment or tribute which sets the sun shining brightly in the sky again. But it does not shine for long.

Turning now to a rough classification of the penalties of notoriety, I should like initially to talk about mail. The first one hundred letters are a delight; even the critical ones bear testimony that one's voice is being heard. The next hundred are not without charm, but the saltiness has gone out of them. The third hundred are all so like the others that only rarely does a felicitous phrase stand out. With the fourth hundred the sheer job of answering them becomes the controlling factor. Like an automaton one intones to a stenographer: "I was glad to get your kind letter of the 13th. Will you forgive my delay in replying? I have been very busy. It is letters like yours which keep one pegging away. Sincerely". Or again: "I have your kind invitation to speak before the Zenith Forum. I appreciate the honor deeply but unfortunately I have to make a business trip to Chicago that week. Thanking you again, I remain". Or again: "I shall be delighted to talk over the proposal that you have in mind when next you are in the city. It sounds very interesting indeed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You had better call me in advance; you will find me in the telephone book. No, I have not read the books and the documents you are sending but I shall try to do so before your visit. Sincerely".

I choke over the word sincerely, even though it is assumed to be without literal meaning. I like to write sincere letters or none at all. For every honest one I now indite I send a dozen which prevaricate.

These letters of praise do not keep me pegging away; by their sheer volume, they prevent me from pegging away. The sentiment was honest once, but now it has reversed itself. This is the more abominable because the letters are in themselves as sweet or sweeter than ever they were. But if they were answered as they deserved to be, I would do nothing else.

I do not want to see the man with the proposal from out of town; I have a sort of chronic colic trying to digest the domestic proposals already received. Getting to the bottom of one more scheme seems certain, in anticipation, to bring on an internal congestion that can only prove fatal. Yet the man will call me up, announce a name that has long since been buried under a hundred others, I will have to invent some cock and bull story, and in the end I will have to see him and laboriously get to the bottom of what will probably turn out to be nothing at all.

As for the Zenith Forum, the evil day has only been postponed. Back will come another letter suggesting a later date, leaving me to wrack my brains for another falsehood. Lately, however, I am beginning to solve this forum dilemma by saying flatly that I will not come. This goes against every code of decency that nourished me, but at least it saves much clumsy lying and the ever-present chance of being hooked.

. . . . I am struggling against a certain relentless day, but sooner or later its shameful sun will rise. There is no other way out. I shall prepare say a dozen form letters, number them, and mark upon my opened mail the number which the stenographer in the outer office is to follow in replying. Hundreds of kindly souls the country over I shall slap in the face with this abominable procedure. But what else can I do? An understanding private secretary might save me, but nothing else can. She might save me too on the telephone. Some days as many as thirty calls come in, plugged through direct, the most of them asking for something, demanding an appointment, each requiring a decision. Even at home, even far into the night, the cursed thing keeps ringing, until one reserves the steamiest pit in hell for Alexander Graham Bell.

Just as I would do nothing else if I answered all my mail as it ought to be answered, so I would have no free minute if I delivered all the speeches that are proposed. In the eight months since my last and most successful book has appeared I have been asked to speak over one hundred times, on nearly every conceivable subject. It so happens that I am a poor speaker, useless without a great deal of careful preparation, and sadly lacking in the confidence so necessary to an orator. I lack confidence because I am continually asking myself as I speak why such disgraceful overstatements and oversimplifications are coming out of my mouth. To hold an audience at all one has to be dramatic. To be dramatic is to simplify, make telling points, score off an opponent, real or imaginary. The things that I write about and know how to talk about are not simple, and thus not subject to dramatic treatment. They need careful exposition and a balancing of yeas and nays. No audience can stand such handling, and rather than bore it to death I forsake my standards and make complicated matters simple and thus not quite true, and despise myself while I do it. This five score odd of invitations is not, however, based upon my talents as a speaker, but mainly upon my notoriety. The secretaries who write me want to give their customers an eyeful—the man who wrote a best seller. They do not desire to hear what I have to say, they want to see what I look like. Bring on the trained seal, he will do for this year. Next winter there will be a bigger and better one.

One last item—vulgar, but for a poor man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

important. I had rather write five articles than make one speech. For the former I am well paid, by and large, but the ladies and gentlemen who promote the latter seem to consider that they are doing a favor in yielding the floor. The mention of a fee seems to shock them, while even travelling expenses are held to be hardly a proper thing for the candidate to discuss. I remember not over ten cases out of the hundred odd, where a decent reward for the time and effort involved was freely offered with the invitation. By decent I mean $100 or more. Editors have been called a low type of fauna, but they are Olympian when contrasted with the amoebae who run forums and banquets and conventions.

To achieve notoriety is to be prominently placed on all the sucker lists of the Republic. There are hundreds of them. Appeals for charity double, treble, sextuple. The insurance boys get busy; investment bankers call one on the telephone with a carefully prepared talk designed to shatter sales resistance; one is overawed to receive all manner of engraved invitations to join learned societies, fraternal organizations, extraordinary clubs and associations—with fees ranging from $5 to $5000; the photographers become pressing, and their pressure is as follows:

I read a paper at a reasonably important gathering. On leaving the hall, a breezy young man appears who says that he wants to take my picture for news release purposes. He intimates, though he does not say, that he represents one of the newspapers. "It will only take a second." Somewhat flattered, I sit down before the ready mounted camera which a second gentleman is operating. Rather to my surprise it requires three or four positions and three or four explosions of flashlight to satisfy the press. There is no picture in the papers next day. Funny, the negatives must have all turned out badly. In a week comes a silvery voice over the telephone. "Your proofs are ready, will you come to the studio at your early convenience to see them? They fade quickly, and you know they are really very good. We want you to pick out the one you like best." Well I think, if they are going to be used for publicity, better have the best one. At the studio the proofs are shown. I select the least appalling.

"And how many of these do you want?"

"I don't want any."

"But they are only $100 a dozen."

"I though you wanted them for the newspapers."

"Oh, we do" (she is a charming girl) "but we want you to have some too. Your mother, your sister—how proud they will be. Your position, you know. A man so much in the public eye must have a good picture. That third negative now, the one you liked, retouched a little, will make a stunning portrait. It gives that feeling of strength which you have in your face."

If you do not succumb before this blast the salesmanship is unabated. One photographer's lady still calls me regularly every week. Two others (who tried the same game) after a spirited month have become a little discouraged.

The lion-hunters oil their muskets and invite one to wet but usually pretty terrible parties. There are stirrings in the old college and the old fraternity, stirrings that one takes a disloyal but grim satisfaction in ignoring. The committee hounds and the letter head hounds are in full cry. How shall one choose upon which committees it is one's duty to serve, and upon which letter heads (as a member of the "advisory board") it will not land one ultimately in jail to appear? Meanwhile apparently everybody who is out of a job or wants a better job appeals for help. I seem, among other duties, to be running an employment agency.

Above and beyond—way beyond—the more or less sound proposals which must be looked into, are a cloud of nuts, each armed with one or more of the most fantastic schemes. They implore my aid to develop patents, to build model cities, to launch a new kind of a money system, to start mango plantations in Yucatan, to promote stores-on-wheels. They want either my money, my name, my sympathy, or my time, preferably all four.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then there is the biographical game. It is a swell game. I wish I had some stock in the company. The game is played like this. I receive a letter from, shall we say, the Compendium of Contemporary Biography, notifying me that I am eligible for admission into its august pages and enclosing a questionnaire. I fill out the questionnaire including the birth-place and profession of my great great grandfather, but, from bitter experience I endorse across the face of the document, in red ink, these words: "Here is the questionnaire with my life history if you really want it but please do not try to sell me one of the damn things". In due time I receive a note of acknowledgment together with rather a pained paragraph as to the age, the dignity and the outstanding merit of the Compendium, a reference work so eagerly sought for by persons able to appreciate it that nothing would be further from the thought of its editors than to solicit subscriptions from the inmates. I may rest assured, and so forth, and so forth.

A month goes by. I receive a telephone call from the office of the Compendium. When would it be convenient for Dr. Smithers of its staff to wait on me and discuss the completed biography which has been compiled from my questionnaire? Innocently I name an hour. Dr. Smithers is shown in, a decayed Victorian gentleman with white piping on his vest, a ribbon on his eye-glasses, and a choice of words which Bishop Berkeley would have envied. He presents the manuscript of my biography. I read it, note a correction or two, hand it back, and prepare to rise and usher the distinguished Dr. Smithers out. "Stay," he says, reaching for his portfolio, "it might chance that you will elect to include a photograph with your biography. The great majority of our patrons conclude that it is the more felicitous combination." With pride he lays a score of photographs, etchings, pen and ink sketches, engravings, upon my desk. Every face is a memorable one. I say I have no objection to a photograph, and remember with a burst of inspiration the lovely lady who is calling me with such commendable courage about the negatives every week. I refer him to this photographer. "Ah no," says Dr. Smithers, "that isn't quite the way we do it. The matter is of such importance not only to this generation but, if I may say so, to posterity, we feel that only our own artists can be counted upon to do the situation justice."

"Well," I begin, "that's very kind of you, but—"

"Pray do not consider it solely in the light of a kindness, sir, of course we make a small charge for the service. A trifling charge compared with added value which a photograph gives to the written text. Again sir, we must remember posterity." He adjusts his eye-glass, and picks up an etching of Henry Ford. "Now this beautiful full length portrait by a celebrated etcher may be had for $3000." "Or this," he holds up a pen and ink, "for $1000." "For the ordinary full page photographs, this style is $800, this beautiful reproduction, $500, or this slightly less desirable one, $300."

"It will cost me at least $300 for a photograph," I manage to gasp. "Well," said Dr. Smithers, "of course if money is a consideration, we have this small insertion size for $100,"—making it perfectly evident that only cheap skates fell as low as the small insertion. I look Dr. Smithers in the eye. "Thank you," I say, "but I do not think I care to buy a photograph."

"Not even the little one?"

"None whatsoever."

Yet nine out of every ten notables fall for this procedure, and the nation's greatest men and women were lying under the Doctor's hand upon my desk.

There is also the "boiler plate" game. A suave voice comes over the telephone announcing the speaker as Mr. Morely. Mr. Morely is editor of a syndicate feature which reaches "millions weekly". Mr. Morely has been much struck with a recent article of mine. Indeed so struck is he that he has prepared an editorial thereon for his service. He proposes forthwith to send it out to the eager millions with name and titles of books. Would I like to hear the editorial? He reads it over the telephone. It is unctuous, trite and slightly sour. I express my thanks. Would I like to have some copies when it is printed, "to send to my friends"? Not to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hurt the good man's feelings I say I would —with the waste basket firmly in mind.

"Very good," says Mr. Morely, "I'll send you two hundred immediately at our special author's price of only $20." He did not send them, and I strongly suspect that the waiting millions never saw the copy.

To achieve notoriety today, exposes one to a proliferation of duties, commitments, engagements and time consuming activities, which, if only a fraction are to be concientiously met, effectively cut one off from doing any more sound work, shatter all sense of peace and quiet, complicate one's relations at home, and by the sheer pressure of numbers turn human beings into almost faceless automatons, or what is worse, turn them by reason of many bitter experiences into objects of suspicion. What is this person trying to get out of me: money, a job, a recommendation, a free ride, or a chance to shine by reflected light? This is the more deplorable, because among the new people one meets are those who have accomplished real things, who have nothing to get and much to give. But intercourse with them is well nigh impossible by virtue of the clamorous urgency of the mail, the telephone, the speeches, the proposals, the agents, the sucker lists, and the nuts. Probably one develops a technique in time to barricade the goats and run with the sheep, but I have yet to develop it.

Again, for every decision I used to make I now have to make ten. I do not like making decisions. Too many of them, and I become irritable, snappish, and, in self-defense, dictatorial and so unbearably uppish. Too many of them, and I am liable to make very silly decisions, to say "snap" like Mr. Ponderevo in "Tono Bungay", and the devil take the consequences. This is no way for a grown man to act; it is the behavior of a spoilt child. But unless one is a Napoleon what else can one do? Too much for the cerebellum is too much for the cerebellum. I have been way over my limit time after time.

Finally—and this is a fearful confession —the steady drip, drip, drip of flattery and praise begins inevitably to take effect. And to get the same effect—as in the case of alcohol—requires stronger and stronger doses. What used to keep a whole day sunny means almost nothing now. And when the required dosage is not forthcoming, there arises a sort of a gone feeling.

On the one hand you long to escape from the daily grind, to get shut of it all. But out in the backwoods, the escape accomplished, what is this life with no recognition whatsoever; where the somebody has fallen into the swamp with the nobodies? And so you are equally damned if you stay or if you fly.

But on the whole I recommend flight. It is painful at first but the hurt grows less. I write this from the swamp where I have flown, and already its peace and coherence is beginning to offset the fact that the natives think I am an instructor of swimming.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANTE-ROOM TO FAME

Letters of William Dean Howells, 1857-1867

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (a selection from whose letters begins herewith in THE BOOKMAN) was an epitome of the spiritual and intellectual temper of his era in many ways. He was also the progenitor of a recognizable school in American letters, a critic of parts, and (toward the end of his long career) a dominating personality in our intellectual scene. Through the opening years of the twentieth century he was, in the best and actual meaning of the word, the dean of American letters, speaking not so much oracularly as persuasively from "The Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine,* casting about him the mellow reflected light of the perished New England renascence of literature, representing the more suave and cultured ideals of the sunny 'eighties, and providing from his own rich store of observation and painstaking craftsmanship novels and essays of undeniable charm. He spanned two literatures. His youth came to maturity during the troubled 'sixties and his age achieved a ripe end during the like-troubled second decade of the twentieth century. To understand him thoroughly is to understand sixty years of the literary progress of America, although he in himself stood for a well-defined trend in it. He began to write during the lifetime of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his busy pen was not to be laid down until Mr. T. S. Eliot's Sweeney listened to the nightingales.

His life was not spectacular in the sense of movement but it was distinguished as the history of a brilliant mind's progression. Howells was born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, the son of William Cooper Howells, a printer-journalist, on March 1, 1837. In 1840 the family removed to Hamilton and here the youth entered those spacious doors of journalism, serving his apprenticeship as type-setter, reporter and editor. In 1860, while he was assistant editor of the *Ohio State Journal* in Columbus, he wrote a campaign life of Abraham Lincoln, and, as a reward for this (just as in 1853 Nathaniel Hawthorne had been rewarded for his campaign life of Franklin Pierce), he received an appointment to a United States consulship. Howells filled this position in Venice for five years, and then, after his return to America, became assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly.* From 1872 to 1881 he served as editor-in-chief of that periodical—certainly the most important literary organ of its era. In 1885 he removed to New York where he passed the rest of his life. He revived "The Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine* in 1900. His death occurred on May 10, 1920. This cursory outline tells nothing until we remember that he was an indefatigable writer all these years, his chief output being those transcripts of American life—the Howells novels. It was the novelist's aim to portray faithfully the commonplaces of life without romance or sordid realism and he certainly achieved his purpose. Blessed with a charming and suave style, a keen eye for characterization, a sense of atmosphere and an unfailing felicity of exposition, he created a large shelf of admirable books. Though these novels are weakened by the writer's lifelong lack of interest in some of the more sober and realistic facts of life, their faithfulness of detail and Howells's reverential treatment of the charming commonplace give them a quiet strength which is unmistakable.

The first instalment of letters which follows is confined to those years between 1857 and 1867. They are important as revelations of the young Howells and his growth into professional literary work, showing him first in the ferment of youth and poetical endeavor, then as an humble pilgrim to Boston—the lodestone of his career, then as United States consul at Venice, and finally in his chosen saddle at last as assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly.* These letters, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the most part, explain themselves. Whenever explanation is necessary it has been drawn from the careful notes by Miss Mildred Howells, who has compiled and edited the "Life in Letters of William Dean Howells" from which this correspondence is excerpted.

H. S. G.

* * *

This first letter was written during Howells's return to Jefferson after a winter spent in Columbus, where he went with his sister Victoria and his father (then clerk to the Ohio Senate) and where he had started, with his father, a daily news letter giving an account of the legislative proceedings.

To Miss Victoria M. Howells.

Jefferson, Oct. 27, 1857.

Mein Liebes Schwesterchen:

I'm in such a state of mind, not to say sin and misery, as hardly to be able to write. In the morning I get up in a stew, and boil and simmer all day, and go to bed sodden, and ferociously misanthropical. An hundred times a day, I give myself to the devil for having come back to Jefferson, when neither sickness nor starvation drove me; and as often I take myself to task for a discontented fool. For I know very well that had I remained in Cincinnati or Cleveland, I would have discovered as clearly as I have here, that I was in the worst possible situation, the most uncomfortable, the most unprofitable and unpromising. It's a taint of the blood. Here I am, *at home*, to me the dearest of all places on earth—to begin with. I have books—the best friends. I have time—the most precious thing. No one molests me nor makes me afraid. I sit under my own vine and fig tree (figurative) and cock up my feet on my own secretary (reality). Yet I am not happy. I am not reasonable. They are fools or humbugs who say man reasons. Gammon! He wishes for, he grumbles at. The horse who shakes himself free of the wrinkles and recollections of his harness, and gratefully crops the grass, *reasons* more.

The present question with me, for instance, is, how am I to make a living? I bore myself continually about it, conjuring up possible unpleasant predicaments, and give myself no rest. I am proud, vain, and poor. I want to make money, and be rich and grand. But I don't know that I shall live an hour—a minute! O, it was the loftiest and holiest wisdom that bade us take no thought for the morrow and to consider the lilies of the field! If a man were to pray for the *summum bonum*, he would pray: Give me heart to enjoy this hour. Alas for me! Here I might be happy, yet here I am wretched. I want to be out in the world, though I know that I am not formed to battle with life. I want to succeed, yet I am of too indolent a nature to begin. I want to be admired and looked up to, when I might be loved.—I know myself, and I speak by the card, when I pronounce myself a *mistake*. This is chiefly sermon. Don't be bored, Vic. It has cleared my mind a good deal to write all this trash.

Your affectionate brother,

Will.

In the following letter he is writing as a member of the staff of the *Ohio State Journal*.

To Miss Victoria M. Howells.

Columbus, Dec. 26, 1858.

Dear Sister Vic:

I wish you were here with me to-day, sitting with your eyes upon the cheerful coal fire, and listening to the rain dropping from tower to tower, with musical irregularity. I am in the most charming state of animal comfort. I have just eaten the heartiest dinner, have accomplished without disaster, three flights of stairs, and am embraced by the arms of a great split-bottom chair. It is entirely dismal out of doors, and its dismalness makes it more pleasant indoors. Directly, when I have finished this letter, my room-mate Fullerton will drop in, and we will chat away the time over some favorite author, with frequent reading of select passages aloud; or else we will throw ourselves upon the beds, and let the rain sing us to sleep. In the evening, I will go up to old Jones's room, and we will make our Sunday call at our German friend's house. But is there no shadow in this bright picture? Assuredly. There is a shadow and a skeleton. I have an abominably sore nose, which to my diseased imagination and impracticable vision seems monstrous. As nearly as I can describe it, it appears about the size of a sugar-bowl, and is of dull mahogany color. Could you see it, I am sure you would find it quite a consolation. What

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can ail the unfortunate feature, I am at a loss to know.

I got father's letter this morning, though a short note had previously relieved my mind in regard to John. You can well imagine, I think, how much trouble my dream gave me. I dream most every night something about home. But so long as I continue to improve in health, I shall not be homesick. I am going to send some presents home, for New Year's. I am sorry about that watch business; but sometime it will be made all right. I am going to write for the Odd-Fellows *Casket,* to which I have been invited to contribute, and anything I can make in that outside way, shall not be used selfishly. The *Casket* pays $2.00 a page. I think I can save eight or ten dollars in that way every month. Benedict of the Cleveland *Herald* said he would copy my things and designate me as the author, and Coggshall will also help to bring me out. I am not satisfied with the New Year's address I have written, but I will suffer it to be printed anyway.

John J. Piatt, to whom the following letter is written, was a poet friend of Howells. They published a book of verse together.

To J. J. Piatt.

Columbus, March 4, 1859.

My dear Piatt:

When I got your letter this morning, I upbraided myself that I had neglected you. But you know how I live—in a continual strife with time and fate, and always being beaten—and I think you can forgive me.

As often as we have published your poems, I have sent you copies of the paper. With regard to the ms. I have still unpublished, I will do as you ask. I was so glad and proud that you had got into the *Atlantic,* though a mean little pony of envy was felt at first. I "noticed" the fact of *The Morning Street* being from your pen. Ah! if I only could write something worthy of the *Atlantic!* To whom did you send your poem, and who replied announcing its acceptance, and—do tell me all about it.

I have not latterly done a great deal of scribbling for the *Journal*—running chiefly to translations and news. I do not understand what story you refer to as being a decided case of falling in love. I have seen a very charming sonnet of yours to certain beautiful-eyed Indian cousins. *Hab' acht!* Cousins are very dangerous. I've tried it.

Dear old Jones is gone to Cincinnati, and I don't haunt the Neil House any more. It is quite lonesome without him. He promised to write me, but hasn't.

Had I bought Schiller before you left? I got that pretty edition we looked at in Randall's. I am not so much in love with him as with Heine. Ah! dear, wicked Heine! I have read *Das Lied von der Glocke*—the Bell Song, you know. Of course it has befallen me, but I can't say anything very rapturous about it, which is not to my credit, I suppose.

I have not been at the governor's house since you were here; but am going to call shortly. The governor lent me a curious book, "Future Life," by the author of "Peter Schlemihl in America". I read it and could not give any opinion of it. He says he wants to convert me, and has asked me to call some evening. He expressed himself to Jones much pleased with your poetical success *Atlantic*-ward. You lucky boy!

I have just been reading a foolish life of Sir Philip Sidney by a silly woman. If you want to laugh, read it—a new book, Boston published. A lady friend lent it to me, with the expectation that I would admire it. Dear heaven!

If you should ever find any German Volksbücher, read them. I have newly finished one. They are very poetical, and so simple in diction that the poorest Germanicist shall understand them.

I am writing more than you want to read. Here are two poemlings. I send them in manuscript because I would rather have them printed in your *Journal* than ours. "Should you think them worthy," please say they are by me, giving the *National Era* credit of original publication. Will you?

Yours always,
Will D. Howells.

To William Cooper Howells.

Columbus, Oct. 26, 1859.

My dear father:

I have just spoken to Mr. Cooke about the Senate Clerkship; and he tells me that so far he has heard of no applications for that post. Many apply for searg. at arms-ships, and one man from Newark wants an assistant clerkship. The field seems to be open, and you know what to do. Cooke thinks the best plan would be to get the Western Reserve Senators pledged, as there might be some Corwin prejudice against you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parish, of Sandusky city, is an old Free-soiler. I will make inquiries from time to time in regard to this matter and write you. Meanwhile, you'd better pitch in at once.—I got Sam's and Vic's letter this morning. I am sorry that I can't help you in money-wise. There is nearly $100 coming to me, of which I can't get a cent. O dear!—Foster will get out my poems in about a month. I don't suppose I shall make anything out of them.—I am heartsick with waiting and disappointment. Dear heaven! the way is *so* rough and hard.—The *Atlantic* has not published my poem yet. I don't know what to think. I'm afraid it won't at all.—Tell dear mother I'll write to her soon, and I'll go home as soon as I can raise the money to do so. Good-bye.

Your affectionate son,
Will.

The following fragment is all that remains of Howells's letters home telling about his first trip to New England. Later, he described this venture fully in his "Literary Friends and Acquaintances".

Well we all met at Parker's, and had a glorious time. I think I never heard so much delicious wit and wisdom and drollery, as when Lowell and the Autocrat got started. I was only too glad to sit still and do the laughing, on which I come out strong.

The dinner lasted four hours, from three till seven, and involved an intoxication to me, as entire as that of Rhine wine. Lowell and Holmes both seemed to take me by the hand, and the Autocrat, about the time coffee came in, began to talk about the apostolic succession. To-morrow evening I am to take tea with him; and the next day I am off for the White Mountains.

Good-bye.

Affectionately,
Will.

To James T. Fields.

Jefferson, Ohio, August 22, 1860.

My dear Mr. Fields:

I ought to have written you from New York, that my application to Mr. Bigelow was not entirely successful. He objected to my youth, and rather deferred the decision of the matter, giving me some writing to do. I was obliged, however, to come home at once, and could not finish the work. So he said that I should drop him a letter from Columbus, occasionally, and we should keep our eyes upon each other. That was about the result. So I am now at my father's and shall leave for Columbus, this afternoon. I do not know exactly what lies before me there, but I shall do, for the present, whatever I can find to do. My regret at not getting the place on the *Post* was softened by the fact that the more I saw of New York, the more I did not like it.

"Better fifty years of Boston than a cycle of New York", if one may so dilapidate "Locksley Hall". The truth is, there is no place quite so good as Boston—God bless it! and I look forward to living there some day—being possibly the linch pin in the hub. I wonder if I could not find enough writing there, on different journals, literary and otherwise, to employ me, and support me in comfortable poverty? I know that the pen is a feeble instrument with which to keep the wolf from the door, but then, what will not youth dare—to hope?

I am very glad the correction was made in the poem, and I trust the expense did not fall altogether upon the publishers. Have you seen what the N. Y. *World* said about "The Pilot's Story"? The *World* is a journal of taste. If possibly in looking at the notices you received you should send me some (if there are any) that are favorable, I would be very glad.

I will write up the story of which I spoke to you, and submit it to the *Atlantic* as soon as possible.

Regards to Mr. Ticknor, to the dear "Professor" and to Mr. Lowell. Pray remember me to Mrs. Fields, and please do write me a line at Columbus, if you can think of anything comforting to say.

Very sincerely yours,
W. D. Howells.

To James Russell Lowell.

Columbus, August 31, 1860.

Dear Mr. Lowell:

I have yet to thank you for making me acquainted with Mr. Hawthorne, whom I liked very much, and came nearer to, than I at first believed possible. I was two days in old Concord; and look back to the time I spent there with a pleasure only less hearty than that with which I remember Boston. At New York, I spent four days, and was glad to come away. Indeed, the metropolis disappointed me—which was sad for the metropolis, and annoying to me.

Finally, I am not sorry to be again in Col-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umbus—for I find myself willing and able to work, which is only another locution for willingness and ability to be happy. To the young poet at least, a little immediate applause is grateful, if not necessary, and I get this in Columbus. The whole dear town seemed glad to see me; and one of my particular triumphs was that an acquaintance, a violent pro-slavery physician, (the worst possible combination, you know), should stop me, to shake hands and tell me that he thought my "Pilot's Story" was very good. The poem has been copied into a Cincinnati paper at length, and the praise of the Boston papers has found its echo here.

Well, it was not wholly of myself that I meant to speak. Indeed, the volume which this accompanies will suggest that I had something else to mention. A glance at the title-page will reveal the nature of the book, and a glance at the preface will make known its peculiar constitution. It is only your attention to the work that I write to secure; for I have neither the wish nor the space to tell you all my own feeling in regard to it. It is the work of a very industrious literateur, and an enthusiastic believer in the merits and sufferings of western poets. For myself, I believe that so far as Western Poetry has deserved recognition, it has received it. The sad error has been on the part of its friends, the belief that cockle and cheat with sufficient cultivation will turn to grain, and they have delved and dug about in fields, that would never have yielded anything but weeds, whether upon the Ohio, or the Charles. Nevertheless I fondly believe that there is some poetry in this book, and that it will have its uses. There are dreary wastes of trash in it which I would not have set down in the map of Western Literature; but the purpose of the editor was candor and fidelity to all that existed; and the historical nature of the book is not to be forgotten.

I hope, Mr. Lowell, that you will understand me only to direct your attention to the book. It is foolish, I think, to deprecate just criticism; for nothing is finally so mischievous. It is the wish of the publisher and editor alike, I believe, to submit through me the volume to you, that it shall be judged according to the merits of the plan—but after all this is only impertinence, for you will know how to judge, and we have confidence that you will be just.

Sincerely yours,
W. D. Howells.

The following is an excerpt from a letter to his sister, Victoria M. Howells. It is dated April 21, 1861, and its subject is obvious.

To Miss Victoria M. Howells.

Columbus, April 21, 1861.

My dear Sister:

Everything is in an uproar here, and the war feeling is on the increase, if possible. There has been a sort of calm to-day in the city, but down at the camp the carpenters were busy building barracks, and the troops were drilling and the mad and blind devil of war was spreading himself generally. The volunteers seemed to be in very good spirits, and to look upon campaigning as something of a frolic. A good many of them are young boys—not over eighteen; but some are men past their prime. Poor fellows! . . .

This letter was written to John Hay after the campaign life of Lincoln had appeared.

To John Hay.

Columbus, O., June 10, 1861.

Dear Sir:

I hardly know how to address you on the business of this letter—and I must trust to the inspirations of an office-seeking impudence. Let me the first thing, however, ask that you will pardon the boldness of one personally unknown to you, in venturing to address you at all; and then perhaps you will have clemency enough to forgive even the offence of addressing you on a subject in which you are nowise interested.

I have been an applicant for the consulship of Munich, and my application was filed some two months ago. I believe it consisted of the usual certificates of good moral character, uncommon appropriateness for the place, and ended perhaps with the statement that I was acquainted with the language of the country, to which I wished to be sent. It was signed by all the office-holding virtue of this State, and was couched in language so laudatory, that I could not more than glance at it.

I have not seen that any appointment for the place has ever been made, and it has occurred to me (in the dismantled condition of my fortunes) that possibly the President might yet name me for it, if I could be named to him. Indeed, I should be most sorry to think that he would neglect so much bio-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graphical merit, if his attention could be for a moment drawn to it.

So I write to you—knowing that you see him; and trusting you will forgive the liberty I take with you, if you cannot do anything more.

It would have given me great pleasure to have met you when you were in Columbus, and I hope that we may yet some day see each other—if only that I may have the opportunity of apologizing for the absurdity of this letter.

Very respectfully,
W. D. Howells.

To William Cooper Howells.

Washington, Sept. 7, 1861.

Dear father:

I suppose you are anxious to hear from me, and my success in office-seeking. After spending a day and a half in New York, I came on to this city, and arrived in a rain that sank my heart into my boots—it was so dismal. But I set to work at once. I found that the law did not permit the increase of the pay of any but seaport consulates, and I found that Rome was worth but a trifle over $500, and very uncertain at that. So I went to see Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary. He said he would see if the Consulate at Venice were vacant. I should call again next day. I called, the place was vacant, he thought I could have it. I am told by him that the President has signed my commission, and that it only awaits some formality at the State Department. Nicolay thinks I will get it on Monday. Venice is now worth $750 a year—*in salary,* and N. says, that being a seaport can be raised to $1000. I am pleased with my luck, and consider the change a fortunate one. When I get my commission in my pocket, I shall feel perfectly satisfied.

I am well and full of hope. I have seen poor Hinton, who is neither, and in truth Washington is a most heart-sickening place—the Disappointed throng the streets like uneasy ghosts, and refuse to believe themselves hopeless.—There is nothing to make a letter about for the paper. The place is dull and quiet, and you hear nothing of war.

I don't know exactly when I'll be home, but soon I hope. I'm staying with Piatt, and am managing cheaply. Love to all.

Affectionately,
Will.

The following excerpt, written after Howells had settled in Venice as U. S. Consul, is from a letter to his sister, Victoria. It is dated April 26, 1862.

I presume I shall be quite as much alone throughout my whole stay in Venice, as I am now. Society is so entirely different in its constitution here from what it is in America, that much as I want to study Italian life, it is difficult for me to do so. What with their political discontents, and the natural effect of their mode of education, the Venetians are eminently unsocial. There are no parties, nor anything of that kind. The ladies have a certain day in the week on which they receive company—that is, people who call from five to fifteen minutes. The men meet and talk in the caffe. As for seeking women's society for intellectual pleasure, as I used in Columbus, it is a thing so far from their knowledge, that they could not understand it. Young ladies *never* receive calls, and a young lady cannot go upon the street unless accompanied by her mother or brother. If she went alone she would lose her character. Where they happen to be in company, they are startled and stupefied if you talk directly to them, and not through the medium of the mamma. The natural consequence of which is that the young men are beasts, and the women what you might expect them. O Vic, Vic! prize America all you can. Try not to think of the Americans' faults—they are people so much purer and nobler and truer than any other, that I think they will be pardoned the wrong they do. I'm getting disgusted with this stupid Europe, and am growing to hate it. What I have told you of society here in Italy, is true of society throughout the continent. Germany is socially rotten—and the Germans have a filthy frankness in their vice, which is unspeakably hideous and abominable to me. The less we know of Europe, the better for our civilization; and the fewer German customs that take root among us, the better for our decency. You will read the lies of many people who say that life in Europe is more cheerful and social than ours. Lies, I say—or stupidities, which are almost as bad. There is no life in the whole world so cheerful, so social, so beautiful as the American. You see people talking and laughing, here at the caffe; but do you know that this is their only social amusement? The pleasure which we have innocently in America, from our unre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strained and unconventional social intercourse, is guilty in Europe—brilliant men and women know something of it; but they are also guilty men and women. Are you getting tired of my lecture, dear? I think these things over a great deal, with sorrow for errors into which I fell regarding my country; and the most earnest, earnest prayer that my heart can conceive that America may grow more and more unlike Europe every day. I think when I return home I will go to Oregon—and live as far as possible from the influence of European civilization. While I write on this theme, I scarcely can have patience with my former impertinent and stupid ideas.

An excerpt from a Venetian letter to Edmund Clarence Stedman dated August 16, 1863.

To Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Venice, August 16, 1863.

My dear Stedman:

Of all that we talked of in Washington, how little has been done! I am as much ashamed and discouraged when I think of it, as if these last two years had been different from any other two years of my past, or as if I intended to reform and work harder in the future. But out of your own experience, you must be too wise either to blame me or believe me. The Novel is not written; the Great Poem is hardly dreamed of; I think Dante "somewhat grimly smiles" when he regards (if he ever suspends the contemplation of the Beatific Vision so long), my halting progress through his Divine Comedy. Nothing written, nothing read. And yet I'm about to publish, as you may have seen in some of the papers, a poem, which an impartial critic (my wife) thinks will make me rich and famous. Perhaps Follett, Foster & Co. will send you a copy of the book, and then I think I may trust your friendship to read it. I have a portfolio full of mss. sketches of life in Venice, and a little something commenced, which is called "A Story of the Potential Mood". There is another poem "nearly ready", and if the public were half so eager as I am, how much would I not give them! You see, indeed, that I *have* been working, after all, but not printing. It is a sign of greatness, not to print, I think? During the past two years I have had absolute inspiration not to print, and no publisher, until now, has tempted me to disregard it. But, now, the man who first issued me in brown and gold, in the mortal company of another, has set up publishing in New York. I fear he is too good for a publisher; he has at least, a wild and touching confidence in my talent, for which I hope heaven will reward him according to his desert and not mine. He is to get out my poem very soon, and if the iron should become heated, we intend to strike it again before it cools.

And you, what of you and all the literary youth of New York? I take it that you, also are *indrio,* as the Venetians say, at writing the Novel and the Poem. We all are, always; otherwise, I suppose we should do nothing. I have never seen Stoddard's "King's Bell", beyond some meagre extracts in the *Post,* and of you, and Aldrich, and the rest, no public rumor has reached me. Aldrich, indeed, sent kind messages to me by my publisher, the other day, and Stoddard wrote to me last fall. The latter replied to a letter of mine written in the spring of '62, and was so evidently a bad correspondent, that I, who am prompt in these matters, dropped him at once. Piatt told me about you in one of his letters, and I know that you are out of newspaper life, and in some office at Washington. I hear that *Vanity Fair* is dead and alive again, but I have never seen it since I left home. Bayard Taylor is returned, by this time, I suppose. Jas. Lorrimer Graham, Jr., of New York, told me that they two were to spend the Fourth of July in Switzerland together. Conway of the Conway and Mason correspondence, spent two weeks with us, this summer—a sadder and a wiser man for his essay in diplomacy. I suffered with him, for we were friends in America, and his error seemed more calamitous than it has turned out to be. He is now in England, where he is going to reside for a year.

Yours faithfully,
W. D. Howells.

To James Russell Lowell.

Venice, August 21, 1864.

My dear Sir:

If you are so frank to praise me, why may I not tell you just as freely how glad and proud I am of your praise? I was particularly delighted to learn that you liked my studies of Venetian life in the Boston *Advertiser,* because while I wrote those things I pleased myself with thinking that you and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another dear friend (as I hope I may call Dr. Holmes) would see them and read them. I had never forgotten—how could I?—the cordial and flattering reception you both gave a certain raw youngster who visited you in Boston five years ago—you old ones who *might* have put me off with a little chilly patronage. And so I thought that though you might have forgotten the dinner at Parker's (I can tell you everything you ever said there) you still remembered having in a general way been kind to me, and would be glad to see in what I did evidence that your encouragement was not mistakenly bestowed. I wrote the Venetian studies laboriously enough, adding and altering, re-writing and throwing away as my wont is, and now when I come to put them together for a book, I find my account in all that work, for I shall have to change the printed matter very little. I shall, however, add several chapters of new matter—one on Venetian painting (treating chiefly of the pre-Titianic painters), and several chapters on Venetian national character, as I have developed it from observation, and study of the old Venetian customs. Of course, in my book, I shall have something to say of the political situation here and the attitude of the Venetians since '59—an attitude which has influenced their character for good and evil in many ways, and which I cannot help thinking a kind of historic phenomenon, like the flight of the Crim-Tartars, and other movements arising from the universal impulse of a people. There is a great deal of work in all this —but how light-heartedly I shall do it now! The truth is, I have worked under great discouragement since I've been in Venice. The first year—after writing "Louis Lebeau" I idled away in a kind of homesick despair. Then when I did set to work, my literary luck seemed to go against me. I sent the first of my Venetian sketches to the *Atlantic,* and the editors refused them as they refused everything else in prose and verse I sent them—refused them with a perseverance and consistency worthy of a better cause. I think it a weakness to charge failure of this kind upon want of judgment in editors, and so I chiefly blamed myself, and tried to find out the fault and mend it—though I confess I *thought* the Venetian sketches good. I offered them to my friend Hale of the *Advertiser,* thinking it right at the same time to tell him that the *Atlantic* had declined them, and to my surprise they were accepted. During their publication, breaths of applause have reached me—but no such gale as you —God bless you!—have given me. I shall first offer the book to a London publisher (for a first appearance in England will brighten my prospects in America), and perhaps with your leave I will show your letter. I'm anxious to succeed with this book, for I've got to that point in life where I cannot afford to fail any more. Besides, I'm going to resign my office and go home, (either at Christmas or next March), and as I have no prospect of place or employment in the States, I must try to make this book a pecuniary success. I go home in this imprudent way, because at the end of three years, I find myself almost expatriated, and I have seen enough of uncountryed Americans in Europe to disgust me with voluntary exile, and its effects upon character. Moreover, though I have by no means fulfilled all the high objects for which I came hither, I have at least so arranged my line of study that I can continue it at home; but with what unspeakable regret shall I leave Italy! You see, that's the trouble—I am too fond of Italy already, and in a year or two more of lotus-eating, I shouldn't want to go home at all.—But before I quit Venice, I shall prepare notes on some Italian subjects, to write up for you, though you need not be afraid that I shall *rush* anything upon you, and I don't think you are, for in your kind letter there was no holding back with the Wegg-like prudence that I have noticed in editors who did not like to cheapen their concessions.—And I have not got Heine out of me yet? I hoped I had. He did me evil both in my heart and my literature, but I trusted that I had overcome him in both. Well,—*pazienza!* I shall try again.—I wish you could see the longish ballad of mine now awaiting refusal at the *Atlantic* office, called "The Faithful of the Gonzaga". The subject is from Mantuan history; and I have notes enough on Mantua —travel-notes of a visit paid that dear old city, and notes of researches made afterward in the Library St. Mark—to make you an article on Mantua, if I only could find the title of some recent book to hang the review on.

Forgive me for writing you so long a letter—but I have wanted to write you ever since I came to Italy, and you have given me no chance till now. My wife desires that I remember her to you very cordially; and I have no doubt our daughter (whom the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

palazzo unites, without distinction of nation, in calling *La Bebi*), would join us if she were capable of forming the easiest Venetian compliment. But she isn't—being merely mistress as yet of a little Italian pantomime with the right hand signifying *serva sua,* which the whole north would perish before it could imitate. Remember me to Dr. Holmes, and believe me very gratefully and cordially yours,

W. D. Howells.

P. S. I know *now* why you told me to study Dante. What a God's mercy (as the Irish say) it was to me, that I was sent to Italy, instead of to Germany whither I wished to go.

Written just after he had been appointed assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and was settling in Cambridge for the work.

To Charles Eliot Norton.

Cambridge, May 25th, 1866.

Dear Mr. Norton:

We are safely housed here in Cottage Quiet, and have commenced the long-deferred process of feeling at home, and of growing old. There is a fine sense of landed proprietorship about the present experiment which is as novel as it is agreeable, and which pleases me almost as much as the security and peace in which we live. I make the most of the sensation, for it is about the only one in the neighborhood. After the life which we have hitherto led in cities, this is singularly free from tumult. Everything is so tranquil about us that I find the agitation of a cow in the pasture across the street very stimulating, and am quite satisfied with it. This morning, however, a large dog appeared at the corner of the fence. Presently two men walked up Oxford street, and I was greatly excited. A few minutes later a man drove by in a trotting-buggy; this appeared incredible.

Everything goes wonderfully well. The house is snugly furnished, but for a trifle of window-curtains, which we are not likely to need, since there is no probability that the sun will shine this summer. (The enterprise of the vegetation is very astonishing to me: in an atmosphere as cool and dark as that of a cellar, the grapevines are already set with clusters; the trees are full of young pears, and the currant-bushes are bowed down with their detestable fruit.) Our girl Katy was born in the house of the gridiron under the sign of the spider; she is so good a cook; and all things about us are prosperously in keeping. We exclaim constantly over our happiness, which I am tempted to challenge as being of ghostly and unsubstantial event.

I meant to be at Mr. Longfellow's Wednesday evening, for the purpose not only of enjoying myself, but of reporting the affair to you. We inadvertently let Katy go into Boston, however, and then Elinor was afraid to stay alone in the house, and so I failed of my wish. But another time I shall not wrong myself, and I shall try to write you after next Wednesday.

Mrs. Norton's very kind note comes after we had engaged to take milk of an adjacent Irishman. Elinor begs me to thank her for mentioning Bernard, and for her trouble taken on our account with the trades-folk. Will you oblige me with the address of Mr. W. S. Bullard? I do not remember whether, according to the receipt I gave you, the interest is to be paid quarterly or monthly, and should be glad to know.

Mrs. Howells wishes to be cordially remembered with me to all of you.

Very sincerely,
W. D. Howells.

This paragraph is from a letter to his mother dated Cambridge, Nov. 25, 1867.

Night before last, I took supper at Mr. Longfellow's with Charles Dickens. You must tell Goodrich that he was everything in manner that his books would make you wish him to be. I had quite a little chat with him, and sat next but one to him at table. His face is very flexible, and he is very genial and easy in talk. Lowell, Darley the artist, Mr. Sam Longfellow, Fields, and Prof. Greene were the other guests; and we sat till midnight. It was a lovely time. But it was hard at the moment to remember that this man so near me was so great and had done so much to please and better the world. —Everybody here is wild about the readings, and the tickets of the second course will be sold at Auction. We have tickets for the whole first course.

With love to all.

Your affectionate son,
Will.

(Further letters of Mr. Howells will appear in an early issue.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO AM I?

By Lion Feuchtwanger

I GREW up in a fairly large city of Catholic South Germany. Except for its location, its beautiful public art galleries and libraries, its Carnival, and its beer (which, naturally, I know nothing of) the city possessed little of real value. Although it placed much emphasis on its tradition as an art center, its art really did not go very far. It was embodied in a narrow-minded, pompous, academic institution maintained for the tourist trade by a mouldy, stuffy and alcoholic population.

In this city, then, I grew to manhood. Educated in the humanist tradition, I was taught Latin and Greek syntax and lists of dates from ancient history. It was a dreary and pedantic education—conservative, patriotic, unaware of sport—in fact, entirely detached from life. We were taught mathematics and prosody by identical methods. We learned to write German, Latin and Greek verses according to the strictest rules. I well remember that in my earliest years I wrote a play to celebrate the birthday of some prince or other. It was composed in scrupulously exact meter. A number of sturdy school boys, awkward and embarrassed, having been assembled around a plaster bust of the Regent, announced that they were Painting, Architecture, Poetry, or heaven knows what, and thanked the Regent in my painfully versified dialectics for his patronage of them as such. Everyone found my pageant very good indeed; it was published in some honest home journal and I received a stickpin or something of the sort as a token of princely gratitude.

The education in this school which I attended up to the age of nineteen was extremely prudish. We read the classics in carefully purified editions in which everything concerning sex was conscientiously expunged or altered. Discipline, supported by respectability, plaster antiques and hypocrisy, ruled.

It was therefore natural that so far as not completely untalented students were concerned the comparative freedom of the University would produce a reaction toward the radical or the cynical. In the general outlook of the time, in its literature and drama, all sex questions were over-emphasized. Every phase of life was connected in some way with Woman—by Strindberg in a very hostile sense, by Wedekind with theories and sympathy, by the Viennese with light sentimentality, by Schnitzler and Hoffmansthal with the belief that Love, Comedy and Death are the sum and substance of life. Of the Englishmen, Oscar Wilde was at that time most widely read; in the dreams of youth Salome played a dominating rôle Among the types of Women created by German dramatists Wedekind's "Erdgeist" Lulu, the most natural and by consequence the most demonic of women, enjoyed an undisputed popularity on the stage. Urbane in feeling and somewhat under the influence of d'Annunzio and Zola's "Nana", Heinrich Mann had created the Duchess von Assy, the grande dame, in his novel, and placed her in the center of a life filled with politics and love. Young women of that time saw their ideal in Violante von Assy, and young men dreamed of her as the most desirable of beings. The young literati occupied themselves almost exclusively with aesthetic and erotic problems. Richard Strauss ruled the world of music, while Max Reinhardt achieved triumphs of stage-craft with his sensuous and skilful productions. The mostly highly esteemed German critic of the time announced as fundamental the doctrine of "the blessedness, the blessedness, the blessedness of existence". And it was generally recognized that what was of consequence as the artist's basic principle was not the matter but rather the manner of his works.

I never thought of doubting these basic assumptions. During those years I wrote a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pretentious though very artistic novel describing the gay and lurid life of an unscrupulous young society man. I also wrote a powerful drama around the lives of a Renaissance artist—who had no twinge of conscience at crucifying a young pupil in order to have an actual model for a Crucifixion—and a thoroughly demoniacal lady who was of the type of the Borgias. It was by no means a bad piece of writing, but today I have absolutely no relation to the man who wrote it and can scarcely understand how he could have written it.

I also wrote quite a number of reviews. My brilliant, combative and quite malicious style injured many a man then, for I knew a great deal; I was well-informed in the aesthetic theories of many eras, and when I wished I could deal sharp blows. Today I do not understand why I wished to chastise. What was really bad and deserving of punishment has long since been laid to rest, and would have been had I done nothing about it. But from these years I still retain many enmities.

About this time I married, and went abroad with my wife. At first we lived very well, for I had money. But suddenly my money disappeared. We were then on the Riviera; it was during the season, and I said to my young, handsome, well-dressed wife: "We must go to some cheap place. Baedeker says that Sardinia is very inexpensive, and Calabria, too". We tossed a coin and went to Calabria. Calabria was really very cheap—also magnificent, and frightfully primitive. Carrying only knapsacks, we covered tremendous distances on foot, between the Tyrrhenian and the Ionian Seas. They were happy days. The inns bore no resemblance to those one generally calls hotels in Europe. We slept on corn husks, and met few people who could read or write. We ate a great deal of fruit and drank good, heavy wine, as well as goat's milk mixed with marsala. Chunks of black bread were served to us at the inns, with mutton and goat's meat roasted before an open fire. The meat was delicious when it was young, but frightful when it was old. At the sea-shore we enjoyed eating fresh fish.

Then we went to Sicily. We walked around Etna, and climbed it; we covered the whole island, always on foot. Every now and then I was without money, which was not pleasant. Above all I remember certain days in Girgenti, which were even very unpleasant. I expected money from a German paper; it did not come. We lived in a room which had only one minute skylight; for whole days it was in darkness. A narrow, gloomy and dangerous staircase wound up to it. Pigeons were kept in this room; the floor was covered with their droppings. Finally we were reduced to a can of sardines and four slices of bread. For one day we ate nothing. The second day we decided to eat up the can of sardines. It was too disagreeable in our dark room. Outdoors it was all too windy and cold. We walked far out to the temples. Partly protected from the wind by a fallen column, we ate. On the next day we did not eat. On the fourth day the money came.

The astonishing thing was how pleasantly my wife bore these lean years in South Italy after the high life of the Riviera. She really seemed to enjoy them more.

I worked little at this time. My main occupation was to forget the great waste of learning I had acquired.

Again I had some money, and we went to Tunis. We were living in Hamamet, a little place south of Tunis, preparing for a trip through the desert, from Tozeur to Biskra, when the war overtook us. I was taken prisoner and for several days remained in the civilian prison of Tunis. My wife succeeded in smuggling me, along with a Maltesian waiter, onto an Italian boat. I arrived safely in Italy, which at that time was not at war.

Scarcely had I arrived in Germany when I had to join the army. I was not treated badly. But it was ghastly to do such stupid things, under the orders of others—to stand around the barracks most of the time, purposeless; to eat things I did not like out of dirty earthen pots; to march about on icy country roads in a kind of silly masquerade with a gun, while the gun of the man in front of me hit me on the head. Even today my bad dreams are about either my last school years, when, a fairly mature human being, I was subjected to a harsh discipline,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or else about the still more stupid discipline of my military days.

Fortunately they did not last long. Principally through the efforts of my wife, I succeeded fairly soon in escaping to freedom.

What I wrote during the war took superficially the same form as my pre-war work. Nevertheless it seems to me that it was not concerned, as the former had been, with the analysis of more or less trivial matters, but that it came closer to essentials. At all events, my works, even when a revolutionary tendency could not easily be detected, were constantly suppressed. My work "Warren Hastings" was suppressed, also "Jud Süss"; naturally my adaptation of Aristophanes's "Peace" was suppressed, and equally of course a work called "Prisoners of War". If one could say that at this time a general outlook pervaded what I wrote it was the consideration of the questions: Action or Inaction, Power or Renunciation, Asia or Europe, Buddha or Nietzsche—a problem behind which obviously stood the actualities of the social reorganization of the world. It has always been a certain satisfaction to me that I wrote the first pronouncedly revolutionary poem to be published in Germany at that time. It appeared in the October 1914 issue of the magazine *Die Schaubühne* and had as refrain "We are waiting".

I have never written political articles, in a real sense. When the revolution broke out, I was in Munich; I have been able to see many of the Bavarian leaders of the Revolution close at hand—Eisner, Toller, Gustav Landauer—also some of the leaders of the Reaction. At that time I was working on a "dramatic novel", which had as its theme the fate of an author, a leader of the Revolution, who, disillusioned, abandoned his revolutionary activities and returned to his writing.

This book is a profession of faith of the anti-activist writer. In its details it was prophetic, actual events later painfully substantiating it, often duplicating it. It takes as its point of departure the fact that only the observer can keep his conscience clear, never the man of action.

Now the time arrived in Germany when eroticism in literature began to disappear. Before long, if an erotic motif was prominent in a work it seemed very crude material. Sociology, politics, business of all varieties, these occupied the center of life and literature, and even the youngest prided themselves highly on feeling that relations with women were unimportant to them.

Naturally I could not keep myself entirely out of this stream. War, Revolution, the depreciation of German money with all its ghastly and grotesque accompaniments, taught us all to think and to value matters most objectively. It was much that everybody did not lose sight of all other considerations in view of the dreary materialism of a necessitous and irritated everyday life.

The brave German women of those years were much less hysterical than the theories of doctors would have led one to expect. Gallantries and flirtations became matters of past history. "Ladies" ceased to exist. In literary circles a new type of woman arose, a cross between a secretary and a friend, quite level-headed, hard-hearted, companionable, reliable and without mystery.

I prefer different and more old-fashioned women.

And strange to say it is among these old-fashioned women that I have found my best critics. They have a sure feeling for quality, are able to yield themselves completely to a work of art without losing an ear for false tones. The surest judges among my critics, both favorable and unfavorable, have been women.

It would be nonsensical and hypocritical for me to deny that success tastes good. But one gradually becomes accustomed to the acclamations of an audience at first cold but finally conquered, to the songs of praise from newspapers and the mob, even to the approval of the small number one really values. But always and ever fresh in their appeal are the adventures of work, victory and defeat and—perhaps—the effect of achievement that one sees in the responsive face of an understanding wife.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SONATA IN BLUE

(For Mr. Aiken)

By Alfred Kreymborg

I. Cape Cod Confession.

Here there are rarely things one rarely sees.
Nothing to swell the dictionary for.
Trees and poppies, rosy intimacies.
A crab that treads a stream or walks ashore.
Never a sudden noise except the crows.
Small birds singing; then insects and toads until
Ears with little further to hear must close;
Or if they're still open, close to the whippoorwill.

Let those who love the ocean dredge the ocean.
Or those who praise the Rockies, find new peaks.
The itch for progress never set me in motion.
I love a man the more the less he speaks.
Just to be able to touch the things I see
Brings me one step closer to poetry.

II. Conrad and I.

We slave like infernal fools in our two cells—
Straining to bring the soul an eternal mesh.
Draining the heart and head, each finger spells
A word we pray will last beyond the flesh.
Both of us, being different in our ways,
Cling to frail paper with a different pen.
The things he writes or I indite, we praise—
For poets, after all, are lonely men
Singing a bit to themselves, but more to each other—
Hoping that fellow there will recognize
A bit of himself in this pale groping brother
Who strives to live through more than mortal eyes,
And adds to a groaning world, too busy to bother,
The tears that only kin and kinship dries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III. Caïssa Nods.

I swore I'd never play another game
When I lost the one I should have won or drawn
Some twenty years ago, before young Fame
Crowned Capablanca King. From dark to dawn,
Capa and I fought on in Caïssa's name—
Even the wooden chessmen had to yawn—
And then, with a draw so near, my sleepy brain
Overlooked a sneaky little creeping pawn!
When I was ten, my father said the same:
'I must be growing old—I had a won game!'
And now I battle with the blue-eyed Aiken,
And bungle the most apparent victories,
I hear once more a ghostly voice awaken:
I must be growing blind—my queen's en prise!

IV. Bass River and The Nile.

If this river flows, no one can see it flow:
No wind is here; no roaming cloud comes through.
Wind and cloud must have gone by years ago:
Not even a leaf now drifts along the blue.
The pines are utterly still; no needle stirs.
Their limbs are stiff; while each young flowery head
Looks ready to lie in some small human hearse:
Only the memory moves among the dead:

On such a day as this, on a longer stream—
When pines were palms, and the dreamy Nile pale green—
The slaves rowed Cleopatra through the brine.
Eyeing the amorous course of her slow wine,
She sighs when the boy lies dead who sipped the brim.
A madman seizes the cup! She smiles at him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARCEL PROUST IN REVIEW

By Angel Flores

A FEW months ago we read the word *fin* on page 366 of the *Nouvelle revue française* at the end of the last instalment of Marcel Proust's *Le Temps retrouvé,* thus bringing to a close that cycle of novels called *A la Recherche du temps perdu* ("Remembrance of Things Past"), which its author began in 1891 and continued writing from 1905 till the day of his death in 1922. In this case the word *fin* does not denote completion. Proust did not correct all his work. By the beginning of 1922 he felt too ill for this arduous task and Gaston Gallimard assigned Georges Gabory to read the proofs of *Sodome et Gomorrhe II.* Proust reworked only half of his novels—for proof-reading in the Proustian sense meant rewriting, elongating beyond belief, adding volume upon volume.

As we have it today "Remembrance of Things Past" is composed of seven parts, typographically distributed into eight *tomes* in the French edition:

Tome I: *Du Côté de chez Swann,* 2 vols. 1913. Translated into Spanish in 1920 by Pedro Salinas as *Por el Camino de Swann* (Madrid: Calpe); into English in 1922 by C. K. Scott Moncrieff as "Swann's Way" (London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Holt); into German in 1926 by Rudolf Schottlaender as *Der Weg zu Swann* (Berlin: Verlag die Schmiede).

Tome II: *A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs,* 2 vols. 1918. (Awarded the Prix Goncourt in 1919.) Into Spanish in 1922 by Salinas as *A la Sombra de las Muchachas en Flor* (Madrid: Calpe); into English by C. K. Scott Moncrieff in 1924 as "Within a Budding Grove" (London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Seltzer, later A. & C. Boni); into German in 1927 by Schottlaender as *Im Schatten der jungen Mädchen* (Berlin: Schmiede).

Tome III: *Le Côté de Guermantes,* 1 vol. 1920. Into English in 1925 by C. K. Scott Moncrieff as "The Guermantes Way", 2 vols. (London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Seltzer, later A. & C. Boni); German *Der Weg nach Guermantes* (in preparation).

Tome IV: *Le Côté de Guermantes II, Sodome et Gomorrhe I,* 1 vol. 1921. For translation Cf. Tome III and V.

Tome V: *Sodome et Gomorrhe II,* 3 vols. 1922. Into English in 1927 by C. K. Scott Moncrieff as "Cities of the Plain", 2 vols. (New York: A. & C. Boni).

Tome VI: *Le Prisonnière,* 2 vols. 1924.

Tome VII: *Albertine Disparue,* 2 vols. 1926.

Tome VIII: *Le Temps Retrouvé,* 2 vols. 1927.

Proust wished to live three years more to complete his task: "Three years, only three years more! But in three years, as people say of the dead, I shall be eating the roots of dandelions . . ." His days were indeed numbered; he had no opportunity to fill all his typewritten manuscript with his nervous pencil-marks, to pour upon the proof-sheets the crystallized touches of almost perfect craft. And yet this unfinished work is the most complete and luminous monument wrought by a single man with the chaotic clay of life. Six months before his death he wrote to Walter Berry: "I have been suffering so much, alas!—I say alas on account of my unfinished books, for life itself does not hold anything for me".

Marcel Proust lived like one of his own characters: "a strange person, who while waiting for death to deliver him, lives with closed shutters, knows nothing of the world, remains immovable like an owl and like it, can see clearly only in the dark". There he is in his cork-lined room in the Boulevard Haussmann or in his last, dark chamber in the rue Hamelin noctivisualizing the cores of ourselves, stealing a last secret from the last fugitive second, asking the servant, a few hours before his death, to bring to his bed a certain page from his manuscript wherein the agony of one of his characters is described because "I have several retouchings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to make here, now that I find myself in the same predicament. . . ." A man with such an artistic conscience deserves to be canonized; his altar should be next to that of St. Gustave Flaubert!

"The Muses are the daughters of Memory. There is no art without remembrance," Proust used to say to the urbane and gallant Playboy of the Western World, Paul Morand. What Proust meant by memory was not the conscious process of recalling things, but the involuntary and fortuitous recovery, through a trivial play of sensations (the redolence of a whiff of matutinal breeze, the rusty tune from a hand-organ at twilight, the bittersweet taste of a tropical almond) of the precious world altogether forgotten in the shadowy recesses of our minds. With the taste of a *madeleine* dipped in tea Proust creates a universe. (From a letter addressed to Louis de Robert we learn that Proust intended to call "Swann's Way" "Gardens in a Cup of Tea".) Remembrance awakes like a long-buried Lazarus, a free and pure Lazarus rising, expurgated from worldly prejudices and passions, from the tomb of oblivion.

"What a person recalls to us most vividly is precisely that we had forgotten, because it was of no importance, and had therefore left in full possession of its strength. That is why the better part of our memory exists outside ourself, in a blatter of rain, in the smell of an unaired room or of the first crackling brushwood fire in a cold grate: wherever, in short, we happen upon what our mind, having no use for it, had rejected, the last treasure that the past has in store, the richest, that which when all our flow of tears seems to have dried at the source can make us week again. Outside ourself did I say; rather within ourself, but hidden from our eyes in an oblivion more or less prolonged. It is thanks to this oblivion alone that we can from time to time recover the creature that we were, range ourself face to face with past events as that creature had to face them, suffer afresh because he loved what leaves us now indifferent. In the broad daylight of our ordinary memory the images of the past turn gradually pale and fade out of sight, nothing remains of them, we shall never find them again. Or rather we should never find them again had not a few words . . . been carefully locked away in oblivion, just as an author deposits in the National Library a copy of a book which might otherwise become unobtainable." ("Within a Budding Grove.")

The Spanish Philosopher José Ortego y Gassét brings out in his pithy study *Le temps, la distance et la forme chez Proust* in *Les Cahiers Marcel Proust,* the fact that Proust's theme is "not the things we remember, but the remembering of things. . . . For the first time we find that recollection, instead of being used as a means to describe something else, is the thing that is itself described. The author does not allow himself to add to what he remembers the elements of reality that are not present in recollection, but leaves the memory, instead, untouched and exactly as it is, objectively incomplete. There is a very suggestive page where three trees on a little hill are mentioned and he can only remember that behind them there was something, something important, but now forgotten.

To allow this "terrible re-creative power of memory" to weave its many themes, Proust had to bring into play a sixth sense, or rather, a fourth dimension, an elastic time-duration.

"Even from the point of view of simple quantity days are not equal in our lives. To live a whole day through, sensitive people, like automobiles, have at their command different 'speeds'. There are steep and difficult days which you take an infinite time to climb and down hill days that you can coast down joyfully."

"That is why," Crémieux comments in his admirable essay, "Proust will not hesitate to devote fifty pages to an event which lasts one or two minutes by the clock, nor to condense years into a phrase. The accordion-like rhythm of his story corresponds precisely to spiritual duration." The same is true of the Thomas Mann of "The Magic Mountain".

Proust "is the first of our thinkers and writers to discover or, at all events, to note that our body knows how to measure time". In fact the human body is for Proust a supersensitive antenna registering the most minute vibrating matter in ethereal waves. The long draughts of veronal imbibed by this man dreaming in a dark chamber centu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plicated the meaning of these vibrations. A little melody overwhelmed him; the rigid geometry of a room tortured his soul:

". . . that room in which my mind, forcing itself for hours on end to leave its moorings, to elongate itself upwards so as to take on the exact shape of the room, and to reach to the summit of that monstrous funnel, had passed so many anxious nights while my body lay stretched out in bed, my eyes staring upwards, my ears straining, my nostrils sniffing uneasily, and my heart beating; until custom had changed the colour of the curtains, made the clock keep quiet, brought an expression of pity to the cruel, slanting face of the glass, disguised or even completely dispelled the scent of flowering grasses, and distinctly reduced the apparent loftiness of the ceiling."

and he felt keenly the resentful glance of furniture (especially the purpurine comments of a pair of purple curtains) when he moved to a room in the Grand Hotel at Balbec. To move into a new room means an initiation which implies learning the new language spoken by new things, a new psychology, a new atmospheric tuning or rather an operation "that consists of giving to things the soul which is familiar to us instead of the one that terrified us".

Life is thus a forest of living symbols wherein "perfumes, colours and sounds mix". Proust was, what Rimbaud wanted to be, the master interpreter "of silences, of nights, of the inexpressible. . . ." He wrote the lyric that the Verlaine of *Romances sans paroles* would have loved to have signed, the epic that Flaubert would have been proud to call his, the novel Virginia Woolf wishes to write ("I want to write a novel about silence, the things people do not say"). Proust has written the book of adynamic extenuations, of atonies, of inertia, of silences. . . . "Perhaps it is not-being that is the true state, and all our dream of life is without existence."

But then he has also translated the language of the senses: he renders an acoustic experience into olfactory or chromatic sensations. So that the stolid redolence from Aunt Léonie's room comes to him like the appetizing flavor of "an invisible though not impalpable country cake", the little phrase from Vinteuil's sonata passes "light, soothing, as softly murmured as the perfume of a flower", the bouquet of violets suffusing Elstir's studio gives forth a "limpid odor", the name of a novel of George Sand, *François le Champi,* with "that strange and pleasant sounding name of 'Champi' " brings to little Marcel "its bright colour, purpurate and charming", just as the name of Brabant re-echoed in him with its "old-gold sonority".

To Proust the working of the senses was something keener and more profound than a mere evanescent reaction. Through the senses the gates of the past are opened. The senses lead to aesthetic fruition and to the core of most of our sentiments. So that the scented path towards Mésèglise la Vineuse "throbbing with the fragrance of hawthorn-blossom" saturates his life with the message of its sweetness, whether he is at Balbec under the shadow of young ladies in flower or forced to remain in seclusion by a cruel asthma in a cork-lined room over the taxi-thronged boulevards of Paris. He will hire a *voiture fermée* and go to Normandy to see across the blurred glasses of his coach the "invisible and unchanging odor" of the hawthorns . . . and if a friend tries to please him at the last faint moment of his existence, a friend as dear to him as Robert de Montesquiou, he will write to him: "I thank you a thousand times for talking to me about my hawthorns for now I understand that you do not love them. . . ." Proust loved his hawthorns as Sénancour loved his jonquils, and the beauty of their bouquets shed their perfume over the sentiments of both poets.

And when all is said and the Odettes and Gilbertes and Albertines are gone, still there remain the smell of hawthorn and the musical rivulet of a Vinteuil sonata spreading a pleasant halo of meaning over the tragic flux of things. . . .

". . . after the people are dead, after the things are broken and scattered, still, alone, more fragile, but with more vitality, more unsubstantial, more persistent, more faithful, the smell and taste of things remain poised a long time, like souls, ready to remind us, waiting and hoping for their moment, amid the ruins of all the rest: and bear unfaltering, in the tiny and almost impalpable drop of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their essence, the vast structure of recollection." ("Swann's Way.")

Proust brought, then, to the art and craft of fiction, a new handling of mnemonic processes, a revised theory of the fundamental concepts of time and space, a supersensitive consciousness. He realized his cousin Bergson's desire to enjoy an art that "in enlarging our perception not only in breadth but in depth and in never isolating the present from the past which it brings with it, will give to things a sort of fourth dimension". Proust's contribution to the novel is equivalent to the introduction of the telescope in astronomy. He changes at his discretion the distance between him and his forum, he fathoms the unexplored regions of the subconscious, he draws fantastic maps of nebulosities.

The trail he has blazed with his keen intuitions is curiously similar to that of the Freuds, the Einsteins, the Vaihingers, the Pirandellos. He is the only novelist, so far as I know, whose work critics have endeavored to explain in terms of such an array of writers as Leibnitz, Saint-Simon, Spinoza, Stendhal, Bergson, Sören Kierkegaard, Einstein, Tolstoi, Freud, Flaubert, Sir John Lubbock, Montaigne, the English novelists!

"Love, a sentiment which (whatever its cause may be) is always wrong . . . is born . . . like certain nervous disorders from the inexact explanation of a painful discomfort." Proustian love is thus something like a disease. Proust has shown us, especially in the last part of "Within a Budding Grove", how the imagination starts reeling, polychromizing the forum, investing the beloved with all charms and virtues ("They are, these women, a product of our temperament, an image inversely projected, a 'negative' of our sensibility") till when we compare the real beloved with the one of our own creation we no longer identify her. Love ceases the moment we can contemplate the idealized object as it will look when we are no longer in love. The Albertine of Marcel's imagination is a composite panel of five or six *jeunes filles en fleurs* reworked in his subconscious through the poetical projections of time, and later Marcel can only get to the real Albertine Simonet through a quick and tragic subtracting process. Rather than with the woman we once dreamed of loving, we fall in love with love, with the desire to love and later with the remembrance of love. What really happens is that we wrote within our minds a love comedy at an early age and we want to see it played:

"I carried in my mind . . . the moral phantom—ever ready to be incarnate—of the woman who was going to fall in love with me, to take up her cues in the amorous comedy which I had had written out in my mind from my earliest boyhood, and in which every nice girl seemed to me to be equally desirous of playing, provided that she had also some of the physical qualifications required. In this play, whoever the new star might be whom I invited to create or to revive the leading part, the plot, the incidents, the lines themselves preserved an unalterable form." ("Within a Budding Grove".)

Love has been presented to us in fiction (Stendhal and Flaubert are conspicuous exceptions) as something general and abstract: the emphasis having been laid on the sentiment or passion and not so much on the people suffering or enjoying it. The novelist was probably aware of what Thibaudet tells us in *Le Liseur de romans,* "more than three fourths of his public is composed of women", and so he proceeded to write delectable lies about a vague and bitter-sweet thing called love . . . but Proust has transplanted relativity into the realm of erotology.

Filial love, friendship and homosexuality are, for instance, a few variations on this theme of love. Proust's treatment of sexual inversion is the most complete and faithful analysis ever attempted in fiction. "Cities of the Plain" is a dramatization of volume II of Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex". Leon Pierre-Quint, the promising novelist of *La Femme de paille,* in his precious first book on Proust (Paris: Kra: 1925, and New York: Knopf: 1927) and Georges Gabory in his sympathetic *Essai sur Marcel Proust* (Paris: *Le Livre:* 1926) have discussed, among others, the place of Corydon in "Remembrance of Things Past".

Marcel Proust frequented the best society in Paris and had many friends who adored and respected him and who mourned him bit-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terly at his death. And yet we read: "Friendship is so small a thing that I find it hard to understand how men with some claim to genius—Nietzsche, for instance—can have been such simpletons as to ascribe to it a certain intellectual value ("The Guermantes Way"), and, again, "friendship is an abdication of self . . . not merely devoid of virtue, like conversation, it is fatal to us as well". ("Within a Budding Grove".) Friendship is, to Proust, another vital lie.

De V. Payen-Payne tells us in his introduction to *Selections from Marcel Proust* (Oxford University Press: 1927), that Proust "was a great reader of English literature; his favourite authors were George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, Stevenson, and Ruskin, whose 'Bible of Amiens' and 'Sesame and Lilies' he translated with notes and a preface. . . ." It is curious that this Oxford savant omits two names, the names of two great Americans whom Proust held in almost sacred adoration: Henry James and Emerson. Proust admired "the geometry of the stonecutter", Thomas Hardy, especially "The Well Beloved"; he loved Henry James's "What Maisie Knew", George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss" and "Middlemarch" . . . . (Andrée's "happiness hours were those which she spent in translating one of George Eliot's novels"—"Within a Budding Grove".) In 1910 Proust wrote thus to Robert de Billy:

"I just finished reading a very beautiful thing which unfortunately resembles a little bit (although it is a thousand times better than mine) what I am doing: Thomas Hardy's "The Well Beloved". It does not even lack the slight touch of the grotesque ever present in great works. . . . It is curious that among the most diverse literary *genres* from George Eliot to Hardy, from Stevenson to Emerson, there is no literature which has a power over me comparable to that of England or America. Germany, Italy and frequently France leave me indifferent, but two pages of "The Mill on the Floss" make me weep. I know that Ruskin detested that novel but I reconcile all these hostile Gods in the Pantheon of my admiration."

"Remembrance of Things Past" is the memoirs of a twentieth century Saint-Simon. A wiser Saint-Simon; because Proust is, above all, a polymorphous man. His book is the cinematograph of French life from 1870 to 1914. But it is more than that (for you can extract from these memoirs excellent essays on music, painting, architecture, literature, natural sciences, mechanics, military tactics, history, aesthetics): it is the *Summa* of a *fin de siècle*.

Just as the masses are thrilled by Dumas's exuberant plots and violent action, so the intelligentsia is thrilled by this static book full of secret dynamism, of unsuspected explosions. "Remembrance of Things Past" may be called "The Three Musketeers" of the sophisticated. Proust belongs to that race of men who know about everything, and therefore he is a difficult writer—delightfully difficult. Clubs are organized in the Scandinavian countries, in England, in France, to discuss his work. A contemporary library must devote six or eight shelves (Proust died only in 1922!) to Proust and his commentators. Proust, you see, does not go to the public but the public, a select one at that, comes to him. He is, therefore, in more than one sense, the Einstein of literature.

But when we finish our reading we find that Proust, after his cruel analysis of emotions and thoughts and sensations has left in our hands "a heap of broken images". A dark and fatal wind of disenchantment has blown the icons from the altars. . . . From this woeful cataclysm we perceive, serene and pure, a little musical motif "as the promise and the proof that there must exist something, undoubtedly realizable through art, other than the nothingness which I have found in all pleasures and in love itself. . . ." (*La Prisonnière.*) Music thus offers the only escape from a transient world, hopelessly sad and barren. "Remembrance of Things Past" should have been dedicated to Hans Vaihinger and Arthur Schopenhauer.

The Sacred Books of our century ("Ulysses", "The Waste Land" and "Remembrance of Things Past") are Bibles empty of divinity but full of despair. God did not appear with a benignant smile over the Cities of the Plain, nor over Dublin the day a myopic observer strolled by on June 16th, 1904, nor the day a Harvard graduate went into the wasteland . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS NOBODY KNOWS

Millions of Volumes That Are Bought and Read But Never Heard From

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

LINDBERGH landed at Le Bourget Field on Saturday evening, May 21, 1927. In the Sunday New York *Times* of May 29th, under the heading of "Agents Wanted", appeared these two advertisements:

> "Lindbergh Story and Achievements;" fast seller; big 300-page illustrated book; only $1.50. Authentic authorship; best terms; credit given. Send 10¢ to cover postage on agent's outfit. Act at once. Universal House, 1008 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

> The Story of "Lindbergh" and His Heroic Achievement, by Richard Beamish, member Aero Club; whole world spellbound; million copies will be sold; large illustrated book, low price; write for FREE OUTFIT; big money for quick work; books shipped on credit. Mead Publishing Co., Middletown, N. Y.

It was nearly two months after these announcements before the "trade" books on the Lindbergh achievement were off the presses. The subscription-book houses, with that sort of a running start over "We" and the rest of them, stood an excellent chance to make good the boast that "a million copies will be sold". Whether they did or not, the public and the book trade will never know; for the publishers of subscription-books are in a class by themselves, with no contacts of any kind with either the world of literature as represented by the authors whose works constitute the stock in the trade of the "regular" publisher, with the publishing business as represented by the legitimate publishing houses, or with the system of book distribution represented by the wholesale and retail book dealers. Yet, in the aggregate, it is a fair guess (no possible statistics being available) that the subscription-book houses sell as many volumes per annum as do the "regular" publishers. Certainly that was true a few years ago, when book distribution facilities were poorer than they are now and the popular magazines had not penetrated into the remote rural regions; and even now it is a safe bet that any given subscription-book will have a larger sale than any given trade book.

For a subscription-book which does not sell at least 150,000 copies is regarded as a failure. The net revenue left for the publisher after paying for printing and binding, "splits" and commissions for general and field agents, the royalty to the author (if any) and charging off losses from bad debts, may easily leave him bankrupt, even though his total sales run to a quarter of a million copies at three dollars a copy. I know of one instance in which precisely that happened. I wrote the book!

Comparing the two advertisements just quoted, Dick Beamish's book looks like the better "proposition". That "free outfit" bait will catch the live wires. And the book-agents who handled "America in the World War", back in 1919, will not sneer at the allegation that a million copies will be sold. They sold more than that number of the war book on which Beamish's name appeared as co-author.

I do not find Richard Beamish listed in the current "Who's Who", but in the list of books by Francis A. March, Jr., Professor of English Language at Lafayette College and brother of General Peyton March, appears this title: "America in the World War (with R. J. Beamish)".

I don't know how many copies were sold in all of "America in the World War", but I remember lunching with Dick Beamish one day at the Algonquin, in the spring of 1919, and comparing notes about our respective war

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books. Mine, which I shall not name, since my connection with it was merely that of the literary ghost who writes books and things for others to sign, was straggling along with a sale of only a hundred thousand or so in the first three months; Beamish's and March's book had already, in two months, achieved a sale of more than eight hundred thousand!

Both of our books, as well as the half-dozen others about the war which were simultaneously competing for sales records, were "written" in about the same manner; compiled from newspaper-cuttings and official documents, in large part without any attempt at rewriting except where continuity demanded it. Beamish had a certain advantage, in that in his position as managing editor of the Philadelphia *Press* he had been able to accumulate cuttings representing the entire newspaper story of the war, and when the armistice came, unexpectedly soon, he was already partly prepared to rush his manuscript to the printers with the speed which the subscription-book business demands. My war book, compiled mainly from War Department data, called for a slower and more difficult classification of material and the filling in of larger gaps. In consequence, Beamish's book was off the press at least a month earlier than mine. And in the subscription-book business, the house which gets its peddler into the field first reaps the largest harvest.

Every event which fixes and holds public attention calls for a subscription-book, especially if it be a tragedy. Speed, rather than literary quality, is therefore the first requisite of the publishers whose peripatetic purveyors of "literature" still sell the greater bulk of the bound reading matter which finds its place on the parlor tables of the millions who live remote from bookshops and public libraries.

The embers of San Francisco were still smoking when Trumbull White and Richard Linthicum delivered the last of the manuscript of "The San Francisco Earthquake". (That was before the name of the disaster had been officially changed to "fire".) Mont Pelée blew its head off in 1902, and the lava was still flowing when the first book-agents started out to sell Trumbull White's "Martinique and the World's Great Disasters". Mr. White, by the way, was for years one of the most prolific of subscription-book authors. Besides having been successfully editor of *The Red Book, Appleton's Magazine, Adventure* and *Everybody's,* his list of books dashed off to meet the instant demand of publishers and their "door-bell ringers" includes "The Wizard of Wall Street", which came out in 1892 on the heels of Jay Gould's death; "Reuben and Cynthia at the World's Fair", published while the Exposition of 1893 was still drawing daily its hundreds of thousands of visitors; "The War in the East, with a History of China, Japan and Korea", preserving for the marble-topped center-tables the record of the now all but forgotten war between China and Japan in 1895; "Our War With Spain", in which the author had himself been at the front as a newspaper correspondent; "Our New Possessions", an account of the Philippines, and several others equally timely.

The writing of this sort of book is of course not literature. It is high-speed journalism, and not always as good journalism, by any means, as those productions of Trumbull White's. He knew his subjects from years spent as a world-wide travelling newspaper correspondent, and with all his facility in writing at high speed, he never descended to "journalese". But not every author or compiler of these "timely" subscription-books (for they are still being produced, as the Lindbergh advertisements prove) has his ability to write good English at speed. I do not recall the name of the author of "The Great Florida Disaster", or some such title, a copy of which I saw in Miami seven or eight weeks after the hurricane of September, 1926, but he apparently had not even taken the pains to connect the newspaper articles of which the book was composed. Possibly there was no author at all; subscription publishers have been known to omit the formality of having their books written, substituting the paste-pot entirely for the pen. It is undeniably the faster and cheaper method of producing a book. Yet the book-agent who tried to sell me a copy of the "Florida Disaster" assured me that the work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was selling like wildfire, at three dollars a copy.

In all other respects than its contents (or perhaps including them) this book conformed to the requirements of a successful subscription-book. It was nine or ten inches high, at least two inches thick, weighed nearly two pounds and was bound in imitation leather stamped in gold. Also it contained lots of pictures. Given those elements and a timely topic, the sale of a quarter of a million copies of a subscription-book is merely a matter of good business organization.

The buyer of a subscription-book wants to feel that he is getting actual value for his three dollars. This may be the only book he will ever buy, and he wants something he can be proud of the rest of his life. The pound avoirdupois is his standard for other commodities, therefore the subscription-book publisher obliges him with ample weight and bulk for his money.

That was one of the earliest discoveries made by the American book-agent. The late P. T. Barnum, in the edition of his autobiography published in 1855, tells of his own adventure into this field, with a fine, large book, full of pictures, entitled "Sears Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible", for which he was appointed general agent for the United States, in the spring of 1841.

"I had thus made another effort to quit the life of a showman forever, and settle down into a respectable calling," he writes, but a little further on he explains that "I managed in the course of six months to sell thousands of books, and at the same time to place a sufficient number in the hands of irresponsible agents to use up all my profits and all my capital." The subscription-book business was subject to the same hazards in 1841 that it is today.

But there were book-agents before Barnum, and both before and since his time they have been the means of bringing reading matter of a sort into millions of homes which otherwise would be bookless; and if it be true that any book is better than no book at all then the book-agent is more of a benefactor than a nuisance. And it is not to be denied that he earns what he gets. Let anybody who doubts that try to earn his living by "ringing door-bells", as the house-to-house canvassing method is known in the cant of the book-selling craft. That is the only way in which the type of subscription-book I have been discussing can be sold. It is never advertised, except in the "Agents Wanted" columns, hence there are no "coupons" or other "leads" to guide the peddler to the address of someone who has already evinced an interest in the work. His task is to cover a certain town or district of a city, ringing every door-bell and selling his wares by the "cold turkey" method; that being book-agent slang for the process of selling without previous introduction or evidence of interest and completing the transaction in a single interview.

Seldom does the door-bell ringer have a copy of the book to show; usually his equipment consists of the "agents' outfit" mentioned in the advertisements which I quoted earlier and a more or less carefully memorized "canvass", also known as a "spiel", prepared by the publisher's advertising experts or by the district agent, and shrewdly calculated to fix the interest of the "prospect" in a single short sentence or two, extol the virtues of the book in glowing terms, and hypnotize the customer into making an initial payment sufficient to cover the book-agent's own personal commission. The "agents' outfit" usually consists of a specimen of the front cover, to show the style of binding, as well as the gold stamping; attached to this is a specimen "backbone" of the book, to demonstrate its bulk, and inside some thirty-two printed pages, including the title-page, table of contents, a few pages of letterpress and the most striking of the illustrations. Something of that sort, with a supply of order blanks and their attached receipt forms, constitutes the outfit of the first agents to get into the field with a new book. Later canvassers may have complete books to show (for which they will have had to pay in cash before taking them out) but the early sales are made while the book is still being printed, or even before the manuscript has been completed. One of the first demands by the subscription-book publisher upon his author is frequently for "specimen pages", the beginnings of chapters which can be used

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in manufacturing the preliminary salesmen's "dummy" or "prospectus" as it is variously called.

Ten sales a day, in the case of a book selling at the standard subscription-book price of three dollars, nets the book-agent twelve dollars. His commission is usually forty per cent of the retail price, or a dollar and twenty cents a copy; and his interest in the sale ceases, as a rule, when he has collected a dollar and twenty cents as an initial payment and obtained the customer's signature to the order blank. Customs vary somewhat as between different publishers and their general agents, but the rule is that the delivery of the book itself and the collection of the rest of the customer's three dollars is made directly from the general agent's office.

The general or territorial agent gets the next split out of the buyer's three dollars, after the door-bell man has taken his dollar-twenty. He is the wholesaler who buys the books from the publisher and hires the book-agents to peddle them; and his split is fifty per cent of what is left after the peddler gets his. In the case of a three-dollar book this figures out to ninety cents a copy for the general agent, out of which he has to pay his local office overhead, delivery and collection costs, advertising ("agents wanted") bills, and make his profit.

That leaves the publisher ninety cents, with which to manufacture the book and cover his own overhead, including the author's royalty, if any. Which brings us back to the consideration of the people who write the subscription-books.

Considering what they are paid for doing it, it must be admitted that most of the authors of these made-to-order subscription-books do a pretty fair job. The publisher can't pay them much. The ordinary minimum royalty of ten per cent on the retail selling price would run up to thirty cents a copy, and with the publisher getting only ninety cents the business simply couldn't stand it. Manufacturing books is not especially expensive; an ordinary two-dollar novel can be turned out for twenty cents or so. But the subscription-book is a bigger piece of work, bulkier, more expensively bound, and full of illustrations, which cost a lot of money both to engrave and to print. Fifty cents would be nearer the average manufacturing cost; I have known some to run to sixty-five cents. The spread between such manufacturing costs and the publisher's gross return limits the possible compensation to the author to the least that he can be persuaded to do the work for.

In many instances the publisher simply pays a lump sum for the manuscript. He hires some bright young newspaper man to collect the newspaper clippings, if he hasn't done that already himself, and shape them into some sort of a connected account of the fire, flood, battle, earthquake or whatever catastrophe it may be that the book is to commemorate. For they are nearly always tragic, these subscription-books; they sell much better in the small towns and rural districts, just as the phonograph records of "The Death of Floyd Collins" or "The Wreck of the Royal Palm" sell literally by the million, while Brahms and Beethoven are a drug on the market.

A thousand dollars is pretty nearly top rate for "writing" a subscription-book in this fashion. To be sure, a thousand dollars is a sum not to be mentioned lightly in the presence of the average young newspaper man; but only a few get that much. Five hundred dollars comes nearer to the prevailing rate for whipping into shape a book of some hundred thousand words, and that cannot be regarded as high pay, even though the bulk of the material is clear "pick-up" from the newspapers.

Yet there are men who have made and are still making comfortable incomes from subscription-books of this type. They are the ones who bring the idea of the book to the publisher, with material already assembled, and who can take hold of the assembling of illustrations and seeing the book through the press. These writers get royalties.

Five cents a copy is the standard royalty; not much on each book, and a starvation rate for the ordinary novelist, but running up into fairly respectable figures if the book sells as many copies as the general run of these books sell or even if the publisher does not overlook the formality of paying the royalties

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before going into bankruptcy, if the book fails. On a sale of a hundred thousand there are five thousand dollars in royalties; on a quarter of a million the royalties of twelve thousand, five hundred dollars, run to a figure considerably exceeding the average income of the membership of the Authors League, unless some of the recent additions in the Dramatists Guild have brought that average up materially above what it used to be.

Occasionally an even higher royalty is paid if the publisher happens to need a particular type of book and doesn't know where to turn for it. In the case of the war book in which I participated the royalty was eight cents a copy, divided between the putative author and myself. The sales ran to a quarter of a million, which gave us fair compensation for the six weeks of day and night work which it took to get the manuscript into its final shape. We took the precaution, moreover, of insisting upon a material cash advance against royalties before beginning the work, "just in case".

It would be unfair to the book-agents' craft if I did not point out that these *colporteurs* of literature are responsible for the distribution of an immense amount of good and enduring reading matter, beside the "flash" books I have been describing; and it would be equally unfair to many authors whose works have been sold almost entirely by book-agents to imply that they are in the same class with the compilers of those made-for-the-occasion tomes. To go back to one of the earliest examples, it was the work of the book-agents in effecting national distribution of Parson Weems's "Life of Washington", a century ago, which enshrined Washington as the great national patriot. Not until a couple of generations of young people had been brought up on Parson Weems's book (in which the cherry-tree myth first saw the light) did the American people outgrow the prejudices and hatreds with which Washington's reputation was beclouded at his death.

It was the success of book-agents in distributing his own earliest works which led Mark Twain to back the publication of General Grant's "Memoirs", the proceeds of which provided a fund of several hundred thousand dollars for the General's family, all from a book sold only through peripatetic agents, as Mark Twain's own "Innocents Abroad" had been. "Innocents Abroad", "Life on the Mississippi" and "A Tramp Abroad" were all primarily subscription-books. Indeed, Mark Twain's collected works, still selling enormously and, I am told, increasingly, while they may be found on the shelves of "trade" dealers, are chiefly distributed, like the "sets" of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Stevenson and Kipling, others by "door-bell ringers" either selling "cold turkey" or following up "mail order leads".

That, however, leads us into another field of book merchandizing, with which we are not now concerned. The trade book which is also sold by peddlers and direct by mail is one thing; the straight subscription-book, with which the book trade has nothing to do and which it could not sell over the counter if it tried, is something else again.

"You've got a pretty good book here," I said a few years ago to one of the largest subscription-book publishers. "Why don't you put out a trade edition of it?"

"I tried something like that a few years ago," he replied. "It was a better book than this, and I didn't see why it wouldn't sell in the stores. So I prevailed upon the largest book-store in Chicago to take a dozen copies on consignment.

"A few weeks later I dropped in and asked the man I knew there how my book was going. 'Let's look and see,' he replied.

"We walked over to the counter behind which the dozen copies had been shelved. 'How many have you left?' my friend asked the clerk. The salesman counted twice, to make sure.

" 'Thirteen,' he replied.

"I don't know to this day whether my shipping clerk made a miscount or what happened, but my bookseller friend insists that someone who had bought a copy from one of my agents slipped it into his shelf to get rid of it!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUNT RHODA AND THE RIDDLEMAN

By Lawrence Housman

AUNT RHODA was a dangerous character. She came to us, on that last occasion, with her reputation for formidableness greatly enhanced by the report, just received, of her firm and decisive dealings with a burglar. The encounter had taken place in her own house—she alone, and without any but herself (forsooth!) to protect her. Entering the store-closet, her peculiar domestic pride—linen on the shelves below, pickles, jam-jars, treacle, and dry stores above—she heard, in the large empty "skip", which had brought the week's laundry, a sound larger than that made by a mouse. And convincing herself that a daylight burglar was in it, she proceeded to action. Resolutely fixing the hasps and shooting the bolt, she climbed toward the top shelf; and taking down a ten pound jar of treacle and a packet of pepper, she proceeded, a "neat-handed Phillis", to pour the contents of both through the interstices of the wicker-lid. Pepper and treacle, impartially administered in large quantities within a confined space, are well calculated to drive even the mildest burglar into desperation; and Aunt Rhoda did not for a moment suppose that the wicker receptacle would be strong enough to resist for more than a minute or so his frenzied efforts to escape. But before he could complete his, she had made hers; and leaving him to the insoluble problem of making safely off through an inhabited country with a thick spread of golden syrup upon his person and a continuous accompaniment of sneezes to advertise his whereabouts, she went and gave notice to the police-station.

To avenge himself for the *impasse* in which she had placed him, the burglar set fire to the house. But the Aunt was well insured; the company paid up; and the burglar got a longer sentence than he would otherwise have done, for daring to add poetic justice to attempted larceny.

When Aunt Rhoda came to us, her simmer of self-satisfaction had not expended itself. I would not say that the incident had altered a character whose foundations were so essentially permanent, but it had greatly accentuated it. We were a large and growing family: Aunt Rhoda had the advantage that she was large and already grown. It was, therefore, as an unexpected phenomenon that we saw how much she continued to spread herself. She spread herself so much that in spite of our childish love for the repetition of a good story, hers ceased before long to have any good in it; we even asked that treacle should not appear on the tea-table when Aunt Rhoda had tea with us: we preferred going without to a repetition of the story which its presence was sure to evoke. It was a vain precaution; Aunt Rhoda would comment on the absence of the treacle and once more tell the story.

We almost began to loathe treacle, and to love and pity the poor burglar; to prefer a criminal to crowned virtue.

Now all this part of my story has no sequel to it. The burglar served his sentence and never reappeared; the house he burned down was rebuilt without accident, though with some delay. It was that which caused Aunt Rhoda to pay us so long a visit; and it was certainly in the length of her visit that the phenomenal things had time to happen which did happen.

I am not sure whether Martin, who came number three in the ten of us, was a budding psychologist or a base flatterer; or whether he only did it to secure a diversion. One day, at any rate, in her hearing he made the remark that he didn't believe Aunt Rhoda was afraid of anything. Aunt Rhoda accepted the handsome imputation without turning a hair: clearly she didn't believe she was.

That started a game among the younger ones, whose mental development was then at the rapaciously interrogative stage. They adored questions; and out on walks they plied

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aunt Rhoda to find out the limitations of her greatness—if any.

"Aunt Rhoda, are you afraid of lions?"

"Not at present," said Aunt Rhoda, who in a sort of way was truthful in her boastfulness.

"Aunt Rhoda, are you afraid of crocodiles?"

"I wasn't," said Aunt Rhoda, "the only time I ever met one."

"Where was that?"

"In a boat on the Nile."

That sounded well.

"Aunt Rhoda, are you afraid of thunder and lightning?"

"No," said Aunt Rhoda.

"If you were struck by thunder and lightning, should you be afraid?"

"I have never been afraid of being struck by thunder and lightning," said Aunt Rhoda. To some of us that seems an heroic statement.

Conditional fears of a lurid character were ever being set forth as a test for this mind in which we could discover no weakness. Earthquake, tempest, pestilence, fire, mumps—even a mouse in the bed—were postulated for eager inquiries for truth. Aunt Rhoda never gave herself away.

Her final confession of faith—in herself and in Providence—was an embarrassing one, which would have satisfied any reasonably inquiring mind, but not the mind of a child under ten, which is never reasonable. "I am not afraid," said Aunt Rhoda compendiously, "of anything happening to me that is going to happen."

It was well said. But how little she knew.

We were out walking when she said it; and just then we came upon an old man leaning upon a gate which led into a wood, and had above it a large notice, "Trespassers will be prosecuted".

The wood was very thick and tangled, covering the whole round top of a hill. The notice board was old and mildewed: the path leading in was thick with grass and briar: it looked as if no one ever entered it.

"What is the name of this wood?" Aunt Rhoda asked the old man.

"Riddleman's."

"Who does it belong to?"

"Nobody."

"It must belong to somebody," said the Aunt, "or there wouldn't be that notice."

"That there notice," said the old man, "is older ner I am. 'Twas there when I were a boy; and 'twas there when my father were a boy. The wood don't belong to any one, not now."

"But it must once have belonged to somebody."

"Aye: 'twas Riddleman's once. He's dead: dead before I can remember. It belongs to nobody; and nobody wants it, and nobody in their senses goes there; and them as does don't always come back quite the same as they went."

"How not quite the same?" asked Aunt Rhoda; and one could tell by her tone that the old man's story of the wood did not impress her as it impressed us. Evidently she regarded it as a fond fable foolishly invented.

"Touched in the head," replied the old man. "Riddleman's gone; but he's left his riddle behind him. And no one's never found the answer to it—not yet."

"And what *is* the riddle, pray?" inquired the Aunt scornfully.

"To know that," replied the old man, you've got to go and find out fer yourself. And if you want to find out for certain—you must go in a full moon. But nobody's ever gone into Riddleman's wood by full moonlight and come back the same. So nobody goes now at all: they be afraid."

"Aunt Rhoda, *you* wouldn't be afraid, would you?" said Martin.

"She would if she was wise," said the old man. "If she was to go in there full moonlight, she wouldn't come back like your Aunt Rhoda any more. I'd a great-aunt who done it when her was a young lass: she lost all her hair by it, and never a word she said after could you understand. Lived to a hundred though, she did, daft and softie-like; I remember her well."

"You wouldn't be afraid of it making any difference to you, would you, Aunt Rhoda," inquired Martin.

"Of course not," said Aunt Rhoda. "It's all nonsense! How people can believe such things, I can't think."

"It's full moon tonight," said the old man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You come tonight and you'll believe it . . . Or others will believe it for you," he added. "But Ah! you may talk and you may talk; you won't never do it! Nobody in their senses goes there on full moon. They be afraid to."

That decided Aunt Rhoda. "I shall certainly come and do it then!" she said. "I shall make a point of doing it." And being a woman of her word—also aware, perhaps, how we should question her on the morrow—that same night, after we were all in bed, she went apparently and did.

Apparently, I say. Nobody saw her do it. But what followed could not have come merely from a dream. I do not think that Aunt Rhoda had sufficient imagination to dream herself into the state in which we found her the next day and for many days after.

It was at breakfast that we got the first manifestation of her changed nature. She had been helped to sausage; hardly had it reached her when she clawed hold of it, tossed it into the air, caught it in her mouth, gave it a worrying shake and swallowed it down whole.

The spectacle produced a sharp division of behavior in the family circle; those of us who were over ten and had begun to have manners of our own—not as things merely thrust upon one by higher authority—were shocked and a little frightened. We felt that something serious was the matter. The younger ones hailed "tossed sausage" as a new game, specially invented for their edification by Aunt Rhoda. A brightened breakfast-table was the immediate result. All five of them tossed their sausages, caught or missed them with their mouths, and swallowed them as whole as they were able; two of them choking in doing it.

Our parents were presented with an embarrassing problem: it was difficult to reprove as bad manners this following of example, without seeming to cast reflection upon an honored guest. Mamma, however, rose beautifully to the occasion. "No, dear! No, dear!" she said remonstratingly to one of the chokers; "you mustn't do that! *you* don't know how to do it properly."

Meanwhile Aunt Rhoda, seizing up another sausage from the dish, tossed it off in the same way as before. That, apparently, concluded her breakfast; she rose and left the room with a curious trotting motion very unlike her usual deportment, which was heavy and stately. My father said, "We'd better send for the doctor".

But when the doctor came, Aunt Rhoda had gone to earth, and they had to dig her out. That seemed to bring her back to her right senses, for the time at any rate.

"How do you do?" she said politely, shaking off the pellets of earth as she spoke. "It's a warm day, isn't it?"

"I don't know what it's like underground," replied the doctor artfully; "but here above ground it certainly is."

Aunt Rhoda remained entirely oblivious to the insinuation of his remark.

"Underground?" she said. "Oh, yes; I daresay rabbits, and badgers, and foxes have the advantage of us in warm weather. But I don't know. Pit-ponies, one hears, don't have a very happy time of it."

She gave the doctor not the slightest excuse for treating her professionally: he did not even find opportunity for feeling her pulse or looking at her tongue.

"Keep her quietly under observation," he said at parting. "I'll call again."

Under observation from that time forward she certainly was. But it was not exactly quiet observation. It was the excited, voluble, scrambling observation of a large and growing family of ages ranging from fifteen to five, which had never been given anything so exciting to observe before.

While we, the elder ones, were at our lessons, Walter—number nine—pressed his face against the window and shouted, "Aunt Rhoda is eating beetles!"

The school-room cleared instantly; we all rushed out to see the great sight. But it wasn't beetles she was eating, it was ants; which, however, was just as exciting, for though they were smaller they were more numerous, and she went for them as fast as the great spotted woodpecker. And it was like a woodpecker that she laughed when she saw us coming.

But almost instantly she was her normal self again. "I'm feeling quite hungry," she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said. "I don't think I had much breakfast. When's lunch?"

"You had two sausages for breakfast, Auntie," said Martin; which struck some of us as a rather rude and personal remark; it seemed so pointed.

"I had no such thing!" said Aunt Rhoda. "In fact, now I think of it, I didn't have any breakfast. You were all eating your food in such a disgusting manner that I couldn't stay in the room with you."

And then it became apparent that though she had quite forgotten her own behavior, she remembered ours.

After that we discovered that she always forgot her own behavior—knew nothing about it, the moment it was over. Seized by sharp attacks of otherness, she became the Riddleman's victim; on coming to her senses again she was as if nothing had happened.

But as a matter of fact things did happen constantly.

"Aunt Rhoda is up in a tree, watching sparrows!"

"Aunt Rhoda is swimming about in the pond!"

"Aunt Rhoda has bitten the postman in the leg. He says he's going to summons her."

"Aunt Rhoda and Kerry have been having a fight over a rat: she beat him."

(Kerry was our rough-haired terrier.)

And then, after a few days of this sort of thing, came more exciting news still.

"Aunt Rhoda has gone; we can't find her!"

It was a windy night; and she was gone through the whole of it. When she came back she was different in a new way. It wasn't of birds or animals that she reminded us now, but of trees; and when she moved her arms they waved about like branches.

That afternoon several visitors came to call. Aunt Rhoda went in and joined them at tea, and during the small talk that went on over the tea-cups she sighed to them like a beech-wood in the wind. The visitors became frightened, made their excuses, and left hurriedly. Aunt Rhoda went out after the last of them—the Vicar's wife—blew her along the hall, through the front door and down the path (how the poor lady ran when she felt the Aunt's breath on the nape of her neck!), then climbed into the highest tree in the garden, and sat swinging there till it was dark.

When she came in, she was herself again. "What a wind there has been!" she said.

"Only local," said Mamma.

"Well, it followed *me about!*" declared the Aunt. "I couldn't get away from it."

A few days later we saw her crouching for hours in a dark corner of the back landing. Milly, coming down from nursery tea, brought us news. "Aunt Rhoda's caught a mouse."

"Is she eating it?" inquired Martin excitedly.

"No; she's catching it and letting it go."

This seemed to have almost a touch of home in it: it was the act of a domesticated rather than a wild animal. But that did not make it less interesting. On the landing we found Aunt Rhoda nosing around as if she had lost something.

"I believe there's a mouse somewhere about," she said. "There'd better be a trap set."

She was oblivious, and her right-minded self again.

While these things went on—the doctor coming and going, servants giving notice and leaving, or leaving without notice, and Mamma obliged to be permanently "not at home" to anybody who called—quiet observation had informed us that at regular intervals Aunt Rhoda disappeared from the premises altogether, and was then out for the whole night; after which there was always a noticeable increase and variety in the manifestations.

One day, when she was missing, report came that she had been seen going into Riddleman's wood.

It seemed, therefore, that she went for a renewal of the infection which her first visit had brought on her. This time she came back with something in addition, not of an infectious character—a broken head and a badly sprained ankle.

Mamma got her to bed and bandages; and the doctor on being fetched, settled that the safest thing was to keep her there. As it was doubtful whether—even with a badly sprained ankle—she would remain there of her own consent, he had her tied into it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This made her extremely indignant. Aunt Rhoda knew the law, apparently; she said that without a certificate of lunacy it was an illegal thing to do, and that when she got well she would have the law on him. The doctor said that he would give her a certificate of lunacy with pleasure if she liked; she told him that he could not do that without a second medical opinion; which apparently was true. And there—lying in her bed, with sprained ankle and bandaged head—she was so sane that no second medical opinion would have given it.

The doctor, afraid that he might be accused by the British Medical Association, or some such body, of "unprofessional conduct", and so be struck off the roll, along with those who encourage bone-setters, osteopaths, and anti-vivisectionists—which no real doctor is allowed to do—was for setting her free again. So Mamma, once more rising to the occasion, took over the responsibility herself; and while the Aunt was asleep—assisted by a heavy sleeping-draught—substituted her own tying up for the doctor's, so that the treatment became thenceforth a family affair instead of a medical one.

That night Aunt Rhoda talked wondrously in her sleep; and it soon became evident that, though in the body she was occupying the spare-room bed, in spirit she was out in the wood with Riddleman trying to solve the riddle with which he had afflicted her.

"What's life?" we heard her say to her unseen interlocutor. "I've told you what it is. It's what you make of it? Eh? what did you say? . . . It had better not try to make anything of *me* that I don't want to be! How often am I to tell you that?"

We seemed, then, to be getting to the heart of the mystery. Here was the root of the controversy between Aunt Rhoda and the Riddleman. She had given him her definition of life; and he, in this prolonged seizure, was giving her his. Auntie was suffering from what psycho-analysts describe as a complex; the Nebuchadnezzar-complex, I should be inclined to call it; trying like Nebuchadnezzar, to be greater than is humanly possible, and to separate herself altogether from the animal world (to which humans do still belong a great deal more than they realize), she had become an animal—had become several, in fact, without knowing it.

Here was the Riddleman trying to teach her that she could not be a law to herself—that she was unavoidably what life made of her, and therefore had much better be so by consent without making any bones about it. That presumably was the riddle which the Riddleman set to everybody who entered his wood. And here was the obstinate Aunt insisting upon solving the riddle in her own way as though that must be the right way. No wonder in her case the seizure was a prolonged one.

So the next day our parents, after consulting the doctor, sent for a psycho-analyst; and Professor Œdipex came down from London and sat for many hours with Aunt Rhoda alone.

Of course we do not know what went on behind those closed doors, or how, by slow degrees, the Professor managed to persuade the Aunt to accept the implications of her animal nature which had come so curiously uppermost, and to recognize that life is one continuous stream of tendency running through everything, so that there is no sharp dividing line between a buffalo and a baronet, or a cat and a king. They may—as the old adage goes—all look at each other: and they may all sympathize with each other; and the more they are in sympathy the nearer we are to a simple and a happy life. In making these statements I am not writing a scientific or a theological treatise. I am only judging by the results—the happy results—which, having been paid his fee, Professor Œdipex left behind him.

When we were admitted again to the presence of Aunt Rhoda we hardly knew her. It was not her body, it was her mind that had altered. She had aged—oh yes, the experience had aged her: she had become the dearest and most entertaining old lady you ever met. She knew everything about animals, and was so fond of them—even quite nasty ones—and the things she told us about them in their home-life under the ground or up in the trees were delightful. Sometimes they were so wonderful that we might hardly have believed them. Aunt Rhoda had a way of convincing us; her manner of telling dispelled

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all possible doubt: *it seemed as if she had been there herself.*

Now was it the psycho-analyst who had wrought this change in her—or had he merely opened a door?

A few days after he left, Aunt Rhoda had gone up to her room for her afternoon nap. Presently from within voices were heard talking; one was Aunt Rhoda's and the other was a voice that sounded like an old man's. They seemed to be having a conversation. It finished; nobody came out. Mamma went in and found Aunt sleeping—nobody else there. Mamma looked under the bed and in the cupboards and up the chimney and out of the window—which to be sure was open—but no way down from that was possible.

And then, as she stood wondering, Aunt Rhoda awoke.

Mamma said "Who were you talking to just now?"

Aunt Rhoda lay quietly considering. "I suppose it was the Riddleman," she said at last. And then, with a smile, "If it was, I must have been talking in my sleep."

We have never seen the Riddleman; we have tried hard; but often we have heard Aunt Rhoda talking to him—in her sleep.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sights and Sounds

BACK TO THE THEATER

By Norman Hapgood

ONCE the problem was to find plays worthy of discussion. In seeking them I haunted benefits and theaters that were conducted in Yiddish, Italian and German. If I were a critic now, my problem would be the opposite. It would be difficult to keep up with what the New York stage affords.

"Mama, are they going out? I don't want to stay here."

It was a child of five sitting near me at "The Crowd". She was there, no doubt, because her mother had nowhere to leave her. Later, she may be put among the movie audiences while mother does her work or takes her pleasure. With the social consequences of this early stimulation I am not now concerned. It is enough for my plan to say that the moving pictures have added immeasurably to the content of our theater, and also have aided the spoken drama by forcing it to develop toward those effects in which it can remain superior.

In spite of the elements which some might call commonplace, "The Crowd" overwhelmed me. The theme is familiar, lasting: the woman sees it through. Once what she had to endure in most such plays was a drunken husband. Now, it is more often a husband incompetent and futile. What moved me was the purely physical reality. When the automobile ran over the little girl, I actually saw it as if I had been standing on Park Avenue before the literal thing.

Charles William Eliot, that bold educator, told me he hoped the moving pictures would build for the future by preserving the unromantic horrors of battle. Such, apparently, is not to be their method of service. What I did feel, as I saw "The Enemy", was a swell of admiration that the pictures should dare to take so true a line on the most urgent question before the nations. When the world's leading female screen star, the trained and thoughtful Lillian Gish, is at work to destroy the kind of patriotism that is threatening, our minds open to vistas of the educational weapon that the screen may become.

"The Circus" is a vehicle for an actor who is not surpassed in talent by anybody alive. He is not surpassed, I think, in probability of fame by any one of the theater now living, save only Ellen Terry, whose glory is already settled. There is not in this film, to be sure, anything to equal the touches that seized and stirred the emotions in "The Gold Rush", but then there is also a freedom from such jangling as the ending that poisoned that inspired picture. Here is a balanced, harmonious expression of the world's clown. One element in it is original, at least as far as my own experience goes. The funniest man in the world shows us a character who behaves naturally in a way that sends a multitude into laughter, but when he tries to be amusing fails utterly. I could go a dozen times merely to study the lines of demarcation that Chaplin gives us between the natural comedy and the forced. The contrast to me was not only new, but also exquisite.

New York has become the play center of the world. Everything comes to that massive town from Russia, Hungary, Italy, France, England, even Asia. This change, perhaps, should rank even ahead of the advent of the pictures. From the Moscow Art Theater down, we have the most varied that the four corners of the earth can send. Never has there been as rich a choice, even in the most active days of the stage in Berlin.

But among our playwrights only O'Neill can stand up on even terms with the country that contains Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Masefield and Gilbert Murray. I read too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little to know how many of our novels deserve to be ranked with "Porgy" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", but the two books have an artistic reality which those who write plays here do not often attain. I went to "Paris Bound", hoping to find the equal of "They Knew What They Wanted", or "Processional", the more so because I had heard it highly praised, and because I had seen a delicate attempt of Philip Barry put on by Laurette Taylor, which proved practically unsuccessful but full of distinction. Obviously, "Paris Bound", diverting and theatrically effective, cannot be mentioned in the same breath with such English plays as "Peter Pan", "Saint Joan", "Justice" or "Outward Bound". It is being overrated because of the illusion of fashion. I take it only as a convenient illustration when I say that it is dependent for its prestige on that quality in the human mind which makes bustles or balloon sleeves natural when they exist, and absurd after the dressmakers have given them up. It is inevitable that to the conventional mind of 1928, "Paris Bound" shall seem real, and that "The Cid" or "Mary Stuart" shall seem unreal. There is a parochialism of time as well as a parochialism of space. To throw overboard the reticence of sex is to be advanced. To invent a reticence more obstructive is also to be advanced. The fashion used is reticence about the simpler, more earnest emotions and standards.

If I were to praise Raphael at a dinner party because of the genius with which he portrays maternal tenderness, I should make some of the guests as uncomfortable as my grandmother might have been had some one mentioned the leg of a table. Mr. Barry's comedy ought to be a sharp fight between two conceptions of life, pure monogamy on the one hand and a certain promiscuity on the other. There is, however, no real dramatic contest. Those who defend the monogamy ideal are merely feeble goats, to be jeered at in long speeches, sometimes smart and sometimes dull, by the characters carrying the author's thesis. In two decades the play will be much more out of date than "The Princess and the Butterfly" is today.

In acting we must bear in mind the same constant factor of the mode of the moment. When Reinhardt's company was here I criticized it to a brilliant young actress friend of mine who first attracted my attention by being actually able to play Shelley's Beatrice Cenci. This young actress was not impressed by the points I made. "I am so sick of suppression," she cried, "that I just sat there and joyed in people who could say things out." One Sunday night I was in the balcony of a German theater listening to Alexander Moissi read poems. Not once did he raise his voice, and not once did I miss a single inflection of a single syllable.

In "Marco Polo" Alfred Lunt is an actor of intelligence and force as always. Tom Powers plans out his part carefully in "Strange Interlude"; but I should like to tell these Guild people a story. When Stanislavski founded his company it was a consequence of his revolt against the old declamation. One day as he was sitting in the audience watching a performance of his own company, a new thought came into his mind. He proceeded to found three studios which were to carry the actor along from the age of about fourteen up to the time when the select few could be taken into the parent company. He laid down the rule that self-expression was to be permitted to the actor only after the actor had learned to talk and to make every use of his body, so that expression, in the physical sense, was automatic. From this little gibe I exempt Lynn Fontanne, whose performance in "Strange Interlude" is sure and large. To American actors in general, I do suggest, however, that it is part of their business to get words out of their throats without having them get caught in their teeth. They must master the physiology of expression. Merely holding their remarks and movements down to a low key will never make them act like a Kachalov or a Moskvin.

O'Neill's is a spirit never static, always striving, which fits into the whole history of America. "Strange Interlude" belongs in the stream of power that includes Lindbergh, Mark Twain, the Woolworth Building and Henry Ford. The Elizabethans were like that when Walter Raleigh was crossing the ocean. O'Neill finds himself most truly when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the line between realism and poetry disappears. For me, "Emperor Jones" still remains first, because of its simple, final, Greek-like theme and march. "Strange Interlude" is of our time, with Dr. Freud in the foreground, but it is lifted out of mere contemporaneousness by a touch sometimes very like genius. The aside, so familiar in the older drama, is built up into a soliloquy, and this technical experiment will pass, but it will have deserved much of us, in decreasing the fear we have of anything that can be called a convention. Perhaps it may help us to realize that there may be creative conventions even apart from those that were invented today.

Of those dramatists who existed before the present styles began with Ibsen, Shakespeare, the one least affected by the passage of centuries has been represented by five plays in the three weeks during which I have been going to the theater to gather material for this article. Among those five there is not one of his towering dramas, there are two of the worst plays that bear his name, but there are three of his second rank. The most exciting adventure for me among the revivals was at a play I have always detested, and regretted to have decorated with Shakespeare's name. That I had a happy time at "The Taming of the Shrew" was due to the pace and zest brought about by Basil Sydney and the rest of the management, and specifically to the fact that Mary Ellis, of all the Katherines I have ever seen, from Ada Rehan down, was the first to make the shrew both believable and lovable.

In my life there have been only a few performances of such quality as to make difficult a fair judgment of later actors. One of these rare cases is Irving and Terry in "The Merchant of Venice". Nevertheless, I did like the Shylock of George Arliss. It is not vast, like the tragic and many-sided Jew of Henry Irving, but as far as it goes it is distinct and true. To the graciousness and intelligence that Peggy Wood brings to Portia, I believe with practice she can add sweep and authority. The young Gobbo of Romney Brent is done absolutely in the style called for by the Elizabethans. It is broad, easy, fast and gay.

Drama is the form of literature in which have been expressed the thought and the beauty of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Molière. The theater should be an amusement and a stimulant, the mirror of today and the selection of the ages. Such a rôle it is coming to take in the life of New York.

"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

REFERRING to my recent exclusive prediction that there would be no Hickman songs, I now call attention to Okeh record 45197 with "The Fate of Edward Hickman" on one side and "Little Marion Parker" on the other, each sung with gusto by the writer, Rev. Blind Andy Jenkins of Georgia. I call further attention to Okeh "race" record 8552, "The California Kidnapping", Sermon with Singing, Rev. J. M. Gates (colored) and Congregation. And my attention is forcibly called by one "Rufus" to Columbia record 15218D, but I won't look. The most I can say for myself is that I started worrying about possible Hickman songs before there were any; their appearance may be a severe shock to persons even less psychic than I. . . . I hereby predict that there will be no Sinclair-Fall Case songs.

I have annotated Carl Sandburg's great collection "The American Song Bag" (Harcourt, Brace, $7.50) elsewhere, but if the job holds out I shall probably be doing the same a year from now. Today I am thinking of the Titanic songs, of which Sandburg prints one excellent example with a desolate closing wail. These songs should be brought together, and contributions are solicited. I offer a specimen, remembered for me by the Father of the Blues, W. C. Handy, and which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used to be sung at the Monogram Theater, Chicago, by "String Beans", a Negro entertainer of high and odoriferous fame:

I got dem Elgin movements in ma hips,
Twenty years' guarantee!
I want all you ladies in dis house
To nestle up close to me.
I was on dat great Titanic
De night dat she went down;
Ev'ybody wondered
Why I didn't drown —
I had dem Elgin movements in ma hips,
Twenty years' guarantee!

As to the Song Bag, for the present I add only that the first thing in the book, "He's Gone Away", is about the most beautiful folksong yet unearthed in these States.

Next month I hope to commence recommending phonograph records; to announce the latest exploit of the sublime Ted Lewis and to have the low-down on the reported crumbling of the Whiteman ideals. Mr. Whiteman, it is rumored, has discovered jazz, and I hope it's true. Well, that is not quite fair; he did much for jazz in its tender years, and his share of responsibility for the "Rhapsody in Blue" must never be forgotten, and he is a swell leader, but he has been poisoned by the idea phrased by Mr. Damrosch as "making an honest woman of jazz", and this has resulted in his well-nigh obliterating her. I quote from his own volume, entitled (actually) "Jazz", where he tells of his famous first recital at Aeolian Hall: "When they (my audience) . . . seemed pleased with 'Livery Stable Blues', the crude jazz of the past, I had for a moment the panicky feeling . . . that they were applauding the thing on its merits". They were, Mr. Whiteman, they were. And until in some way you apologize for that apology, you will remain disentitled to issue replies to the anti-jazz fulminations of Newman, or even of Mascagni.

Okeh records, the first under the wire, have the run of the place this month. If you are vaccinated against the real thing in jazz, hear Wilton Crawley, colored, showing what a clarinet can do in race record 8539 of "Crawley Clarinet Moan" and "Love Will Drive Me Insane". For a good and less extreme fox-trot record try No. 40992 of the Gotham Troubadors in Berlin's "Sunshine" and the peculiar but increasingly popular "Chloë, the Song of the Swamp". And for piano jazz as presented by only one person living, give a listen to No. 40970 of Seger Ellis, playing solo, his own "Poppin' 'Em Out" and "Among My Souvenirs".

Seger Ellis is a young white man from Houston, Texas, who after a year and a half of piano lessons started figuring out his own theory as to how a piano should be played. For an extreme and fascinating example I urge reference to Victor record 19557 of "Prairie Blues" (which should be subtitled "The Funeral March of a Gambling Man") and "Sentimental Blues", both of which will shortly be published in sheet form for those curious to know how the notes would look on paper. Ellis's theories, which elaborate on the crashes and chirps of the Negro low-downs, involve conceiving the keyboard as an orchestra with banjoes, bass horns, cymbals and drums on the left and "tune instruments" on the right, but more than that they make for cruel and unusual displacements of accent in the bass, against a regular treble. And anyone who tried interpretative dancing to these savage rhythms would break his neck. It is because Ellis's playing of his own compositions is unique in my experience that I stress it above his accomplishment of singing, and singing effectively, the songs of Broadway—see Okeh record 40928 of "My Blue Heaven" and "Did You Mean It?", Columbia record 1239D of "Girl of My Dreams" and "I'll Think of You".

I've got the Best-Seller-List Rams. The rams, discovered by Dorothy Parker, are merely a meaner form of the blues, involving the seeing of things where they're not—you will doubtless shortly be buying "The St. Louis Rams", "Left-All-Alone-Again Rams", "Bald-Headed Mama Rams", and "The Rams My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me". In the Best-Seller-List Rams, one sees the name of Ray Henderson where it's not, and so credits him with writing Donaldson's "My Blue Heaven", Nicholls's "Among My Souvenirs", and Beethoven's "Beethoven's Minuet". . . . In one of Savannah's public places, writes Miss Mary Clark of Springfield, Mass., there is a great boulder bearing the inscription:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Memory of
Tomo - Chi - Chi
The Mico of the Yamacraws
The Companion of Oglethorpe
And the Friend and Ally of the Colony
of Georgia.

The Yamacraws (says the Britannica) were a Creek Indian tribe near Savannah. Their name survives as that of the colored quarter of that city, and (in a different spelling) as that of the jazz "Negro Rhapsody", Jimmy Johnson's "Yamekraw"; an uneven but interesting composition from which I catch the sensation of idling through that place in a Ford on a hot night when doors and windows are open and sounds emerge from each. In response to inquiries: published by Perry Bradford Music Co., New York, $2.00 . . . But if your music dealer is alive and has a jobber it should be unnecessary for me to give publisher or price of music mentioned here.

All the new publications I receive are great, but some are greater than the rest. *Waltzes:* "C'est Vous, It's You", a good waltz and a perfect translation; Berlin's "I Can't Do Without You"; "The Morning After the Night Before", dealing with what Dr. Spaeth calls the Facts of Life (*"Just for the thrill of a moment, She found out what sorrow and woe meant"*); "One Night of Love", a smooth waltz with motion; Wiedoft's wordless "Valse Vanitie"; and my candidate for the month, "Tomorrow". *Blues-songs:* "Washboard Blues", not so new but so good —see Whiteman's Victor 35877 with voices and Gennett record 3066 without; and "It Takes a Cincinnati Yellow to Satisfy a Georgia Brown", which may account for all the vocal misery that protrudes from Georgia. *Fast furious fox-trots:* "Dolores" for my varsity friends (*"Oh how I love Dolores! Does she love me? Of courus!"*); "An' Furthermore" (running, of course, to double and multiple meanings); "I Found a Horseshoe" (but oh, that sour chord!); "Hum and Strum", brisk Chicago stuff; the exuberant "Lila"; and "OKMNX"—need I explain? *Fast smooth fox-trots:* I call "That's What I Call Keen" keen; see also "Mine, All Mine". *Throbbing, eight-cylinder, balloon-tired fox-trots:* "Coquette"; "Indian Cradle Song"; "Golden Gate" and "Dawn" (not from "Golden Dawn"). *New musical show fox-trots:* Jimmy Johnson's "Sippi" and "Give Me the Sunshine", from the generally strong score of "Keep Shufflin' ". *Quartette stuff:* "Speaking of Love". *Big bouncing fox-trot:* "Away Down South in Heaven". *Just a good fox-trot:* "Roses for Remembrance". *Fox-trot ballad:* "Good Time Sadie", the Sadie Thompson movie song, and I pick it for success. *Piano jazz:* "Hurricane", "Crossed Hands", "Soliloquy" (already famous through the records); "Eight Ball" (the *blackest* poolball in the rack); Grofé's collection "Three Shades of Blue"; Willard Robison's "Inspiration Suite", four graceful pieces with just a tincture of jazz; and "Rag Doll", successor to "Doll Dance" and not jazz at all. *Good old songs revived:* "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" (waltz, 1909); "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" (waltz); "My Melancholy Baby" (1911); "I Ain't Got Nobody" (sung by Bert Williams); "A Good Man's Hard to Find" (1918); "Some of These Days" (1922); "O Ya Ya" (utterly distinctive Brazilian rhythms too little noticed in 1921); "Rose Room" (in 1917 a famous San Francisco tango, now a fox-trot); and Victor Herbert's "A Kiss in the Dark" (waltz), "March of the Toys" and "Sweet Mystery of Life". With Vivian Hart as a perfect *Nina* at hand to succeed Trentini, why don't they revive "Naughty Marietta" for a Broadway run?

Best Sellers in Popular Music

An alphabetical list as of April 9th, kindly furnished by Crown Music Co., a leading New York jobber ("W" indicates waltzes): After my Laughter Came Tears. Among My Souvenirs. Away Down South in Heaven. Beautiful. Chloe. I Can't Do Without You (W). Let a Smile be your Umbrella. Lovely Lady. My Melancholy Baby. Old Man River. Ramona (W). Together (W). Varsity Drag. Was it a Dream (W).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anonymously—John Farrar

MR. NUNNALLY JOHNSON, writing of the, or rather, of one of the famous gatherings accomplished in the name of "Trader Horn", characterized it as a "literary whoopee". This, Mr. Johnson, is perfection of style. When Miss Parker speaks of literary rotarians it is one thing, but you realized that word which the tea-hound world has been waiting for, the absolute zeroic description of cocktail or what-have-you parties in the world of letters is "whoopee".

Well, what with one whoopee being a lot like another whoopee, I think I shall stop this vulgar gossip about personalities for a space. To be sure, there is no question that soon or late the vulgar journalist will out in me, and I shall tell you that, meeting T. S. Stribling and Homer Croy at Harry Maule's, it was amazing to find that they looked alike, talked alike and both had new books nearing publication.

There are a few books which I should like you to buy for your shelves. Chief among these is one called, "These Men, Thy Friends", by Edward Thompson. Now what I want to know is, does anyone ever act on my advice. When some of you gentle (ironic) readers are telling me what a blind idiot I am, why don't you ever mention the fact that you do or do not agree with my opinion of a book? What's the use of talking about books, if you don't buy them. Buy this one, please do! I'll tell you more about it later; but please just go out and buy it. Unless I am greatly mistaken, it is one of the three or four really great books to come out of the war.

There is another matter which bothers me; that is, how to treat the books published by the firm with which I am involved. I think I shall follow the policy of mentioning a few of them, now and then, characterizing them briefly, but not talking of them at length. It is exceedingly difficult, when you believe strongly in books, not to talk of them. Four that are in my mind this rainy Sunday morning are "Wintersmoon", "The Story of Ivy", "Ashenden, or The British Agent" and "Dagny". "Wintersmoon" is in many ways Hugh Walpole's most engaging romance. It is civilized, witty, and its love story is unusual and touching. "The Story of Ivy" by Marie Belloc Lowndes, is one of the best and most absorbing of the murder stories (distinct from the murder mysteries). Maugham's "Ashenden" is superb, enthralling, any other adjective you like. It is at once thriller and magnificent portraiture. If you discover Louise Redfield Peattie with the delicate "Dagny", you will call yourself lucky, for she will soon be taking her place along with Willa Cather and other resplendent literary ladies. The other books I am going to review this month are "Old Enchantment" by Larry Barretto and "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" by Elinor Wylie. Now, durn you, go to your nearest book-store and buy these books. Then, if you haven't done so already, beg, borrow or steal a copy of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey", and call it a perfect day.

Having actually paid cash for Miss Wylie's book, a thing which is wonderful in itself but in this case seemed necessary, and having opened the book at the back and been absorbed in the highly technical description of the type which the publishers have deemed it necessary to insert lest some culture-hungry dilettante fail to realize the special mechanical beauties supplied, I approached the story with a slight prejudice. It was, let me state, a manufactured prejudice; for who is not strongly prejudiced in favor of the woman who can summon more beauty quickly to her pen than any other living writer of English prose? I shall spend no time in trying to find persons or events in this story of an eighteenth century poet. The author has written a preface warning us away from an attempt to identify the characters of her poignant and memorable fable. The reviewers, therefore, have felt it necessary to pother and pry, to parade their erudition in the face of Miss Wylie's delicate characterizations and insatiable curiosity in exploring the mind

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and heart of the poet. Nor shall I waste much time speaking of her "gentle irony". I prefer to see in "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" a fine, wistful study of the tragedy of the incurable idealist, puzzled and dismayed, aware of beauty and yet not quite able to make it completely his own, scorned by the bolder materialists, yet not quite able to pierce that scorn with the virility of his own contempt. It is a story so timeless that it can scarcely be considered eighteenth century. That Miss Wylie has chosen a poet as the central figure of her tragedy of mind and character is only because she finds in the delicately tuned sensibilities of the poetic mind an intensifying of the human emotions she wishes to portray. "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" is tremendously moving, pathetic, absorbing. If you do not find in it the warmth and beauty of a profound understanding of the mortal heart, I shall be disappointed. If you prefer to find it clever, jewelled, satirical, I suppose you will not be disappointed; for it is Miss Wylie's special gift that her stories glow with the almost unholy light of enchanting and finished prose.

In "These Men, Thy Friends", Edward Thompson has shown against the sometimes lush, sometimes stark background of the Mesopotamian campaign, the tragic inconsequence of war, the tremendous importance of the strivings of man. It is a novel of friendship tuned and played upon by the fires of battle and disillusion. I should warn you, I presume, that there are those who will find it slow-moving. It is bitter. It is impassioned. It has glowing descriptions of the action of battle and the strivings of the mind. It becomes at once a puzzle and an answer. For the first time we have the studying of the minds and hearts of various types of preachers and doctors in the war. Perhaps such a book would not be possible set in the chaos of the western front. Here, more or less segregated, along the Tigris, beneath the walls of Baghdad, in the path of Xenophon, the human body dwindles and the human spirit soars. I have quoted generously from this novel in another review; but I want to repeat one passage, the final sentence of which seems to me so beautiful, so right, so perfect that it will remain with me forever, unforgettable.

"Ezra's Tomb, a lovely blue glazed dome amid emerald shadows hiding its mud walls. They anchored by its palms, for a memorable night. The full moon was a burnished targe in the clear skies; the Arabs in charge of the *mahailas*, light-hearted, sang to a one-stringed fiddle. But the night's central core was discomfort."

Larry Barretto has written by far his best novel in "Old Enchantment". It is a story of decaying aristocracy of implacable and, somehow, magnificent snobbery, that is to me far more human than any such tale Edith Wharton has ever told. It shows a woman, Miss Portland, *the* Miss Portland, who refuses until the end to believe that her traditional gods are false. Mr. Barretto, in this characterization, has done a fine job. Moreover, he is always the careful novelist, his stories are ably constructed, dramatic, civilized. He and Louis Bromfield are among the few of our younger male writers who take pains to write the novel. "Old Enchantment" deserves a huge following. Moreover, it is nothing against it to say that, in the hands of a skilful director, it would make an almost perfect motion-picture scenario.

As a medium of literary and artistic criticism, *The New Republic* is making tremendous strides. The issue of March 21st, with its book section, is the soundest and sprightliest piece of editing this retired editor has encountered in some time. Edmund Wilson's study of Proust is careful, clear, intelligent. Lewis Mumford on modern furniture is wise and, as always, brilliant. Stark Young on "The Furies" writes with clarity and a developing intuition. You may gather that this sceptic has at last been gathered to the fold of that singularly long-lived and increasingly important phenomenon known as the "New Republic group."

In this connection, I print part of a letter from Mr. Wilson, which contains some highly illuminating criticism.

"I was just going to write you about your complaint in THE BOOKMAN over my Hemingway article. I am sorry to seem so obscure. All that I meant was that Hemingway is one of those writers who is preoccupied with cruelty—that is, with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sufferings which human beings inevitably inflict on their fellows in the course of their attempts to survive, to accomplish their purposes and to enjoy themselves. Dostoievski thought that the murderer could make up for his crime by Christian humility and repentance; Nietzsche thought that the conquerors of life had so much fun as the result of the suffering which they inflicted upon others that the feelings of their victims did not matter. On the surface, Hemingway seems rather to be on Nietzsche's side, but at the same time the situation worries him, just as it did Dostoievski. For example, he excels in his description of such episodes as that of the fishing trip in 'In Our Time', but I have never read any description of fishing which made me feel, as that does, the pain inflicted on the fish and even on the live bait. And all of his description of human relations depends for its effect on a double impression of this sort. This is why his stories, which seem so smooth and deliberate, make you uncomfortable—at least they do me.

"He is always trying to find some justification for the outrages which his characters are always suffering or which they are inflicting more often than they suffer. He always seems to be asking himself what can one think to make one's self feel comfortable in a world where this sort of thing is continually going on and where it is not an abnormal condition but seems to be the natural way of life. The only way to face such a world, he seems to say, is to adopt the sportsman's code of honor—that is, to enjoy your feeling of triumph when you best the other man (or animal) and to take it with bravery and without complaint when you yourself are beaten. I think that Hemingway is far more complex than appears on the surface. His simplicity, his naiveté, is all on the surface. Underneath is a painful conflict of emotions and ideas. I hope that you will not tell me this is as difficult to understand as what I wrote before."

B. H. Haggin obligingly repeats his kindly remarks, and I shall not hesitate to print his screed in full. Thank you for the spanking, sir. So far as this radical business is concerned, it is hard for a good Republican follower of Coolidge to find out about these things. Floyd Dell tells me that I am the world's most natural red. This, however, must be totally unconscious, for so far as I can discover by listening to my political heart, I am a rock-bound conservative. However, my great-grandfather—who lived to a ripe and most delightful old age, smoked his first cigar at ninety-four and was one of those inventors who should have been poets—voted for Andrew Jackson, and then for Theodore Roosevelt. If such a change is possible, who knows? I suppose Mr. Haggin, being of an inquiring mind, I was asking you for information. Well, from a person of your important and thoroughly entertaining bitterness, one usually receives retorts, not answers.

Dear Mr. Farrar:

As *I* recall the situation, (1) critical overestimation had helped to give Bromfield success as a novelist, which, as usual, had erected him into a major American thinker (whereas actually his ideas qualified him only for good company); and (2) at the first sign of a more accurate appraisal of his novels, plays and written and spoken ideas by critics who until then had passed as honest, you became excited and accused them of being jealous, that was all—just jealous. I objected to your procedure, and to your habit of thinking that if only you were excited enough (or, I might add, funny enough) you were right. And it seems that I also spoke of C. P. Fadiman's fine article on recent American novelists in a December number of *The Nation*, and warned you to keep cool in the face of an aesthetic different from yours. Since in these matters your memory is so unreliable, let me assist it in another: not only did I write reviews for you, but one of my treasured possessions (of the sort) is a review of Philip Gibbs's "Ten Years After", (or perhaps Trotsky's "Whither England?" I can't stop to look) which you returned for revision with the query, "Isn't this radical?"

B. H. Haggin.

And another from William R. Smith of Nyack, who points out that this space must be filled, whither or no. It is a true pointing. Dorothy Parker tried valiantly to think of something for me to write about the other evening. She is a kindly lady. We thought a long time, and thought and thought; but everything we thought about somehow didn't suit my gentle nature. By the way, did you read her swell piece on Mr. Bok? But Mr. Smith has the floor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Mr. Farrar:

You are, I expect, in the unfortunate if not particularly unique position of being forced to read all your mail not manifestly extolling Listerine or Coral Gables, or just to be nasty, a combination of THE BOOKMAN and *The Ladies Home Journal* at the special this week only of $6.98. Pasting is easier than writing and being conscientious, you must read before you paste. Space must be filled, juries or no juries. And incidentally a few more of your observations on juries would be interesting. Unless, of course, THE BOOKMAN like the Congress of Churches at Cleveland and the American Legion, is carefully avoiding "all controversial and political subjects".

For some not so obvious reason, once a reviewer has noticed a book it might as well have never been published for all the further attention he gives it. Excepting of course those learned tomes which he drags in by the ears on all possible occasions, by way of impressing his erudition upon his readers. I have in mind particularly William McFee's "Sunlight in New Granada", which ought to be all the more interesting at this time of our seemingly mysterious campaign in Nicaragua. It might be a good idea to distribute copies among the Senators at Washington. I'd send mine except that it's autographed. But we have no assurance that the literate members could be forced to read the book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bookman's Notes

MACARTHURIANA

FROM time to time Alexander Woollcott, who was assisted into the world by Edmund Wilson's grandfather in the slightly improbable town of Phalanx, N. J., has been collecting and publishing anecdota concerning the faunesque escapades of one Charles G. MacArthur. That impressive-sounding Scottish name almost conceals the real identity of a chap so curiously capricious in his actions that he is known to his familiars as "Bugs".

"Bugs" was a newspaper man in Chicago whose imagination was so fanciful and mordant that he was called to New York to become assistant to that astounding genius of American folk-lore, Morrill Goddard, editor and originator of Mr. Hearst's Sunday Supplements. (The part that Mr. Goddard has played, by the way, in our national culture has never been properly adjudged or appreciated. Were it not for him, countless thousands would still be ignorant of the fact that this earth we live on is a tiny asteroid spinning in space and likely to collide at almost any time with an explosive star of such combustion that all of us—Marie of Roumania, the Prince of Wales, Mussolini, Cal the Cool, and Lon Chaney included—would be consumed in a jiffy. It is Mr. Goddard who has acquainted millions with the latest discoveries of archeologists concerning the Tower of Babel, with the marital adventures of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, with the approximate truth about the dinosaurs and the luxury of Babylon, with the iniquities of Broadway night-life and the career of Count Boni de Castellane.)

One of "Bugs's" first assignments was to ghost-write for Danny Caswell that unfortunate young man's personal account of his lamentable adventures as the millionaire kid on Broadway. Young Danny's candor disclosed to MacArthur so foul a cesspool that he was unable to stir it up for the public and still maintain his customary detachment and sense of humor. He completed his task. The "autobiography" was published. But the experience left its mark upon the mind of "Bugs". He who had been so blithe and nonchalant hitherto showed manic-depressive symptoms. He sat in his office, day after day, flipping pieces of cardboard out of the window. He played jokes of incredible impertinence upon his boss. When he discovered that Mr. Goddard's most prized implement of editorial endeavor was a pair of shears, nearly every morning he would hide those shears where it took an hour to find them. When people valuing MacArthur's talents came offering him large sums to write advertisements for expensive mausoleums or cloak-and-suit enterprises he would let them cool their heels in the anteroom while he staged an imaginary encounter with Arthur Brisbane or even Mr. Hearst himself. He would have some confederate in the office to play the part of Brisbane or Hearst. His high-handed colloquies would go something like this:

"Listen here, Ranny, you heard my proposition. You can take it or leave it. Fifty thousand dollars and not a cent less. That last story I did for you was worth twice that sum."

"But Mr. MacArthur, don't get excited. I understand your position and we are prepared to boost your own price a little, say twenty thousand dollars, as an act of good faith, if you will renew your contract with us for three years."

"Three years? Never! We all may be dead by that time, or I may want to accept that offer I had from the Prince of Monaco to act as his public relations counsel in his Monte Carlo swindle. Throw twenty thousand dollars into the kitty and make the contract run for one year, three months and twenty-two days, and maybe we can come to terms. But of course I will have to have my lawyer, Charlie Hughes, look over the contract."

"Is that final, Mr. MacArthur?"

"Absolutely, positively final, Ranny. By the way, you have a large egg stain on your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vest. You should take an interest in some of Ed Wynn's inventions. Good-day Ranny! You can take this side door and avoid being seen in the outer office."

Or,

"Well, well, if it isn't old Arty Brisbane! How is Canadian Pacific, Radio Corporation of America, General Motors, Victor Talking Machine, Gabriel Snubbers, Hudson Motors, American Can, Eastman Kodak and Commercial Solvents? How are Brisbanalities running today—strong or weak?"

"Now Charley, don't try to be funny."

"Funny, Art? I quit trying to be funny years ago when I started reading your column. Up until then I was under the illusion that I might turn out to be a right good comic. You killed that. I could sit and think for years and never think up anything half as funny as one of your philosophical paragraphs. . . . But what's on your mind? What brings you here?"

"It is a little problem, Charley, that I thought I would like to get your help and advice on. You know that last real estate investment of mine? Well, it hasn't picked up as fast as I thought it ought to. What I was wondering was that if maybe I could retain you at a reasonable fee you could get some stuff in the papers that I probably couldn't get myself. And I thought maybe I could get you to write the advertisements."

"What do you call a reasonable fee, Art?"

"Well, as a retainer, how would $15,000 do?"

"I'd accept that sort of proposition from you, Art, but not from another living soul."

These colloquies would be voiced loud enough to be heard over the paper-thin partitions of the office by the gullible petitioners for Mr. MacArthur's services who waited, hat in hand, hoping to get him to stage a publicity stunt or write some advertisements for, at the very most, $189.50.

One day Mr. Hearst in the outer office overheard one of these colloquies with his imaginary self. That didn't end matters. What did was this: Mr. MacArthur hid Mr. Goddard's shears in his (Mr. MacArthur's) waste-basket and they were found there.

Not long after that Mr. MacArthur associated himself with Edward Sheldon in the composition of a play called "Lulu Belle". It made a fortune and is still running. He wrote another play in collaboration with Sidney Howard but its demise was so sudden on Broadway that its name escapes me. He has written another play in collaboration with Ben Hecht, and since "Lucky" Jed Harris is producing it the chances are it would be profitable to "have a slice of it".

But what I started out to say was that Mr. Woollcott in gathering his legends of this modern Til Eulenspiegel has omitted to relate the story of "Bugs" MacArthur's race to Atlantic City with "Bugs" Baer.

One day in Times Square it was "Bugs" Baer's whim to wager "Bugs" MacArthur $100 that the taxicab that he would take to Atlantic City would beat the taxicab that "Bugs" MacArthur would take to Atlantic City. With a professional air they appraised the qualities of the various gas-hacks lined up in the street awaiting the urgencies of customers. Each selected a cab and each, with a grand gesture, said, "Drive to Atlantic City. And make it fast. I've got a bet up with another fellow in a taxicab that I can beat him there". They raced. "Bugs" MacArthur's cab nosed out "Bugs" Baer's cab at the boardwalk adjoining the Tremaine, which was the appointed goal.

The two paid their respective reckonings and "Bugs" Baer, with "Bugs" MacArthur on his arm, hailed a Negro pusher of a perambulator and, getting settled in the seat, said, "Times Square, New York". The Negro protested that his constitution would not serve in so strenuous an undertaking; and so the two bugs placed another wager on a taxicab race back to New York. Baer's cab won this time.

Baer is under contract to do a certain number of paragraphs every day for Mr. Hearst and, upon his arrival back in New York, he informed "Bugs" MacArthur that he would have to go to work. MacArthur said he was sleepy. So Baer went to a furniture store and bought a bed with a full set of linen and had it strapped to his taxicab and taken to his office. He had the bed set up there and MacArthur went to sleep in it, while Baer finished his stint on the type-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writer. When his task was done, Baer, seeing the rapturous oblivion in which MacArthur was sunk, called up the furniture company and had another bed, with full equipment, sent up and installed in his office alongside of MacArthur's. Then he said his prayers and went to sleep.

* * *

Mr. MacArthur, after having served during the war in the Hundred and Forty-ninth Field Artillery, wrote an account of their campaigns for his buddies under the title, "A Bug's-eye-View of the War". General Douglas MacArthur (no relation to "Bugs"), then superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, thought the book contained so much information of value to embryo officers that he made it required reading at the Academy.

* * *

William Butler Yeats (no relation to "Bugs") has been publishing some "Other Pages from an Old Diary" in the *Dial*. In the April issue the entries are concerned mainly with John Millington Synge. "He had that egotism of the man of genius which Nietzsche compares to the egotism of a woman with child," writes Yeats. "Neither I nor Lady Gregory had ever a compliment from him. . . . I have never heard him praise any writer, living or dead, but only some French farce writer. . . . I once said to George Moore, 'Synge has always the better of you, for you have brief but ghastly moments during which you admit the existence of other writers; Synge never has'. I do not think he disliked other writers—they did not exist. One did not think of him as an egotist. He was too sympathetic in the ordinary affairs of life and too simple. In the arts he knew no language but his own."

Synge's refusal to admit the existence of other writers was not an idiosyncrasy: it is a fairly common trait among writers. Thomas Hardy in conversations with Vere Collins displayed the fact that he considered novel-reading a bore and was almost completely ignorant of the work of his contemporaries. He seemed chiefly interested in the work of Nat Gould, a prolific writer of race-track

Alfred Kreymborg, author of "Funnybone Alley" and one of the editors of "The American Caravan". Portrait by Lahey.

stories, because Gould's novels had enormous sales. But, although he expressed a sort of admiration mixed with envy for Gould's success, he had never troubled to read any of Gould's work.

Joseph Conrad in his letters admitted that he rarely read any fiction; and when George Moore reads a novel it is for the definite purpose of making literary copy out of it.

Perhaps this is not so strange after all. It is probably not Pablo Casal's idea of swell way to spend an evening to go to a 'cello recital.

* * *

TRIVIA AND MOMENTA

WHILE living in Berlin, Sinclair Lewis has learned to speak German with such ease, rapidity, precision of idiom and freedom from accent that he is regarded with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affectionate astonishment by German writers. His great friend is Lion Feuchtwanger, author of "Power" and "The Ugly Duchess".

* * *

Edna Worthley Underwood, author of the trilogy, "The Penitent", "The Passion Flower", and "The Pageant Maker", lived as a child on the Kansas prairies and there taught herself Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Russian, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Dano-Norwegian, Portuguese, and Chinese. She was one of the first Americans ever to translate stories from the Russian.

* * *

Who are America's première whistlers? I have searched Gilbert Seldes's encyclopediacal work, "The Seven Lively Arts" in vain for an answer to this question. There is information in that book about the really first class custard-pie throwers, fanny fallers, hoofers, straight comics, jazz composers, and so on; but nothing about whistling as a fine and lively art. And isn't it? It seems to me that it is. And why has whistling gone out of fashion as a form of entertainment? One used to be able to go to a vaudeville house and hear a lady imitate a mocking-bird, a canary, a nightingale, whip-poor-will and turtle-dove and hear her whistle Schubert's *Marche Militaire* with stirring effectiveness. If that isn't art, what is all this singing that comes in over the radio? Give me a good whistler every time in place of a tremolo soprano.

Miss Mead, sailing to meet William Dean Howells for their marriage in Paris—from a drawing by her brother, Larkin G. Mead.

* * *

When Chauncey M. Depew died the papers printed columns of his after-dinner quips and witticisms. They were, to me at least, disappointing. They were all in the routine of mother-in-law jokes, the jokes about the pinch-purse Scot, and about marital difficulties. None of the best jokes I have always heard attributed to Depew was among them. These jokes couldn't be printed; and, of course, Depew never cracked them. But he had the foremost reputation in the country as an after-dinner wit, and so he was fathered with many a very merry quip which would have probably surprised and shocked him. But one of Depew's philosophical reflections struck home with me: "I am a lover of old things, old wine for instance, and old women". I should not have not phrased it precisely that way: I should have said, 'I am a lover of things, wine for instance, and women'; but I share his love for old women. Although men usually become tedious when age creeps upon them, women seem to grow sprightlier in mind and spirit the older they get. My idea of a really companionable, broad-minded, interesting person is a grandmother whose grandchildren have married off and she has ceased to worry about them.

* * *

The books which have been most translated in the world are The Bible, "The Imitation of Christ", "Pilgrim's Progress", and "Don Quixote". Cervantes's tale is the only one that is non-religious.

* * *

Samuel Hoffenstein and I were walking on Fifth Avenue. He told me that he had a great admiration for Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and he quoted someone as saying "Longfellow is the least of the major poets".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is a just and profound criticism. As Sam said, "It gives all the breaks to Henry, to common sense, to poetry and to the verities". It is refreshing to hear a modern put in a good word for Longfellow. Now if Miss Millay will do the right thing by Tennyson. . . .

* * *

In a recent issue of *The New Republic,* Edmund Wilson had an article entitled, "A Short Survey of Proust". It ran to about 12,000 words, and occupied about a third of the magazine. I shudder to think what the editors of *The New Republic* would have done if Wilson had turned in an article in which he had gone into his subject thoroughly. . . . Nevertheless and notwithstanding it was an excellent and informative critical study, perhaps the very best that has appeared anywhere on Proust.

* * *

Joseph Anthony was in London scouting for manuscripts for the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. An agent sent him a large batch of books, including one called, "The Deluge" by S. Fowler Wright. The book had been published by the author at his own expense.

Anthony began to read "The Deluge" one night in bed. It kept him awake most of the night. Next day he called up the agent. It developed that Wright had taken his novel to another agent and that agent had said that it was so unusual that no publisher would take it. So Wright published it at his own expense. It had, when Anthony found it, sold only a few hundred copies. Anthony bought the American rights and gave Wright a contract.

The book was selected by the Book of the Month Club and the first edition of it in America was 100,000 copies.

It is reliably reported that Wright has renewed his belief in Santa Claus. He thinks that Santa is Joseph Anthony.

The author of "The Deluge" is a retired physician. He is 53 years old. He is also a retired expert accountant. He has translated Dante's "The Inferno" in verse. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation is to publish the translation shortly. That is very sweet of them. They are making money out of "The Deluge"; but they won't make any money out of *that.*

* * *

Every time someone makes the slip of saying that witches were burned in Salem, dozens of precisians write in to say that witches were never *burned* in Salem, they were *hung.* What great difference does it make how the poor women were sent to Kingdom Come, whether they were *burned* or *hanged?* They were sent there: and the offense against common sense and justice remains just as great in either case.

I suggest that all writers hereafter, in referring to the intolerance of the Puritans, make reference to the fact that women accused of being witches were *ducked.* If being ducked isn't cruel and inhuman treatment then those adjectives do not mean anything.

B. R.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAIRLY UTTER APPROVAL

By Burton Rascoe

POEMS IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING. *By Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. $2.*

THIS is fairly certain to be the most talked-about book of verse for the year. People will read it with amusement and delight. They will read it aloud in homes and they will quote it at teas and luncheon parties. The first edition will mount in value and Mr. Hoffenstein will receive glittering offers to write for magazines and syndicates. Writers of verse who are more than slightly envious of Mr. Hoffenstein's gifts and have imitated him will disparage the book in reviews for the newspapers. Praise will come to the author from distinguished poets and critics in foreign countries and typical verses will be translated into French and German. Some who do not like to be in harmony with any popular chorus of approval will blow a few sour notes. If Mr. Hoffenstein will continue to produce poems on a quantitative scale, impressive enough to attract the attention of the academicians, his work will be read in the schools and his work will suffer that annotation which is the awful destiny of classics. Mr. Hoffenstein will be asked to read his verses over the radio and to declaim them before women's clubs. Fledgling poets will send him their scribblings and ask him to give them helpful suggestions or tell them where they can get their stuff published. Publishers will bid for his next book of poems and women will send him mash notes. He will be bidden to teas and be asked to parties where he will be required to stand about and listen to gushing and slightly illiterate compliments.

In fine, in about six months he may heartily wish that he had never learned the alphabet. There will be compensations, of course, and among them will be the satisfaction of knowing that he has fashioned some fine and beautiful verses out of his heart and intellect, that they are technically perfect, that they are original as far as originality in poetry can go, that they are in the main line of the Heinesque tradition, and that they are the epitome of lyrical wit and musical sardonic laughter.

If you ask me why I predict all these things with such bland confidence, I must answer that I am a soothsayer. Billy Beecher, at the service station I patronize, is a soothsayer also. He is infallible in his predictions as to what will happen if I do so-and-so or don't do so-and-so about my car. One of the verities is that no car, except possibly a Ford, a handcar or a Stanley steamer, will run without gas and Mr. Beecher is privy to these verities as he is also to many more esoteric matters. My dentist is a soothsayer. He predicted that if I continued to neglect that right canine I would lose it. I continued to neglect it and I lost it. My broker is a soothsayer: he told me in guarded phrases that "the technical position of General Motors, with its present earnings, future possibilities and market price, is such that it might be advisable to consider it as an investment". He told me that when General Motors was selling at 129. I didn't buy it! My God! I didn't buy it!

There are a lot of us soothsayers. We are people to whom a reasonable bit of experience, of knocking about in our own line of work, has given the confidence to suggest that the probabilities are strongly in favor of such-and-such happening, unless the world has suddenly gone cuckoo and nothing happens according to routine any more.

Do you remember that in the January BOOKMAN I wrote: "If you can lay hands upon a first edition of 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey' and on a first edition of Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wilder's earlier novel, 'The Cabala', you will ultimately be the richer not only in intellectual experience but in actual cash. For I do not hesitate to predict that a few years hence first editions of the work of Thornton Wilder will be among the most avidly sought after items among collectors"?

Well, when I wrote that I was being very cagey. I felt within my heart that, within a month or so, first editions of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" would be bringing a five or ten dollar premium; but I did not want to commit myself too strongly. To do so destroys confidence. Actually within less than two weeks after that statement appeared in print, first editions of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" were bringing anywhere from $20 to $35 in the open market and now I hear that copies are selling for as high as $40.

Now I am going to be very cagey again. If you can get hold of a copy of "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing", you can sell it for more than you paid for it. And if you can get hold of any edition it will be worth in pleasure at least twice what you paid for it—unless there is something very queer about your bean. If you value wit, felicity of phrasing, technical brilliance, sardonic lyricism, and just plain fun, the book will be worth at least ten times what it cost you.

These are songs, so the table of contents runs, "To Break the Tedium of Riding a Bicycle, Seeing One's Friends, or Heartbreak", "Verses Demonstrating That No Man Can Be Unhappy Amid the Infinite Variety of the World, and Giving the Reader the Choice of Several Titles, the Author's Favorite Being 'Some Play Golf and Some Do Not.' ", "Poems Carefully Restrained So as To Offend Nobody", "Poems Intended to Excite the Utmost Depression", "Songs of Fairly Utter Despair", etc. . . . etc.

They are songs of a poet full of sentiment who has found sentiment too costly to his sensibilities. They are poems that never take the full flight into lyrical ecstasy, but are checked at their zenith by comment that sends them in a bitter flip to earth:

Lovely lady, who does so
All my waking haunt,
Tell me, tell me, do you know
What the hell you want?

Lady, to whose feet I'd bring
The world, if I could win it,
Are you sure of anything
For a single minute?

* * *

When love, at last, had left me quiet,
And my heart was clear of pain,
Toxins, due to faulty diet,
Broke it right in two again.

* * *

When the wind is in the tree
It makes a noise just like the sea,
As if there were not noise enough
To bother one, without that stuff.

The typical Heine lyric is the one that ends after graceful and beautiful compliments with, "Madame, ich liebe Sie", an untranslatable flip which is fairly well approximated by Louis Untermeyer by "Madame, my best regards". Hoffenstein has a touch of this wounded and bitter pride and consciousness of cleverness in his verse.

He can take the lovely sentiment of Verlaine's *Il pleure doucement dans ma coeur* and improvise upon the theme only to end it with a murderous comment. I shall not quote it in full. Three stanzas are:

The rain that falls upon my heart
And on my eyes so wistfully,
Will fall again, I shall not start,
For it will drop so restfully

On eyes that will be pools of quiet,
Upon a heart that will not stir
At memories of ancient riot
Within the rain's sad dulcimer.

* * *

And I, who love you now, my dear,
So wildly that my heart is spent,
Think of the time I shall not hear
Your voice in rain, and am content.

Hoffenstein as a poet stems from Heine, Crashaw, Suckling, Herrick and Donne. His lyrics are fresh and airy, even when they are mordant. They display a smiling attitude toward the world, even when they are most pessimistic and most despairing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bad Girls and Babbitts

BAD GIRL. *By Vina Delmar. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.*
THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE. *By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.*
FRANCE IS FULL OF FRENCHMEN. *By Lewis Galantière. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. $2.*

"BAD GIRL" is one of the miracles of American life, and it adds much to the richness and variety of contemporary American fiction. The miracle lies in the triumph of the author over the ordinary rule of fate; and her book's importance lies in the fact that she has presented a new milieu in a vivid, impressive and honest manner.

It is reliably reported that Mrs. Delmar had only a few years of common school instruction. A daughter of road-company actors, she was yanked about as a child from town to town and rarely had an opportunity to learn anything about the pleasures of reading or the difficulties of writing. Until three or four years ago it never occurred to her that she might write fiction, and then the notion occurred to her only by accident: she read a story in a popular magazine and thought the story was so bad that she could write a better one herself. And, ignorant of the niceties of punctuation and orthography, she wrote a story and sold it. Then she found that she had many stories to tell.

She tells her stories as though she were under oath on the witness stand, keyed up by the intensity of the situation, forced to omit irrelevancies, and yet completely articulate. She has observed life closely and she has achieved a sound, unsentimental, realistic philosophy. She has that rare thing, a personal style. The only lapses she has from this style is when she becomes "literary". Her literariness is that of the cinema captions:

"In that mad, whirling eternity just before the first blow is struck, every man is wildly gloriously primitive. In the blackness of club and nail, of tooth and claw, woman's business was to stand aside till the cry of the victor split the silence."

Fortunately she does not slip into that sort of thing often. Usually she is direct:

"Dot sat down and began to pull on her stockings. If you rush downtown every morning at eight o'clock, you haven't the daily bath habit. You put on your stockings and then your pumps. You keep your nightgown on while you slide your chemise up under it. Then you take off the gown and go to the bathroom. You wash your face, neck, and ears and brush your teeth. Then you wash your hands and arms. Sometimes if there is a comb near the basin you experiment with different parts in your hair before the medicine-chest mirror. But whatever you do at that mirror doesn't count. Back in your bedroom, the actual hair-dressing is done. But before that you powder, your forehead first, working down to your neck; then rouge on your cheeks, and next your lipstick is applied. *Then* you do your hair, and last you get into your dress, slipping it over your feet so as not to disarrange your hair. Now you are dressed."

The only other fault I can find with her as a writer is her occasional betrayal of her ideas of gentility—ideas also apparently derived from the movies. Now and then she uses these ideas for comment upon the character of some person in her story and (lamentably) in a superior tone. If a tired mechanic slumps into his chair while "ladies" are present, that only goes to show (to her) that the poor fellow is lacking in the refinements he would possess if he had blue blood in his veins. Meanwhile, in all cases, including that one, she has shown the reader that the mechanic is more considerate of the feelings and interests of others than you will find in any person of a long line of "blue blood" in his veins. Some one should introduce Mrs. Delmar to some of the scions of American old families and to European nobles. They have none of the courtly manners (displayed on the screen) of Adolphe Menjou, a plebeian in origin if my information is correct, or (displayed on the stage) of John Barrymore, the son of a family of troupers. Men and women of lowly origins show the gentility on the stage how they ought to act, but most of the gentility are very dull pupils: the gentility (for the most part) pick their noses at the table, they scratch their behinds at aesthetically inappropriate moments, and their manners are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conditioned almost entirely upon the fact that they have so many menials dependent upon them that they act toward all people as though they were menials—because it becomes a habit to act thus, and they despise the menials. A longshoreman and a descendant from a long line of European nobility display many traits in common: their manners are boorish—i.e., they are not up to the high comedy of the cinema—they both have certain idiotic punctilios that they observe with a great flourish, they are drunk most of the time, and their language is foul. The longshoreman, usually, is more literate. He at least has read a newspaper.

Let Mrs. Delmar accept her people of "white Harlem" and never, in any case, condescend toward them. That is her mètier. She knows their difficulties in the struggle of life; she knows what they are interested in, how they occupy their time; she knows their codes and their deviations from their code. And these people are just as fine as anybody—just as fine as, well, say, they are finer (as a general rule) than, Count Boni de Castellane, or any one of twenty dozen other noble names one could mention. That stuff about "blue blood" and "old lineage" the "superiority of the Nordic blonds" is the flamingo.

Now to get to the novel itself. It is, in part, the story that about ten million mothers in America—maybe fifty million mothers—have wanted to write. It is the truth about the barbarous suffering that a woman has to undergo in bearing a child. It is the truth about millions of young couples existing upon small salaries, who are in love with each other and who go through the terrors of the damned when the wife becomes pregnant. The fact that after the child arrives the parents love it and are happy over having it has nothing to do with the misery and anxiety they have before the child is born. They have usually merely enough for them to live on, by the severest economy, from salary check to salary check. They may be highly sentient and may wish to enlarge the scope of their pleasures; but the money they have will not allow them to buy the books they want to read, attend the shows they would like to see, hear the music they would like to hear. They may be able to afford the movies now and then. Suddenly comes an economic catastrophy owing to their love for each other: they have not only the prospect of another mouth to feed and another body to clothe, but the terrific expense of doctors, nurses, surgeons maybe, hospitals, and all the rest. And then there is the pain to the mother. Nothing has been done about that. Men fly from New York to Paris; men talk from inland cities of America to inland cities of Germany over the radio-telephone; nearly everybody has an automobile of some kind and television is now a probability; but yet nothing has been done about the terror and the pain of childbirth.

It just isn't right. And say what you will, the question of money is the most terrible of questions. There is nothing that changes the aspect of relations between man and man, woman and woman, husband and wife, more than the question of money. In young love, in the early married years of young people who have pledged themselves to each other in simple faith and mutual trust, there is only one eminently disturbing factor: How are they going to get the money to maintain the bliss they now enjoy? And then comes hell in the form of what a curious idealism has called a blessing. The young wife is pregnant. And there is no money to pay for bringing the child into the world. The first reaction of the wife is fear: she hates to tell her husband what has occurred. The next reaction is that of the husband who, informed of his impending fatherhood, is torn between pride and a sense of disaster: he is proud of being a father and yet he feels that he cannot afford the honor.

Two terrors are created in the minds of two young people who are in love. Each blames the other, for such is the limitation of human imagination that one cannot blame an impalpable Entity and must have a physical object for the release of one's feelings; and one turns instinctively for that release toward the one one is closest to and loves the most. The rebellion of the wife against the facts of life is directed toward the husband, and that of the husband is directed toward the wife. From this arise acrimony and recrimination. It may all end, and usually does, for a time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at least, in the peace and happiness of a new source of pleasure—a child—and the beauty of pride and contentment and hope may reign in the hearts of the young father and mother; but meanwhile the situation has not been so pleasant, and forever after that something has happened to alter the first fine bloom of their love.

Mrs. Delmar has depicted all this with subtlety, clear-sightedness, honest and dramatic sense. Her heroine is a typist and her hero is a radio mechanic. They meet on a Hudson River excursion steamer. Each is, at first, a "pick-up" for the other. A "pick-up" is a chance acquaintance accepted or endured for the adventure it may bring forth. Such contacts are usually arranged by tacit agreement on each side upon a purely practical give-and-take basis. The girl may want to have some one to dance with on the boat and some one to buy her a hot-dog and an ice cream soda and pay her fare home. If the youth she picks up is endurable to her, she may let him "pet" her to a certain extent; if she likes him, she may allow him to kiss her and may kiss him back; but she keeps her technical chastity intact as the final bulwark of her self-respect and her value in the open matrimonial market.

The child in "Bad Girl" went farther than that. The man said he loved her and seemed to show that he did. She loved him. When she believed that she had acted to her disadvantage by giving in to him, because she could not reach him by telephone at his place of work or at his rooming house, she was prepared to accept the consequences—she was prepared to accept the fact that she had been ditched. In this there was tragedy. Even if it was tragedy for only a few hours. She knew that she would lose her position, that her brother would punish her and her father revile her; her friends would feel sorry for her and she would have little chance of realizing her idea of a normal life for a woman. Then the boy showed up. He loved her. They were married. They were happy in their new and hopeful start in life. And then came the accident of love which was to mean so much to them in anxiety and misery.

In "The Shannons of Broadway", Mrs. Shannon, the wife and partner of a stranded vaudeville actor, who has taken over a hotel in a small town, goes upstairs to hear the confession of a waitress who has been weeping violently. She suspects what the confession is about. So does Shannon (Mr. Gleason). When Mrs. Shannon returns the following tremendously significant dialogue takes place:

"The works?"

"The works!"

Mrs. Delmar has given her readers the works on pregnancy and childbirth among young people on small income who live in "white Harlem", New York. What she has to say is probably true to most urban communities. Carl Van Doren, who read the book in manuscript, has an apt phrase about it: he called it a "folk-book of American life". It is on the cards that Mrs. Delmar will reach great eminence in fiction.

Sinclair Lewis is getting his "come-uppance". He has been riding the crest of popular and critical approval a long time. Whenever an author has had that ride, reviewers begin to sour on him and to take pot-shots at him. They follow the psychological rule of the Athenian citizen who cast his vote for Pisistratus not because he knew anything about Pisistratus but because he was tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just". The reviewers (some) are tired of hearing it said that Lewis is an important novelist. So they have decided that he used to be great but now he is a dub, that he used to be entertaining and now he is a bore.

That is all a lot of wofflegow. The greatest fault with Lewis as a novelist in the way of entertainment was his meticulous detail. He would interrupt his narrative to describe the interior of a house, or the looks of a real estate development, or the floor of a garage with painful exactitude. His greatest achievement lay in depicting a character by letting his readers know how the mind of his character worked.

In his new book, he has confined himself to that task exclusively. He has dispensed with narrative and has let his new character, Lowell Schmaltz, reveal himself in six long sessions of hogging the conversation. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expresses himself upon politics, religion, women, relatives, travel and the duties of citizenship. He has few thoughtful ideas about any of these subjects, and all the ideas he has had are platitudes. His ideas are received staples and not the result of any exercise of the brain. But he has a lot to say and reveal about himself.

What he reveals inspires in me a liking for the man, a sympathy with him, and a certain fear of him and his kind. He is successful. He is the salt of the American earth. He rules the country economically, politically, religiously, artistically, and socially. He is not vicious or malicious. He has worked hard for what he has. He is disapproved of by his wife and daughter and he is not sure of himself on many counts. He is a boaster with an inner gleam now and then of the wistful fact that he is no very great shakes.

I found "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" immensely interesting and immensely instructive. It is also immensely clever.

And so is Lewis Galantière's "France Is Full of Frenchmen". Galantière's hero is an American business man who has been sent abroad on a committee of upstanding American business men to settle the problems that threaten the amity established between the Americans and the French. That problem, in three words, is the French debt. The French want it cancelled and American business men do not. There is a lot of blah on both sides covering this simple fact and the ramifications of this blah are growing so extensive that animosity between the two nations may be aroused ultimately on every other count except the central one.

Galantière has written the diary of his business man. That worthy is Peabody Wise, familiarly known as Peab. Once the committee arrive in Paris most of their time is spent in seeing the sights and enjoying themselves; but they do spend a certain amount of time in vain conferences and official business meetings. The hero is made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, as what man was not? And he makes a speech in French and is answered by a Frenchman who repays the compliment by speaking in English. Those speeches are the triumphs of the book. As prose macaronics they have not had their equal in contemporary literature.

Galantière is fair to both sides. Beneath the fun of this book one may learn much about the fundamental psychological differences between the American and the Frenchman. The revelation is by no means to the American's disadvantage. Galantière has lived long enough in France to know his Frenchmen and he has no romantic illusions about them. On the other hand he has not the rude American dislike for France because it is full of Frenchmen.

OUT-GOING TIDE—GLOUCESTER *Ernest Thorne Thompson*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERHAPS RATHER BITTER OLIVES

By S. K. Ratcliffe

BY his fellows in English journalism Henry Noel Brailsford is accorded high and special honors. I have heard it said, by at least three prominent editors with whom he has worked, that in command of the art of editorial writing and in general equipment Mr. Brailsford has had no superior among the English publicists of his time. He learned the use of his tools in association with a brilliant group of men on the *Manchester Guardian*. When H. W. Massingham, most accomplished and inspiring of recent English editors, created the London *Nation* Mr. Brailsford became his principal contributor on international affairs, remaining with him until, at the end of a comradeship that had lasted for sixteen years, he was given an opportunity—all too brief, as it turned out—of making *The New Leader* an organ expressing the finer mind of the Labor movement. Meanwhile he had been writing books. An adventure of study and relief administration in the Balkans furnished him with material for the best picture of Macedonia twenty years ago and for a war novel, "The Broom of the War God", so vivid and powerful that one can never understand why it has been allowed to go out of print; while in "The War of Steel and Gold" he interpreted the sinister movements that were making the great catastrophe inevitable. Although his range as special correspondent has been more restricted than that of his friend and colleague, Henry W. Nevinson, no British publicist has a closer knowledge of the European field, and at intervals he has been the most dispassionate observer of revolutionary change in Russia.

Such a writer, preoccupied throughout the whole of his mature life with the perils of European civilization, could hardly have refrained at the present stage of affairs from making a survey of "this distracted world and its need for unity". And here, in a volume bearing as its title a poetic phrase from a Shakespearean sonnet, *Olives of Endless Age* (Harpers, $3.50), is his contribution to the greatest of contemporary themes.

"The society which cannot adapt itself promptly to the rapid changes of its environment is doomed to perish. Peace is no longer in the modern world a lofty ideal. It is the condition of our survival." That is Mr. Brailsford's conclusion. He reaches it at the end of 400 pages devoted to a rigorous examination of post-war Europe: the botch of national frontiers and antagonisms left by the Treaty of Versailles, the unaltered diplomacy of the great powers with their unredeemed imperialism, the admitted impotence of the League of Nations in respect to all the most dangerous issues, the expanding menace of international capital.

His twin points of departure are the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, which he rightly marks as the end of the Versailles epoch, and the making of the Locarno pact two years later. The much-belauded "spirit of Locarno" was one thing. But Mr. Brailsford can make his readers understand that behind the parleys of our Briands, Stresemanns and Austen Chamberlains there are huge economic forces which, if not thwarted by old nationalisms or new forms of imperialist aggression, must work out towards an autocracy of international capital such as only a greatly reinforced League of Nations could conceivably resist.

Mr. Brailsford's survey of the possibilities of a Pan-Europa includes a discussion of certain continental theories which have not yet been taken seriously by English or American internationalists. His picture of the motives behind the Bolshevik drive in Asia will, if I mistake not, impress the American reader as conclusive. His chapter on Pan-America may seem to Mr. Brailsford himself in need of pointed additions since his recent visit to the United States. It is, however, impossible for a reviewer to summarize the analysis and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argument in a page or so, nor would THE BOOKMAN be an appropriate place for this to be done. I will therefore content myself with a brief note upon the central idea of the book and a word as to what, in my judgment, the author has achieved in the way of an artistic presentation of his thesis.

Mr. Brailsford belongs to the company of those (surely the most significant section of the European intelligentsia) who, while knowing that the free spirit and the free life are the supreme good, have confronted the chaos of our world, have recognized the alternative it involves, and accepted the logical result. Such men, in other words, realize that the simple liberalism and nationalism of the nineteenth century are not only abstract, remote, impossible, but that the attempt to embody them in present-day policy must be calamitous. Mr. Brailsford himself, if I mistake not, is a spiritual citizen of the older humane Europe. He would have been no less at home than were Hume and Franklin in the Paris of Diderot. He would have fitted into the Godwin-Shelley circle which he has described in a little volume that shines out from the shelf of the Home University series. Goethe at Weimar would have had no more satisfied follower than he. To him personally, there can be nothing more odious than a world dominated by economic forces, compelled by imperious circumstance to organize itself upon a single vast plan, for self-preservation and the emergence of the Great Society. This compulsion, nevertheless, he sees as the master fact of the world tomorrow, and he is convinced that humanity must submit to it or perish. Imperfect as the League of Nations is, it embodies the only hope for Europe. Already its secretariat stands as the nucleus of an international general staff, which in the departments of public health, industry, and labor regulation is proving of great value. The notion, Mr. Brailsford argues, of commending the League as an indispensable agency of international police is wrong: police are rarely popular. The League must prove that membership means great benefit and that, as in the case of the mediaeval Church, the withdrawal of benefits can be the heaviest of penalties. Mr. Brailsford—though with a sufficiently grim reserve of scepticism—forecasts a world organization exercising all the regulative functions of the Great Society: controlling and rationing the earth's raw materials, taking care of the needs of backward peoples, building up common world standards of economic efficiency, industrial and commercial ethics, educational opportunity, civic well-being. He sees no valid reason why the authority now represented by the Mandates Commission should not be served by an international staff, trained in a mandates college, open to the talents of all peoples, and placed from the beginning above all distinctions of nationality or race. As for the crucial question of disarmament, Mr. Brailsford says:

"I am going to risk a violent paradox. It is gross folly to disarm. The only wise course is to arm. We shall never agree to disarm. But to arm in common, if there be a purpose which unites us, is remarkably easy. In the end it would come to the same thing . . . given sincerity and the common aim, the thing could be done very cheaply. To arm is the only policy for pacifists."

I come now to Mr. Brailsford's method of presentation and his style. In a fuller degree perhaps than any English writer of his kind, he combines a power of lucid and trenchant exposition with a gift of irony, which in the body of this important and challenging book he has been at some pains to hold in. Mr. Brailsford is more than a little tired of the distressing details of unsettled Europe. Consequently, when dealing with them, the pen that obeys his fine intelligence is somewhat less vigorous and pointed than usual. His power and wit come out altogether as he swings into his stride. But I realize that there are some readers who, not savoring in advance the pungent quality of the olives of endless age, may halt inquiringly on the threshold. What is this, they may wonder—"Candide Returns to Earth"? Quite so: it is the author's introductory fable, into which, one must confess, Mr. Brailsford has thrown the bitter doubts that assail him as he looks ahead upon a Europe that, after all, may not be capable of learning.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPLAINING THE ORIENT

By Lyman Bryson

THE favorite occupation of publicists at present seems to be explaining the Far East rather than trying to understand it. Naturally enough, the usual approach is through the observer's own prejudices. What is surprising is that no one tries to interpret events in China by comparison with the history of his own country. We Americans rail against the political ineptitude of the Chinese without any evident recollection of how long it took our own inspired colonists to make a nation after their revolution. Even our cautious school histories tell us that Hamilton said the country, ten years after the Declaration of Independence, presented "an awful spectacle . . . a nation without a national government". His description was mild. But Oriental peoples are expected to make over an ancient régime in the twinkling of a subtle, slanted eye. If they don't, it betokens innate political stupidity or an Oriental "soul". This last ineluctable entity will explain anything.

In the budget of books at hand, however, the level of good sense is rather higher than usual. The most illuminating and helpful volume is Professor Paul Monroe's *China: A Nation in Evolution* (Macmillan, $3.50). Probably no work since the classic of E. T. Williams has packed so much information in brief space. Neither sentimental nor exasperated (reverse English for sentimental) Professor Monroe sees the celestials as human beings for good and evil. He is sensible about Chinese psychology without falling into obscurantism about "souls". For example, there is the question of the continuing local self-government. From many books and nearly all newspaper correspondence, the anxious western reader gets the impression that the bulk of the Chinese population, when not busily engaged in starving to death, is sitting about wringing long-nailed hands and crying for some sort of government, alien or otherwise. After describing the village elders system and the guilds, which were as independent of Manchu domination as they are now of the *tuchuns'* squabbles for supremacy, Professor Monroe says, "about eighty or ninety percent of the Chinese population are thus capable of complete and adequate self-government. . . . An understanding of this system will indicate how it is that China goes on in a normal way, indifferent to the disturbance of the wars of the militarists if these wars are not in their immediate region".

The real disturbance in Chinese life is industrialism. But political accidents have made the Russians intensely interested in China, and Russian agents have introduced communistic interpretations of industrialism almost before there were changes on a scale large enough to make interpretation possible. Professor Monroe may overrate the extent of Russian influence but he does not lose his head over it. He recognizes that industrialism itself is more revolutionary than political doctrine. "But the introduction of modern industry means also modern individualism, which undermines China's traditional moral and social control as found in the family or clan system. Individualism is replacing the old family socialism; no moral or religious or social control adequate to the transition has been developed."

This statesman-like commentator happens to be a pedagogue. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, present Chinese Minister to the United States, says in his introduction to the book, that Dr. Monroe's contribution to Chinese educational progress has been immense. It is especially interesting, therefore, to find him saying a good word for the derided ancient civil service examinations. "What is most needed in the educational system situation is not more Western ideas . . . but a revival of the traditional Chinese educational ideals of thoroughness, of actual testing of ability, of actual attainment, and the rewarding of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attainment with actual authority." And in connection with religious education he cuts the ground from under a good many confused zealots by asking the real question—not "Can the Chinese become Christians?" but "Can Christianity become Chinese?"

Mr. Thomas F. Millard, in *China: Where It Is Today and Why* (Harcourt, $2.75), has gathered together a prolix but well-balanced book out of his newspaper correspondence from the scene of action in China. He has definite convictions and escapes the triviality of day-by-day reporting. He also sniffs unafraid at an Oriental "soul". "The idea of a mysterious Orient which is impenetrable to occidental minds is a myth." Political events occupy most of his space. The immediate problem for the United States, he says, is shall we get out or get in? Confusion in China was not caused by foreign powers, although they have contributed to it; but the Chinese have an anti-foreign psychosis which will continue to give occasion for hard feeling and interventionist talk. Any intervention, Mr. Millard thinks, will be blamed eventually on the United States. "Chinese national leaders think that other powers will not undertake a coercive policy without America." He does not argue that intervention should not be our program, but for the sake of realism he says truthfully and flatly, "It should be understood that no foreign intervention in China now can possibly have a friendly character to the Chinese". He makes it plain that America can cast the die in favor of coercion in China if she wishes to destroy the last traces of traditional friendship, and try afterward to build up trade and cultural relations on the basis of murderous bad manners.

Mr. Arthur Ransome's book, *The Chinese Puzzle* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00), is chiefly useful as a statement of the liberal British point of view. Great Britain is customarily the villain of the piece when Asiatic dramas are written. Mr. Ransome insists that his own country has no more idea of intervention than the United States. That is possibly true. He explains, moreover, that the dispatch of extra troops to Shanghai was a gesture to quiet Tory howls at home and among the "Shanghailanders" (the term is his own). It was not meant to frighten the Chinese at all. The explanation is ingenious but to accept it takes a considerable faith in the subtlety of governments—even of the Foreign Office. Mr. Ransome's most searching study is of the minds of foreign business men in the Orient and of their opinions. They are foreign residents by nationality, neither Chinese, nor international, nor representative of their native countries—Shanghailanders!

Professor Todd is a sociologist from whom one expects a thorough analysis in his *Three Wise Men of the East* (University of Minnesota, $2.50). Industrialism in the East, he thinks, is going to create a greater upheaval than it did in Europe. The Chinese may possibly be, by reason of their industrious adaptiveness, the meek who shall inherit the earth.

The Three Wise Men are Gandhi, the *mahatma,* Tagore, the *guru,* and Bose, the plant psychologist. Professor Todd is not fired by the visions of the Great Soul; sociological absurdities fall too recklessly from the holy lips. But he sees signs of advance for India in the poet's practical help among the village farmers and also in Bose's discovery of the "feelings" of plants which "extends our kinship beyond cows and carrots to the stars", incidentally making vegetarianism for ethical reasons rather foolish.

The *Interpretations* (Appleton, $2.00) of Dean Emory Johnson are less interesting than the Todd lectures and less informing. China Today, China Tomorrow, the Home of Confucius, these themes are drily discussed. The book seems to be more the pious tribute of preservation for the papers of an eminent teacher than any real contribution to the study of the East.

With a screed like Scott Nearing's *Whither China?* (International, $1.75) it is difficult to be patient. Mr. Nearing's partisanship is infectious, but in a healthy mind it is more likely to breed "anti-bodies" of restraint than any responsive fever. The lack of economic information about China was a great opportunity. Mr. Nearing fumbled it. Obscure authorities are cited to lay what is a shaky foundation for his examination of present conditions. For example, he quotes S. Wagel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the effect that ancient China had "no intercourse with the outside world". Soothill, Aurel Stein, Reichwein—almost anybody who knows anything about China could have told him better. But it was necessary to paint the picture of a happy recluse into whose paradise modern capitalistic imperialism shot its ruthless way. The saviour is Soviet Russia. The extent to which Mr. Nearing is willing to misinterpret facts or is incapable of understanding them is shown in these extraordinary statements: "A century of contact with the Western Empires had brought China humiliation, military attacks, seizure of territory, control of customs and of taxation. Five years of the Soviet Union brought China the promise of national sovereignty and freedom". And this: "When the Washington Conference ended, imperialism was more firmly entrenched than ever. All of the leading empires had agreed to co-operate in partitioning the spoils of a helpless China".

Recklessness like this alienates the students most anxious to find some solution for a problem that exists in fact—not in the vacuum of doctrinaire debate. The record of western nations in the East is a sorry affair. But it is not such a simple picture of bloodthirsty greed as this book makes of it. There have always been genuine liberals in western countries, fighting to mitigate the cruelties of expansion and, if possible, to persuade all nations, including the eastern, toward justice. There still are such influences. Mr. Nearing would perhaps say they are futile and that only radical measures are helpful. We may be permitted to disagree and to believe that hope lies rather in the more difficult effort toward calm reconstruction.

An answer to anyone's effort to indict the whole of western civilization is found in such a book as Miss M. L. Christlieb's *An Uphill Road in India* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). Here are devotion and heroic faith. Her missionary diary does not debate the question of the right of any religion to make proselytes abroad. That question persists. But missionaries like Miss Christlieb, whose name has a curious propriety, exist in China as well as in India. They are not "in imperialist service", but servants of mankind.

Mahatma Gandhi's second series of papers *Young India* (Viking, $5.00) is much like the collection published several years ago except that his later opinions contain less political dogmatism. His essential message is given, diluted in lengthy discussion of many local controversies. He calls to purification of self, to the creation of spiritual force, to the worship of God. He does not try so much to interpret India to the West as to interpret the best of India to her own people. The West may listen if it will.

"Khub Dekhta Age," evidently an Englishman who prefers a symbolic Indian pen name, offers, in *India Tomorrow* (Oxford, $1.50), a brief discussion of steps to be taken by the Commission for reforming the government of India. His advice is moderate. The fundamental race and religious problems among Indian peoples, the sensitiveness of educated Indians, the elusiveness of "facts", are all taken into account. Consultation with the best Hindu and Moslem opinion is taken for granted as desirable. How much the Simon Commission, now at work with an exclusively British membership, will care to consider advice of this kind is a question.

Professor Gowen's *Outline History of Japan* (Appleton, $4.00) is a sound compilation of known facts about that Empire. The natural inevitability of Japan's transformation from isolated feudalism to modern competition, due to influences internal as well as alien, is clearly stated, and a good case is made out for present policies. Professor Gowen believes that Showa, the present era of Enlightened Peace, is sincerely named.

Mr. Crosbie Garstin's book, *The Dragon and the Lotus* (Stokes, $2.50), is last in the list because it solves no problem except the important one of keeping amused in a serious world. He went from London to Bangkok at high speed, tells of his travels in a sprightly way, decorates his text with apt drawings and vigorous ballads. He is a wise-cracking Herodotus in the little known south-east corners of the world. It is pleasant to conclude with a book on entertaining. Writers about the East, involved in trying to "explain", have a way of changing people into abstractions. Crosbie Garstin gets a lot of fun out of their reassuring humanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Shelf of Recent Books

CABBAGE-HEADS AND KINGS

By Louis Sherwin

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE III. *Vols. I, II, III, IV, and V, from 1760 to 1782. Edited by Sir John Fortescue. Macmillan. $8.00 a volume.*

FOR all of a century and a quarter George III has been the pet whipping boy of the historiographer. "Nincompoop" was the kindest epithet applied to him, and his champions have been as few as General Sherman's in Georgia. So the principal novelty that emerges from the voluminous pages of his correspondence is a slightly different light on the character of this famous loser.

To me the fact seems obvious now that he was, personally, rather a decent old boy. Not merely because he did not rampage around cuckolding his subjects at their own expense in the manner of other members of his family. Quite aside from his notoriously domestic virtues, his letters are unmistakably those of a sincere, loyal, not ungenerous man with a strict code of honor. In short, a gentleman. To a man he liked, such as the hapless Lord North, he went out of his way to be kind. Not merely a condescending master, but a staunch and steadfast friend. Even to the family of the great Earl of Chatham, whom he despised "as the result of seventeen years' observation" he could be liberal with a thoroughly noble and disinterested gesture.

Neither does he appear to have been altogether the blockhead that the Whig and Liberal commentators have made him out. He worked not only hard but lucidly at every detail of the business of governing the United Kingdom and his electoral dominions. The equipment and organization of the troops, the material and personnel of the fleet, the search for the best men to be employed in the civil offices of state—all had minute and painstaking attention from George III. He knew something about every one of his officers, and he was familiar with the construction of every ship and with the quality of the bolts used in his dockyards.

Unfortunately the one thing he did not know was the most important of all. His Majesty did not, to England's irreparable loss, know a good man when he saw one. He had the mediocre man's aversion for genius and he could not endure being surrounded by any but his own kind—to that extent anticipating democracy.

It was Britain's tragedy that such a magnifico of bourgeois qualities should be occupying the throne in an era and a crisis that called for either the brilliance and capacity of Frederick the Great or the incomparable tact of Augustus Caesar. A king with even half the latter's hard-won skill in ironing out feuds and jealousies, or his flair for picking capable lieutenants, would have so altered the world's history that we Americans probably would not now be drinking synthetic gin.

The recently published Volumes III and IV of these state papers carry us from 1773 to 1779, through the thick of the troubles with Chatham and the early years of the American War of Independence. They effectually help to demolish one amiable theory that was made popular through propaganda in the late war and naïvely perpetuated by H. G. Wells in "The Outline of History". The doctrine that the Revolution was a fight between the Colonists and the British Government and in no sense a conflict between the two countries is, of course, just plainly disingenuous rot. An overwhelming majority of the British people wanted the Americans to pay their share of the cost of the wars victoriously waged by Pitt. And the Colonists just as decidedly proposed to see England damned first. There was no section of Great Britain in which public opinion was not predominantly on the side of the King. His unpopularity was due to the fact that he did not win.

One gets from these papers a tremendous compassion for the much abused Lord North.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter after letter is full of pathetic, almost tearful, appeals to the king to be allowed to resign. North fully and specifically realized his unfitness for his job, his inability to make decisions, his floundering amid the factional quarrels in his cabinet.

"One thing they may say against me," he writes: "That I am not equal in abilities to the Station which I ought to hold, as the place next to the director of Publick Affairs at this time: the truth of this I have often acknowledged and the consciousness of this has often made me think myself criminal in remaining where I am. I have been miserable for ten years in obedience to your Majesty's commands."

There you have it. An honest fellow who knew his own limitations but was kept at his post by such kingly replies as: "Well, of course, if you must desert me at such a juncture——".

However there is still another quality one must admire in the character of George III—his courage. Faced with the piling up of disasters, of fresh enemies in France and Spain, he never flinched, never welched. Also he demonstrated a Catonian aversion to doing anything incompatible with honor, national or personal. He was fully cognizant of what the American Revolution meant, that it would eventually lead to England's losing also the West Indies and Canada (a prophecy that has not been fulfilled). But with all this he had not the commanding faculty of picking the right servants. They were obviously at hand had he been able to recognize them. Both the Pitts contrived to find them when the need arose. The king did realize some measure of Chatham's talent, but the last few years of that extraordinary premier's life were marked principally by the decline of his health and intelligence.

These papers, of course, are primarily for the historian and student. It goes without saying that they are an indispensable contribution to the annals of America and England. They do not reflect much glory on the House of Hanover, since for all the honorable and gentlemanly virtues of George III the fact remains that he was an exalted mediocrity in a position which vociferously needed a great man.

As a piece of scholarship the editing has been competently done by Sir John Fortescue. His point of view, however, is not that of the dispassionate, impartial historiographer but of an avowed, unflinching Tory. To him the Americans are still rebels and the party of Charles James Fox a crowd of mean, self-seeking, disloyal Whigs.

SAMOA AND READING GAOL

By Stanton A. Coblentz

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. *By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead. $2.00.*
THE LIFE OF OSCAR WILDE. *By Robert Harborough Sherard. Dodd, Mead. $5.00.*

IT would be difficult to point to two men who, born in the same age and pursuing the same profession, lived more dissimilar lives than Stevenson and Wilde. Wilde, the dilettante and the dandy, the swaggering Bohemian, the lecturer on aesthetics, who passed his last years in an English prison and in an ignominious exile; Stevenson, the chronic invalid, whose days ended beneath blue skies and southern palm-groves—the two personalities and the two careers seem to have no more in common than Reading Gaol and the island of Samoa.

Yet these two writers, so different in character and experience, are linked by a singular paradox. For while both are memorable for their literary creations, still their work is judged largely with reference to their lives—far more so than in the case of most of their contemporaries. Almost any current commentary will give evidence of this fact; and in these volumes by Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Sherard the first question is: "How did they live?"—and the answer to this question is employed as the gauge of their work.

One is particularly impressed by this emphasis on the lives of Wilde and Stevenson because the methods adopted by Mr. Sherard and Mr. Chesterton are so dissimilar. In the one book we have an avowed biography, in which literary criticism is obviously only secondary; in the other, we have a deliberate attempt at criticism, wherein biographical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

details are apparently less than secondary. While Mr. Sherard seems to be concerned altogether with the circumstances of Wilde's life, he makes those circumstances the doorway to an appraisal of his works; and while Mr. Chesterton appears to be occupied entirely with the quality of Stevenson's writing, he seeks to interpret that quality largely with reference to the career of the man.

Mr. Chesterton disposes of Stevenson's life in a two-page synopsis; then, in his limpid, flowing style, full of paradox and irony, he proceeds to a discussion of subjects such as "The Scottish Stories", "The Reaction to Romance", "The Philosophy of a Gesture", and "The Moral of Stevenson". But again and again he refers significantly to Stevenson's life in Edinburgh, on the Continent, in the South Seas. And the touchstone of his entire criticism is to be found in a statement that occurs near the beginning: "From the time when he clambered as a boy among the crags and castellations of the Painted Hill, looking across the islets of the Forth, to the time when tall brown barbarians, crowned with red flowers, bore him on their spears to the peak of their sacred mountain, the spirit of the artist had been permitted to inhabit, and, as it were to haunt, the beautiful places of the earth. To the last he had tasted that beauty with a burning sensibility. . . ."

It is this sensibility to beauty, this vivid perception of the colors of life, that Mr. Chesterton regards as the keynote to Stevenson; and he builds up a persuasive argument based upon it. The whole career of the author of "Treasure Island" was symbolized by a "paint-brush dipped in purple or prussian blue"; and it is impossible to disentangle the romance that he lived from the romances of which he merely wrote.

Mr. Sherard, in his painstaking biography, originally issued some years ago, devotes page after page to showing how Wilde was the victim of circumstances which bore down upon him heavily and shaped or thwarted his genius. He indicates how the young Oscar was reared amid surroundings at once frivolous and unhealthy; how the poisonous moral atmosphere of Oxford was baneful to him; how his work was affected by prolonged years of poverty, lecturing, and random journalism; how when finally he rose over night to a sparkling success, he was unfitted for prosperity; and how, for the period of three years, he "overstimulated his body and poisoned his nerve-centers to an extent which is revealed to us by the complete state of neurasthenia into which he fell shortly before his death". It is Mr. Sherard's contention that Oscar Wilde is not to be judged as a normal human being, but as a victim of epileptiform insanity, which affected both his acts and his works; and to this contention the biographer brings a formidable array of evidence.

Well written and thoroughly interesting in parts, Mr. Sherard's volume suffers from two conspicuous faults. The attention which it devotes to Wilde's family is disproportionate; the withholding of attention from the climax of Wilde's life is unpardonable. It is difficult to understand why, in a volume intended to be at once a biography and a psychological work, the author should skim past the circumstances of Wilde's trial as stricken with sudden panic; why he should merely hint when definite statement would be far more effective, or why he should draw conclusions without stating the facts on which those conclusions rest. One catches indications of something suspiciously like prudery; and the gap at this point, while by no means devitalizing the book, leaves a glaring hiatus in the volume as a whole.

A NEGRO ODYSSEY

By Herschel Brickell

RAINBOW ROUND MY SHOULDER. *By Howard W. Odum. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.00.*

WITH a display of intelligence that recalls the originality of Columbus's famous egg-trick, Howard W. Odum, already well known as a collector of Negro songs and a student of Negro life, as well as a sociologist, has sat down with a note-book and a phonograph and collected the material for one of the finest books yet produced by a Southern author on the subject of black folk. "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"—the excellent title is taken from one of the innumerable songs that fill its pages—is a colored man's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Odyssey, to use Mr. Odum's own description, the story of a "natural born rambler's" wanderings through thirty-eight states, set down as a monologue, broken by occasional bits of interpretative comment by the author.

Primarily, perhaps, the interest in this quite remarkable document, which has all the social and sociological implications the most academic-minded might desire, lies in its absolute fidelity to a certain sort of Negro character, and in its perfect frankness in giving, unbowdlerized, the whole story.

But "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" is a good deal more than a merely accurate document. Mr. Odum has shaped his opulent material with skill. He has given it a running rhythm as smooth as the banjo's part in a modern jazz band, with Black Ulysses's snatches of song to give it variety. Mr. Odum's own interpretative comment tones into and becomes a part of the whole composition, so that one has to consider the book as a work of art, not as only a note-book-and-phonograph record of a negro's conversation.

More than giving the full story of one Negro's life, Mr. Odum's book tells the story of a new generation of colored people, who, detached from their moorings in the South, wander where they please, under little control except that of their primitive instincts; free, and bolder than previous generations of their own people, and, as the author says, in contact with the white civilization about them, but affected by it not at all. This is one negroid type of the early years of this century, a wanderer, ranging from Mississippi to Canada, from New York to Oregon, learning hundreds of "blues" and work-songs, "two-timin' " his women, and leery of marriage because of the prevalence of "high-steppin' 'fo'-day creepers". Mr. Odum has not censored the speech of his Black Ulysses, some of whose "joreeing"—which signifies "kidding" or "putting in the dozen"—and some of whose songs would not have been suitable for parlor-reading in an age less frank than our own.

It is not possible to do more than suggest the scope and the richness of "Rainbow Round My Shoulder". One may find in it bits about John Henry, the Negro Paul Bunyan; about Dupree, and Stagolee, and Left-Wing Gordon, all racial heroes; and about actual characters who are called by such appealing nicknames as Graveyard Kid, Pick Handle Slim, Big Eatin' Joe, and Shack-rouster Red. One may find ample humor in it, and tragedy; sentimental mammy-songs Broadway has never heard and hard-boiled songs of lust Tin Pan Alley should know.

In reply to the Southern white man's favorite remark that he alone understands the Negro, Black Ulysses says: "They [the whites] don't know nothin' 'bout me, I don't keer nothin' 'bout them. White man ignorant 'bout colored folks. Don't know nothin'. We talk polite to his face, sometimes laugh behind his back. Ain't nothin' else to do".

VOX POPULI : VOX DEI

By Keith Hutchison

W. E. Gladstone. *By Osbert Burdett. Houghton Mifflin. $4.00.*

HOW many literary tombs have been opened in recent years! One by one the new biographers are exhuming the mummies of the great Victorians; unwinding the long cerements in which pious official biographers had laboriously wrapped them; seeking to reconstruct, with the aid of modern psychology, the men themselves. The old-fashioned have been inclined to condemn these pen-probings as ghoulish. For one or two recent biographies this description is, perhaps, merited; their authors have sought cheap laughs by making their portraits lively rather than life-like. But on the whole the new biographers are conscientiously helping us to understand an age so near to us in time, yet so far from us in spirit.

To their works Osbert Burdett's short life of Gladstone is a welcome addition. Relying mainly on Morley's stupendous "Life", his study is a sympathetic but keen analysis of the great statesman's character. His style is a trifle awkward in the early chapters, but he warms to his subject and his account of the Home Rule struggle is a fine piece of narrative.

Gladstone was not only among the greatest figures of the Victorian age, but, better than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anyone else, he expressed its spirit. "In his development," says Mr. Burdett, "we trace the phases through which the now dominant middle-class mind of his countrymen was passing. We find it advocating at one moment slavery, at another freedom, at one time church and the landed interest, at another toleration and commercial expansion, and all are advocated at the call of Duty, the ideal given to whatever public opinion happens to desire."

Gladstone entered political life, at the age of twenty-four, as a conservative, an upholder of all existing institutions, and an enemy of reform. Unlike most men he grew more liberal as he grew older, and, in the course of his political life helped reform many institutions which, as a young man, he had regarded as sacred. His frequent and rapid changes of front naturally led to charges of inconsistency. Mr. Burdett defends him from this accusation with the paradoxical assertion that while a man of strict principle he had no fixed principles.

"O for a light on high! I have no power, none, to discern the right path for myself." In this early excerpt from Gladstone's diary Mr. Burdett sees the keynote of his character. He was a man without convictions or ideas of his own. "His ideas came invariably from his neighbors. He originated nothing but his own energy, and his responsiveness to popular suggestion became ultimately a reflex action, a sixth sense. His emotional consistency was, with the activity he partly inherited and partly acquired, the only consistency he had." He drew from the crowd its half-expressed thoughts, returning them with a mighty flow of language, rousing both himself and his audience with the enthusiasm which carries thought into action.

Because of this quality Gladstone was the perfect example in modern times of the People's Tribune—a true instrument of public opinion. He was hardly conscious of this fact. He believed himself rather to be the instrument of God's will. After the triumphs of the Midlothian campaign he wrote in his diary: "The word spoken was a word for millions, and for millions who themselves cannot speak. If I really believe in this, then I should regard my having been morally forced into this work as a great and high election of God". For him Vox Populi was indeed Vox Dei.

In Gladstone Democracy had a great mouthpiece, but hardly a great leader. For that, qualities which he lacked are vitally necessary. A great leader must initiate ideas as well as absorb them. He must have the power to educate the crowd, and he must have the courage, at times, to oppose it, and to lead unpopular causes. It is in an emergency that such leaders count and it was in an emergency that Gladstone failed. At the moment when his Home Rule policy seemed about to triumph, his ally, Parnell, was involved in scandal. If Gladstone had been a true leader he would have treated Parnell's private life as irrelevant to the Home Rule issue. We see him instead withholding comment for a time while he kept his ear to the ground. Then, when outraged morality demanded a sacrifice, he threw over Parnell and thereby doomed Ireland to another thirty years of disorder and misery.

HUMAN NATURE ON TRIAL

By S. Daniel House

PARENTS ON PROBATION. *By Miriam Van Waters. New Republic. $1.00.*
THE CHILD AND THE HOME. *By B. Liber. Vanguard. $.50.*

THERE is a new kind of sociology being written these days, thanks to the liberating and vitalizing influence of the new medicine and the new psychology, to which Miss Van Waters is making a remarkable contribution. The graphic emphasis on concrete clinical cases, a fine respect for human personality, a growing faith in the potentialities of human nature for re-education, a nice appreciation of the immeasurable complexity of human nature and social situation, a sceptic attitude toward conventional morality with its cruel dogmas and unimaginative taboos, are all a part of the mental equipment of the new sociologist.

A keen bird's-eye view of her enlightening book may be gained from a casual acquaintance with these titles: The Family in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Search of a Goal, Problems Peculiar to Parents, Nineteen Ways of Being a Bad Parent, Some Modern Obstacles to Successful Parenthood, Who is the Legal Owner of this Child?, "I Would Rather Die Than Go Home", Parents in Search of Education, The Glorious Adventure of Being Grown Up.

With some talent for philosophic analysis one may perceive three fairly clear-cut stages in the evolution of thought: illusion, disillusion, realization. The mind of man is ruled by infantile attitudes and reactions and imaginings which yield their sovereignty but slowly before the impact of reality. Illusion is fed by this ancient and deep-dwelling stream of infantilism. The experiences inevitably arising in maturity, which so often make a ghastly mockery of infantile anticipation and adolescent self-delusion, teach the mind the inescapable relevance of reality.

Mature experience, contradiction and conflict, a scientific conception of behavior, a knowledge of the relation between one's self and a multitude of other selves, all conspire to introduce into the thought of man a painful recognition of the rôle of disillusion in human nature's coming-of-age. Out of the never-ceasing strife of illusion and disillusion finally emerges either the defeatist mood of sheer frustration and tragic failure or the liberating mood of realization. The soul-searching new sociology that Miss Van Waters is helping to create for our sane guidance sheds a keen light on these factors in human experience.

One valuable criticism which the author is invited to ponder is briefly this: the fragmentary and varied nature of her material leaves an impression of a bright incoherence in presentation that could be remedied by a clean division of her subject-matter into two sections, one devoted to an analytic and theoretic survey of her field of study, and the other devoted to the case material and the clinical episodes. Her work is too miscellaneous.

"The Child and The Home" is a worthy supplement to "Parents on Probation". Dr. Liber is that rare type of physician who is also an educator and a social philosopher. His views are almost too rational for human beings, whose one special gift is for irrationality. But the corrective of his reasonable and most humane ideas is what we all need if we are ever to introduce into the home, the school, the political party, the church, and most particularly into society, those attitudes and ideas which alone can build happily integrated personalities.

Dr. Liber writes so sharply and intelligently that a few quotations will be the pleasantest way of introducing his important work to the reader. Imagine the sweet sanity of a mind capable of this utterance: "It is easy for radicals to speak about liberty, but the real test of their love of liberty is in their relations with the child which, when wrong, prove that their radicalism needs a revision".

Here are a few more scraps of wisdom from this excellent volume. "The purpose of bringing-up in all its phases should be to make the child as happy as possible and we can reach that goal only by allowing his individuality to develop as freely as possible." "What the child almost always lacks in his home is: (1) freedom, (2) truth, (3) respect for his individuality." "Love, as such, is no guarantee against conscious or unconscious cruelty. Love may be, and often is, destructive. . . . All love—including parental love—is egotism." "Curiosity is the mother of science. The child is a student, a worker, and is always experimenting. What is an old story to you is new or unknown to him. We are accustomed to our ignorance, but he is not." "But do not fail to tell him the truth and the whole truth in reply to all questions. No matter what falsehoods you are compelled to utter daily for a living, leave your unclean cloak outside and approach your child with a pure mind. Become an innocent child in his presence." "It is good that boys and girls are sufficiently 'bad' not to be entirely suppressed morally by their parents and other adults."

The considerable section devoted to sex is a clean and lucid exposition of a troubled and too often falsified theme. Dr. Liber's whole volume is an exhilarating breath of fresh air in a stuffy and asphyxiating universe. Because his views are so utterly rational, they may face the charge of over-simplification. How can parents treat their children with logical serenity, when they themselves are such victims of psychopathological *malaise?*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN BACKGROUND

By Sydney Greenbie

THE GATEWAY TO AMERICAN HISTORY. *By Randolph G. Adams. Little, Brown. $3.00.*

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN FRONTIER. *By Arthur Preston Whittaker. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

FRÉMONT, THE WEST'S GREATEST ADVENTURER. *By Allan Nevins. In two volumes. Harper. $10.00.*

KIT CARSON, THE HAPPY WARRIOR OF THE OLD WEST. *By Stanley Vestal. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

CALAMITY JANE AND THE LADY WILDCATS. *By Duncan Aikman. Holt. $3.00.*

WE Americans, reading for background, have devoured lives of Europeans in a bewildering manner. But as Americans we are beginning to feel that we have some personalities of our own, and are turning to our background, our own heroes, with an enheartened eagerness.

Mr. Adams has discovered a most unique way of writing history. As librarian at the University of Michigan he found in the illustrations of rare books a story of American beginnings more graphic than erudition could make it. Reproducing these pictures, he added little sketches of what these pictures tried to tell and set down simply, as if for children, every detail the artist drew in centuries ago. The result is a vivid story of travel, trade and folk-ways, from the caravans of silk and spices, to life among the Indians at the time of Champlain and Hudson. Two things stand out clearly in this book. One, the documents can become as understandable as current affairs; the other, that history, stripped of pretentiousness, emerges as a mosaic of personalities, alive, lovable or despicable, always human.

Mr. Whittaker's "The Spanish-American Frontier" is entirely the old-fashioned style —dates, diplomacy and documents. There is a trace of the leaven of new tendencies in it, but the cake has fallen somewhat, though it is still digestible. Having chosen the worth-while, though neglected, contributions of Spain and France to American culture, Mr. Whittaker has worked over many Spanish documents. He throws light upon the circumstances surrounding the men in the biographies in hand—fur-traders, merchants, explorers, speculators. His sober, careful study is limited to the dozen years that Spain remained in America after the Revolution.

So much for the background. Prominent in the foreground is the life of John Charles Frémont by Allan Nevins. The difficulty confronting any writer is balance and proportion. Truth-telling is an impossibility. Here Mr. Nevins has brought together over seven hundred pages on the life of a man who in a recent history of American Civilization is mentioned but three times, and in Paxson's "History of the American Frontier" is barely recognizable. A man who was an indefatigable explorer; who contributed largely to giving a thousand miles of coast line on the Pacific to the United States; who was the first American to proclaim the emancipation of the slave; who became a multimillionaire; who with better luck might have been President before Lincoln and threatened to defeat Lincoln during the Civil War; who for decades was one of the most spectacular figures in America; who was among the first to stretch railway lines across the country—in short, a man who in his own life bridged the distance between frontiersman and captain of industry; yet, this man is passed off in careful histories under the most approved scholastic prescriptions with but a casual reference. Is that historical truth-telling? Mr. Nevins proves it is not.

On the other hand, in these two volumes Mr. Nevins brings Kit Carson in as a secondary figure, while Mr. Vestal in his life of Carson returns the compliment by bringing Frémont in as a tail to Carson's kite. One cannot write of Frémont without slighting Carson, or of Carson without slighting Frémont. But by distilling from all these characters the basic elements of American character, we find that the life of Frémont becomes also the life of Carson, and that of Carson, in part the life of Frémont.

Mr. Nevins has written a most admirable book. It is not so much a biography as it is a history of the time, with Frémont as a leading character. The author relies on facts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather than on the emotions that motivated Frémont. There are too many long stretches in which the hero is off the stage and history takes his place—but this is the worst that can be said about Mr. Nevin's study. Throughout it is a sustained, forceful narrative, in which Mr. Nevins is so ready to grant his hero's weakness that one almost loses patience with his sense of justice.

It is obvious that Frémont was vastly more sinned against than sinning. Impetuous, headstrong, fearless, there was a loftiness of character in him that far outshines the practicality of his adversaries. Frémont was a tragic figure. Nature seemed in league with destiny to make of him a buffer between chaos and order, and to let him enter the confusion, set things nearly right, and then be cast out just as the fruits of order were ripe. The apogee of physical hardihood, of directness of purpose and clearness of principle, Frémont always failed under his high commission, because he was faced by complexities that could never end favorably for him.

Mr. Nevins has no doubt stirred up a hornet's nest in his courageous defence of Frémont; but let whoever will enter the lists in matters of historical fact—in the study of the character, Mr. Nevins has sufficiently proved that in John Charles Frémont America has one of its most typical and most comprehensive characters.

Stanley Vestal belongs to the opposing school—to the fraternity of idolators. He has picked a character that lends itself to such exposition. Direct, unpolished, Kit Carson emerges from the wilderness an exponent of the basic virtues. Mr. Vestal has given him a vivacious life-size portrait in a very readable book. Here and there he has overlooked an important fact, such as the visits of Carson with the Bentons and the Frémonts in Washington, and the disappointing character of Carson's son as revealed by General Sherman. He stresses too much the physical prowess, the clear wit, the fine courage of his hero, destroying by neglect the side of Carson that might be called his "soul". But the man, the personality, of Carson is left real enough, and as one finishes one feels that this is the way the story of King Arthur's knights would sound if all the glamor of re-interpretation were removed—and, while King Arthur had his Guinevere, Kit Carson had his Josefa.

The other book represents the degeneration of western life after the passing of the frontier. Carson, Frémont, and all the virile trail-breakers to the Pacific lived wilderness lives. But Billy the Kid and Calamity Jane do not belong to the category of frontier heroes and heroines. They are the outcropping of a civilization that has not yet pulled up its own weeds. Mr. Aikman writes with his tongue in his cheek. He enjoys mulling over the choice bits of feminine masculinity of Calamity Jane, he has a journalist's appreciation of such persons as vivacious Lola Montez, "Cattle Kate", "Poker Alice" and "Carrie Nation", and a good-natured sense of the fitness of things. His wildcats do not terrify him; rather, he has a sneaking delight in these human misfits in the western populace of gold-rush days.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES

By Bernhard J. Stern

THE SOCIAL SCIENCES AND THEIR INTERRELATIONS. *Edited by William Fielding Ogburn and Alexander Goldenweiser. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.*

"I DON'T know whether to laugh or cry about the social sciences," sighed a Liberal Arts dean despairingly.

"You had best cry," responded his comforter, "everyone else is laughing."

Mathematicians have scowled, physical scientists have scoffed and biologists have openly jeered at the possibility of the existence of social sciences. They have all claimed the designation science as their unique possession, and have assigned the social sciences to the realm of phantasy and wishful thinking. Sociology has come in for the major share of abuse as an "omnium-gatherum science" and as a "loan-shop of word masks", but the whole field is thought to be the refuge of ex-ministers and returned missionaries.

Let those who have held the social sciences responsible for the sins of the social scientists read this book. Certainly they will be sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prised at the progress made since the time when the social scientists were "rocking in the metaphysical cradle of Mother Philosophy", since Comte predicted the dictatorship of the sociologists and since Spencer's dialectic effusions cut the wisdom teeth of precocious children. Not that they will find the technique of physics and biology paralleled here, for the subject-matter of the field admittedly precludes the application of the methods of the other sciences. But they will find a science in the sense that there is a body of systematically organized knowledge covering observed phenomena in a distinctive field, arrived at through painstaking research, rigid analysis and carefully guarded generalizations. Nor will they find here sham professions of impartiality which served as smoke-screens for ulterior motives, or perversion of data for specific ends. With critical sophistication and intellectual frankness the contributors to this volume expose the weaknesses of their methods and subject-matter while presenting the accomplishments in their special fields.

The primary purpose of this volume is to show the interrelation of the social sciences and to reveal what each has contributed to the others in a concrete manner. The editors accept the difficulty of synthesis due to the vast accumulation of data and diversifications in method, and recognizing the inability of one man to acquire mastery of more than a limited field have asked the masters of these specialties to orient the reader in the relations of their subjects to the other of the social sciences. It will be seen that the various specialties do not dovetail with nice precision, but subtly blend together and suffuse each other. Anthropology, economics, history, political science and sociology are not regarded here as esoteric cults in splendid but arbitrary isolation. They are treated as closely and delicately interwoven with each other, and with the physical, biological and psychological sciences.

Aside from its genuine merit and indispensable value for the student, the volume is outstanding as an anthology of essays of famous contemporary social scientists. Among the thirty-three contributors are such well known men as Franz Boas, John Dewey, Roscoe Pound, R. R. Marett, Robert H. Lowie and Morris R. Cohen. The editors, William F. Ogburn and Alexander Goldenweiser, are to be commended on their coordination of material, which shows a minimum of overlapping for a volume of this character. A few of the contributions are thin and not well sustained, others strive too much for virtuosity but for the most part the articles are solid and substantial and are presented with admirable vigor and clarity.

A NEW YORK PEPYS

By Don C. Seitz

THE DIARY OF PHILIP HONE, 1828-1851. *Edited with an introduction by Allan Nevins. In two volumes. Dodd, Mead. $10.00.*

NEW YORK, the Fortunate City, is so magnificently modern as to submerge the thought of its ever having had a past. Yet it has had an infinite variety of previous phases, interesting and wonderful, even without subways and skyscrapers. One of these is the period covered by Hone's Diary. This was the day of the magnate and merchant; when trade—wholesale only—was respectable and even aristocratic, while to be an owner of ships that crossed all seas was to stand in the First Place. To chronicle the glories of a society thus created and its pompous politics, the time called forth a Pepys in the person of the town's accomplished Mayor, who left behind twenty-eight quarto volumes, closely written, of some four hundred pages each. Forty years ago Bayard Tuckerman condensed these into two volumes, long out of print. Mr. Nevins has expanded and edited further material from the quartos which round out much left incomplete in Mr. Tuckerman's version. This he has done with his customary skill and accuracy.

Here we find a community even then pulling itself to pieces with the push of progress. Mr. Hone, ensconced at Broadway and Park Place, had ears and eyes constantly filled with the crashing of timbers and clouds of dust from structures being torn down to make way for others—somewhat, it must be said, to His Honor's annoyance. Fortu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nately he had the unencumbered City Hall Park for a front yard. There was no monstrous Federal building to shock his sensibilities further.

Society was certainly good and the Madeira even better. We meet (as we might not have done then) the Bayards, the Howlands, the Roosevelts, the Astors, the Blatchfords, the Bradishes, the Delafields, the Gerards, the Minturns, the Grinnells and many more of their kind, including Charles Albert Davis, who was to steal away Seba Smith's fame and become a more important "Major Jack Downing". We dine with Daniel Webster, become intimate with Henry Clay and travel tragically with James Watson Webb, while James Gordon Bennett chatters enviously about it all. Moreover we hear Jenny Lind sing, meet Charles Dickens on his first visit to America and see Fanny Ellsler dance. We share in welcomes given the Prince de Joinville and Lord Ashburton. Eminent visitors were met then by eminent citizens instead of Grover Whalen! We attend in full panoply Henry Brevoort's famous fancy dress ball, such as was never beholden before or since, marred only by the presence of a New York *Herald* reporter hidden in a can of tin armor, who gracelessly told the whole story the next day. The diarist regards this as the beginning of the downfall of society —which it truly was.

The *Sirius* and *Great Western* come into harbor under steam from Liverpool on the same day, thus starting the international flow that now waxes so great. Charles Kean and Macready perform for us. So does Fanny Kemble—a bit snippy when met socially, one fears. Tyrone Power also, after a short stay on our stage sails away quite appropriately in the *Roscius,* laden with twenty thousand American dollars, the first of many to take their departure thus for European shores. Nothing escapes the Mayor. He is on the inside of Whig politics and knows much of Tammany Hall—which was almost aristocratic in his day, since it had been handed down by Aaron Burr and had not yet been vulgarized by Tweed.

The Mayor attends the greatest dinner he was ever at to welcome Washington Irving from his first sojourn abroad and, curiously, finds another to equal it in the one given by the Booksellers on March 31, 1837. Irving was there. So was FitzGreene Halleck, William Leggett and Chancellor Kent, beside many others whose names have grown cold, and numbers of "gentlemen connected with literature in Philadelphia and Boston". Yet when this glorious spread was given Hone found meat and poultry dear and corn scarce, while shad—usually cheap, being netted in the Hudson—were seventy-five cents each. Brooms that once cost twenty-five cents each had been hoisted to half a dollar. The panic was impending and soon Hone was hard up himself.

What a panorama he unfolds! It is a book of joyous reading, much improved by the editor's notes and comments. New Yorkers, old (if there are any left) and new should read it. Such vastly entertaining and informing matter can be found in few other volumes—certainly in none about the island of Manhattan.

LURE OF THE UNKNOWN

By John Nicholas Beffel

HENRY HUDSON. *By Llewellyn Powys. Harper. $4.00.*

IN QUEST OF THE WESTERN OCEAN. *By Nellis M. Crouse. Morrow. $6.50.*

IN the seventeenth century Europe was stirred by the same passion which had driven Columbus—the urge to find a short route to India. Discovery of America was an incident in that search. India beckoned with treasure-laden hands—gold, gems, silks, ivory, rare woods—but she was too far away. Kings and merchant princes held out rewards of glory if not of wealth, to men who would dare the mysteries of the deeps to the west.

That century saw the height of the quest for the Westward Passage, though it persisted for the greater part of three hundred and sixty years. Many expeditions were sent, by the English, French, Spanish, Dutch, Danes, and Portuguese. Not until 1853 did the world hear that the passage had been found by McClure of England. Six years later it learned that Sir John Franklin and his lost expedition had discovered such a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passage, even shorter than McClure's, in 1847.

In all this striving for a new sea-road to Eldorado, the five known years of Henry Hudson on the oceans stand out as epochal. With four voyages, north, northeast, west, and northwest, he narrowed down the possibilities materially. And in the end the quest took his life. In the ice-ridden bay which bears his name, he was put into a shallop with his son and seven sick sailors, and set adrift by a mutinous crew, never to be heard from again.

Four of the mutineers were killed by Eskimos, one died of want, but eight got back to England with a weird tale of having been compelled to abandon Hudson and the others for the good of the greater number. What happened to the survivors? For nearly three hundred years the records of their fate were lost. Then, twenty years ago, Thomas A. Janvier, acting on a clue from R. G. Marsden, had a search made in London archives which disclosed the testimony given by six of the returned crew in answer to a murder charge. But no verdict came to light.

Llewellyn Powys partly clears up that mystery in his addition to the Golden Hind series. The verdict returned in the Admiralty Court was found for him by an indefatigable investigator, Alice Mayes. It shows that four of the men before the court were acquitted.

Up to a certain point, Mr. Powys's book is excellent. He portrays with generous detail the four Hudson voyages. Hudson appears as an easy-going man, a weak man, instead of being the brutal commander that Kingsley and others have pictured.

On the fourth voyage, which led to the southern extremity of Hudson Bay, there was trouble from the start. In November, 1610, the expedition was frozen in; the party went ashore, built a house, and stayed there until June, distrust and dissension growing with the months. After they started north again, the mutiny broke out. Hudson was accused of wasting food, and of giving the lion's share to favorites. Phillip Staffe, carpenter, denounced the mutineers, and of his own accord entered the abandoned shallop with Hudson.

From numerous forerunners Mr. Powys has gathered the story of the London explorer's five dramatic years, and has told it well. But having dealt extensively with the Hudson voyages, he devotes all too little space to what happened to the mutineers on their return to England. He mentions in a sentence that in 1611 they were examined by the Masters of Trinity House; that in 1612 Edward Wilson, surgeon, appeared before the Admiralty Court; and that in 1617 still another inquiry was made by that court. But he fails to specify what the crew swore to in those examinations.

Yet Mr. Powys had ready access to that testimony in Janvier's volume on Hudson—the testimony of Pricket, Wilson, Clemens, Motter, Mathues, Bylot. This testimony deserves recording in the Powys chronicle; it is illuminating, vital; one point touched on is the question whether Hudson and the others were shot at after they were in the shallop. And Mr. Powys fails to give any credit to Janvier for the discovery of those long-buried documents. Obviously that discovery was a stepping-stone to the finding of the mutineers' acquittal record, which forms the one outstanding contribution to Hudson history in the Powys book.

Mr. Powys's work has earmarks of superficiality. Of the *Half Moon* he says: "The eventual fate of the valiant vessel remains unrecorded". Yet from three books cited in his bibliography—those by Brodhead, Read, and Janvier—he would learn that the *Half Moon* was wrecked and lost on the island of Mauritius on March 6, 1615. Brodhead ascertained this from Dutch East India Company records in 1841.

Dr. Crouse's history, through some misconception, is offered by its publishers as a "comprehensive account" of the search for the Westward Passage. His narrative, which represents a large amount of primary research, ends with Samuel Hearne's expedition in 1770. He traces with care the motives behind the steady push of voyagers who sought to pierce the continental wall lying to the west between Europe and Asia; and gives many source-notes.

Here we read of the tireless hunt for the short-cut, by sea and land; the attempt to sail to the Pacific through Virginia; the part

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

played by missionaries and traders in the westward drive; the disproving of mythical routes on prevailing maps; jealousy and conflict between nations and explorers; and the bitter controversy between Dobbs and Middleton over the existence of another strait leading out of Hudson Bay. Rousing events, creditably narrated.

FIGURES OF ROMANCE

By Marjorie Greenbie

ROMANTIC RASCALS. *Charles J. Finger. McBride. $3.00.*
TOMBSTONE. *Walter Noble Burns. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.*
THE UNKNOWN BARNUM. *By Harvey W. Root. Harper. $4.00.*

HERE are a score or more of picturesque variants on the traditional ethical codes of humanity. "Romantic Rascals" presents the rogue, European style. Finger tells the stories of a number of plausible gentlemen who aspired by fraud or daring, to cut a glittering figure in the upper levels of society. One of the most interesting is Count St. Germain, suave, enigmatic, fabulously rich and strangely wise in old European lore, who claimed, through the possession of the elixir of youth, to have prolonged his life almost since the beginning of history. He juggled himself into the possession of a great fortune, lived in princely style, and was never really found out, but died in state as the guest of the Prince of Hesse Cassel. In "Romantic Rascals" one perceives through its highly colored and amusing pages, the occasional glimmering of a real philosophy of character.

"Tombstone", by the author of "Billy the Kid", presents the rascal, American style, in the persons of desperadoes and desperate administrators of the law on the old southwestern frontier. These American rascals scorned hypocrisy. Robbers, horse-thieves, cattle-thieves, and murderers they may have been, but they announced their intentions before a crime, and boldly admitted the performance afterwards.

These American rascals are, for the most part, more barbarous than the European ones; but they are far less despicable. And the best of them, like Wyatt Erp and John Slaughter, rise to the stature of heroic manliness, a little flawed and scarred, but still recognizably heroic. Of John Slaughter, the famous sheriff who ultimately cleaned up Tombstone, Burns writes: "His mission was to clean up Tombstone, and he did a thorough job. He brought peace at the blazing end of a gun. He shot the town full of law and order. He is not classed as a bad man in the tradition of the southwest, but no desperado was ever more feared than this inscrutable man who stood uncompromisingly for law and shot from the hip with amazing dexterity. He was a constructive force building with a six shooter, but building. While he was sheriff, there was law in Tombstone, even if the law, in large measure, was John Slaughter himself".

Though "Tombstone" is incomparable epic and saga material, the book is one-dimentional. No intellectual background is provided by the author, no interpretation of character, no real thinking about anything. A vocabulary and narrative technique—and a somewhat banal set of psychological postulates—have been provided for this sort of writing by Kipling, Bret Harte, and Jack London. Burns uses this inherited method with real competence, but leaves the material quite without the impress of his own personality. "Tombstone" is a "western" book, which happens to be fact, not fiction.

Barnum understood and used creatively, with an unerring hand, those arts of illusion and delusion by which the great perpetrators of fraud have robbed and ruined. At the same time he had that personal independence of social control which sometimes makes the great criminal. Yet nothing is more interesting about Barnum than the progressive development of his own character. Beginning with a harmless fraud or two, like that of the old black woman who, he claimed, had been George Washington's nurse, he worked constantly toward honesty, soundness, and good taste in his own great show business. Barnum and Bailey's "the greatest show on earth", was a unique and harmless exhaust for certain gifts and impulses in Barnum which, in other countries and times, have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resulted in great frauds or gaudy military conquest. Out of the original chaos of his vast endowments emerged a singularly good man, sane, shrewd and benevolent, in whom the native independence of social control became genuine personal integrity. Barnum was a humbug; he knew it, and invented the word to describe himself.

Mr. Root's biography of Barnum is a sober, academic affair, quite free from those fictional arts with which biographers now dress up their material; and well documented with Barnum's own remarks. In these quiet and somewhat gray pages The Great Showman contrives constantly to shine by his own irresistible light.

SCIENCE AND THE CRIMINAL

By Edward Hale Bierstadt

THE ELEMENTS OF CRIME. *By Boris Brasol. Oxford. $5.00.*

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MURDER. *By Andreas Bjerre. Longmans, Green. $3.50.*

THESE two books present a curious and interesting contrast. They are both important, in that they are written by acknowledged authorities in the field, yet if the basic premise of one be accepted, the basic premise of the other is refuted. Brasol endeavors to reduce crime to its fundamental elements through an analysis of a mass of topical data. Bjerre contends that, so far as the murderer is concerned, a scientific gathering of data has only just begun, and that any real analysis is, at present, out of the question.

Manifestly it is impossible actually to reduce crime to its elements, because there is, in fact, no such thing as crime in the absolute sense. Crime exists only by the agreement of society. As Pascal pointed out, in Polynesia it is no crime to murder one's aged parents, while in Europe this act is punishable by death. Incest was in excellent standing in ancient Egypt, the civilization of which is by no means to be despised, but in the America of today it is a serious felony. It seems clear, then, that so variable a quantity as that which we call crime can never be reduced to permanently elementary terms. If crime as a whole has any one least common denominator it is *weakness,* and this Bjerre, but not Brasol, points out.

Granting the fallacy of Brasol's premise, it follows that his conclusions must also be incorrect. Brasol evades this danger, however, by couching his few conclusions in such vague and general terms that they are meaningless. Even so his book is not without value. Between the two gulfs of premise and conclusion is a high ground of carefully accumulated data that is often interesting and sometimes important. The multitude of algebraic formula, graphs and whatnot with which the book is decorated bear witness only to the inherent weakness of the author's method but, if the analysis is poor, the facts that are analyzed are well worth attention. "The Elements of Crime" is especially important in that it demonstrates clearly that no such book can bear out its title.

"The Psychology of Murder" is quite another matter. This book is really valuable. Andreas Bjerre, whose work has been cut short by death, appreciated the fact that the psychology of murder could only be arrived at through a careful study and analysis of the psychology of the individual murderer. In due time, when sufficient material had been amassed, it would be possible to make classifications of types. Professor Bjerre—he occupied the chair of Criminal Law at the University of Dorpat—had time to make only three individual studies before his death, and these, with an important introduction which sets forth his theory and technique, form the present volume. Naturally, there was far too little data at the author's disposal to permit the work of general classification to begin (one would require some thousands of case histories instead of three), so that the real importance of the book lies in the fact that it is a plain record of Bjerre's method, illustrated by the three cases he was able to analyze. These are entitled "Self Deception", "Anguished Fear" and "Shamming". It seems a great pity that a work so important as that of Professor Bjerre should be allowed to lapse, and one can only hope that he had students able and willing to follow him through the use of his methods.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AND IF LIKE THE LILY?

By Horace M. Kallen

THREE ESSAYS IN METHOD. *By Bernard Berenson. Oxford. $14.00.*

CONSIDERING the connoisseur, who has not at one time or another held the faith that he toils not, neither does he spin, yet by some swift secret glory of vision and of insight swoops to the infallible truth about a work of art? That he does not, but must more resemble the ant the sluggard goes to than the lily disciples consider, is the burden of this bracing and beautiful book of Mr. Berenson's. In it the most brilliant and learned of American art critics strips the connoisseur of his mystery, debunks him and puts him in his place, hoping thereby a little to help the study of art "out of the hocus pocus into the unpicturesque but fruitful fields of fact and calculation, so that critics may ultimately exercise their activities on a line with the astronomer and the chemist, rather than with those of the astrologer and the alchemist; or, if that be too ambitious, with those at least of the philologer of to-day compared with what he was in the time of Voltaire".

Like a magician showing how it is done, Mr. Berenson uses, to effect this end, three demonstrations of himself at work. Each is an argument for or against attributing one or more pictures to a given painter. The first assembles and arranges evidence to prove that nine pictures, of doubtful or falsely attributed authorship, are the work of Domenico Morone. The second argues that a certain altar-piece in the Academy of Florence is the work of Botticelli. The thesis of the third is that a wall-painting of St. Sebastian in the Museo Civico at Verona is the work of Antonello da Messina, while a Madonna and Infant John, attributed to Antonello, not only is not and cannot be his work, but must be the work of some follower of Giovanni Bellini, painting between 1500 and 1512—one such, perhaps, as Cristofano Casselli of Parma.

The arguments are based on the data provided by one hundred and thirty-three photographic reproductions of pictures or parts of pictures which accompany the text. Pigment, sizing, the textures of painted surfaces and the like do not enter as factors in the argument; only that is used which the illustrations reveal. Indeed in the case of the Madonna and the Infant John, Mr. Berenson himself had not seen the original. Thus the reader has at his disposal the identical material that the writer uses. He can check up the argument step by step as it closes in on the imputed author. Reading the book becomes for him an intellectual adventure no less exciting and tonic than a first-rate detective story—with the additional incentive that he moves with Berenson to no foregone and inevitable conclusion, but may come on his own to a different and even contrary one. The style of what he reads moreover—the clarity and cadence, the wit and the sparkle which always distinguish Berenson—so enhances the lure of the matter that the book affords as seductive and shining and breathless an entertainment as it is the lot of a jaded reader to come upon in many a long day.

Why, then, do these endeavors to establish where, and when, and by whom certain pictures were painted, debunk the connoisseur? Because they work out from the assumption that "no appeal to authority, to intuition, to inspiration, to 'eye', to accumulate experience, counts against manifest fact". "Manifest fact" consists of every single item, from the tiniest to the greatest, that enters into the composition of a picture, each in its generality and its detail: the architecture, the landscape, the plants, the animals, the human types, the shapes of their heads and hands and feet, their ways of standing and moving and sitting, the clothes they wear, how they dress their hair, their furniture and so on. These items, to the least minutiae of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shapes and sizes, compose, taken together, a natural constellation. They belong together and exist with one another in a sort of organic whole which characterizes a place, a time and society as definitely and precisely as analogous groupings of items and qualities in biology characterize a species of fauna or flora. Such a specific and organic congruity of items in a given whole with one another and with the whole is the assumption upon which all sciences—the science of nature no less than the sciences of man—rest their technique of discovery and experimentation.

"Method" is only the enterprise of establishing or refuting the existence of organic congruity in this or that field of study. And this is what Mr. Berenson, following the great Morelli, seeks to accomplish in these essays in method in the study of Italian art. As he says himself: "the procedure is the one currently and commonly used in Classical Archaeology, but seldom in the study of Italian Painting. It demands from the student no magical endowments, no temperamental aptitudes, no special senses. It does require, however, in the first place, good average powers of observation, and concentration and reasoning of the kind that the botanist or anatomist is supposed to have. It calls, besides, for training in the historical method. . . . The aim of these essays is thus to canalize guessing, so to speak. In the beginning was the guess, no doubt. But there is prescientific and post-scientific guessing. . . . The first believed in magic and relied on inspiration while the second calculates. . . . Until the student has exhausted all the devices of scholarship, he has no right to rely on his guess, and his guess is not even honorable if he has not submitted it to all the attacks of destructive criticism".

Thus connoisseurship is a magic and an indulgence unless it is congruous with the technique of the sciences and the facts in the case. The position must be conceded. I cannot help thinking, nevertheless, that it bears an irrational and incommunicable virtue in its heart. Theoretically an acquired sensibility and skill acting swiftly and surely, like a surgeon's, upon matters offered for its judgment, it does in practice involve an ultimate surd whence flows the difference in the influence of one authority over another's; a something more than training, experiencing, living, feeling, tasting; nothing without them, but they dead without it. This may not be hocus pocus, yet there is a magic in it, like the lily's which also exceeds and transforms the botanic chemistry of its roots and shoots. The glamor of connoisseurship rises from this magic like a perfume. Perhaps it is because Mr. Berenson is so far from poor in this magic that he affords so gaily to belittle it.

TALK ABOUT ART

By Rose Mary Fisk

AN ideal state would be one in which there were no books about art. Painting and sculpture would then speak so directly to the beholder that the printed word would be superfluous. As far back as the Renaissance, to be sure, Cennino Cennini, Vasari, and Leonardo wrote about painting, but the first prepared a manual for craftsmen, the second professed to be no more than a gusty, if inaccurate chronicler, and the third was something of a philosopher, as well as a genius. These matters are ordered differently today, when the artist no longer occupies the accepted, useful place of the artisan among us, but is separated by the veil that separates the poet from daily life. Not only must we explain the past, but we must also explain the present, for there is as yet no common language of art, no working Esperanto, by which the layman may speak with the artist. Or perhaps we have not learned to be simple enough in the presence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of art, to purge ourselves of old concepts and conventions and to stand before a work of art like a clean, empty vessel ready to receive Mr. Clive Bell's "pure aesthetic emotion".

The season brings a number of books designed to facilitate communication. The first of these, *The Great Painters*, by Edith R. Abbot (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00), is the most orthodox and will offend no one except the eager novice, looking for what is promised on the cover: "A History of the European Tradition". To college students, required to cram a survey of painting into a three months' course, and to conscientious tourists, setting out to "do" the Louvre and the Uffizi, the book will undoubtedly prove useful. I sometimes wonder, however, at the multiplicity of handbooks, following each other in such rapid succession, when the writers have obviously so few new faggots to bring to the fire. Miss Abbot's book is a thoroughly workmanlike and documented performance, but nowhere in her pages does the tradition of which she speaks emerge clear and shining, to tie together and illuminate the numerous names and schools which otherwise remain merely names and schools. Then, too, a certain sterility in response and enthusiasm seems to account for the fact that such scant critical or appreciative remarks as are included are mostly quotations from other historians and critics. Accuracy, scholarship, moderation are virtues indeed, but a study of the most lavish and exuberant overflowings of man's creative spirit may surely take on something of the color of its material.

As though to check all pleading in favor of the personal equation in the writing of history and criticism comes C. J. Bulliet's *Apples and Madonnas* (Covici, $3.50), which cries for the blue pencil of temperateness. Mr. Bulliet's enthusiasm is his most delightful quality. He writes like a man who has only lately been initiated into the joys of modern art, and such is his pleasure that he must at once share his transports with his fellows. But instead of concentrating upon the interpretation of modern art, he must also take time to express his contempt for those who do not share his raptures completely:—especially for those "old maids (female and male) who, unfortunately, are our most numerous art mentors". They will not countenance his heroes; he must therefore discountenance theirs, although the giants he has set himself to defend really need no such petty vindications.

The title of Mr. Bulliet's book is explained by his opening sentence: "An apple by Paul Cézanne is of more consequence artistically than the head of a Madonna by Raphael . . . It is the emotional power of the artist that counts, not the subject matter". Intensity of mood he feels to be the core of Modernism, and all art which aims at emotional effects —be it ancient Egyptian, Chinese, or fifth century Greek—*is* "modern". *Cézanne is* the focal point of Modernism, and "is not only its supreme figure but its logical center".

Like all critics who set out to proselytize and persuade, Mr. Bulliet is often guilty of sweeping statement and exaggeration, yet on the whole his chapters on the pillars of the modern movement and on more controversial figures are straightforward and entertaining. It is interesting to observe that the point of view that prevails here also adumbrates Mr. Bulliet's weekly articles in the art section which he edits for *The Chicago Evening Post*. It is, at least, a point of view. The final chapter on "The American Scene" is little more than a catalogue with superficial comments, and the Chicago school is perhaps given undue prominence.

The passing of the years only adds luster to Samuel Isham's *History of American Painting*, which has recently been brought out in a new edition (Macmillan, $12.50) with supplemental chapters by Royal Cortissoz. Isham's work is a contribution not so much to aesthetic as to social history. He was tracing for the most part a thin stream, and we cannot reproach him, therefore, for not bringing forth greater treasures from its shallow depths. Early American painting was little more than a feeble shadow of the English tradition. Benjamin West went to London and out-Englished the English, and those at home caught the flickering spark as it travelled back over the Atlantic. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pioneer, pushing westward, was only the more respectful of precedent and tradition, and such hardy, picturesque figures as Chester Harding and John Neagle were timorous and unimaginative artists, eager to sustain rather than to transform the formulas of their European betters. It is only with the rising vogue for landscape painting that anything indigenous to the American scene appeared, and even the Hudson River school lost some of its disciples to Rome and Düsseldorf, while those who stayed at home achieved only a mild Nature-worship, which reached a climax in Inness, Martin and Blakelock, and guttered out. Thus, each succeeding generation of American painters found its way to the European centers, and brought back the current modes. Occassionally one forgot to come home, and the expatriates are among the more dashing figures—Whistler, Mary Cassatt, Sargent.

Isham finished his book in 1905, and its concluding chapters are concerned with a host of names which have since dropped from the lists. He saw his own period as one of change and growth, but he saw little sensational in the new principles of facility, spontaneity, and added emphasis upon the personal element. Isham was tolerant: "They are as sound as general principles can well be, in spite of the fact that the 'School of Athens' successfully avoids most of them and still remains a meritorious work. Their interest lies in their application, which in the present case has something of the tradition of Manet and something of the sentiment of Whistler, both tempered by individual originality". In 1905 the names of Cézanne, Van Gogh, Renoir, were not yet being mentioned.

Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in five supplemental chapters, continues to voice Isham's general optimism about the present and the future without doing much more than name a motley group of painters, who have little in common aside from the fact that they are alive and painting.

I have saved the best for the last, and having reached it, find that it approaches that ideal of which I spoke in the first paragraph: Miguel Covarrubias's *Negro Drawings* (Knopf, $7.50). A reviewer can do no more than plead with you to hold the book in your hands and to let the artist himself speak to you. You will be persuaded, there is no doubt. Harlem lives in these pages. But more than that, Miguel Covarrubias lives—lives, and takes you with him, in every sly line and comprehending curve. For once subject matter is so perfectly adapted to technique that one forgets to talk about abstraction. I dó not doubt that Covarrubias could draw a cabbage with all the intensity of a Georgia O'Keeffe, or a grain elevator with the poetry of a Charles Sheeler, but I do know that here by the grace of God, he has found models as graciously unspoiled as himself, and this is perhaps one reason why "Negro Sketches" marks such an advance over "The Prince of Wales and Other Americans". That Harlem and Covarrubias should have coincided and found each other in our time is a cause for thanksgiving.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POST-WAR NOVELS—AND OTHERS

By Edith H. Walton

ONE hears that post-war fiction, with its bitter tang of disillusionment and its desperate gaiety, is being supplanted by more wholesome stuff. Very likely it may be so, but meanwhile novelists are discovering that the peacetime world is something less than satisfactory, and writing excellent though possibly unhealthy books upon this theme. Among the recent recruits is Elliott White Springs, whose authorship of "War Birds", professedly the diary of an anonymous aviator, has at last been acknowledged.

Leave Me With a Smile (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) is the story of a returned American aviator who finds that the taste of life has become stale. Feeling that "the good ones are all dead", Henry Winton cannot adjust himself to the smugness and the uncomprehending adulation of the people at home, nor will his taut nerves permit him to settle comfortably into a business career. For relief he turns to a girl, Phyllis, who is in her way as shell-shocked as he, and together they plunge breathlessly into jazz and drink and reckless love, hoping always to forget. The book has pace and fire and a clean, hard style. To be sure, it falls off at the end. The episode of Henry's misalliance with a little mill-worker is melodramatic, his renunciation of Phyllis is unconvincing, but one can forgive much in a book which is written with vigor and savage sincerity.

Although equally a product of the war, *Whatever We Do* (John Day, $2.50) deals with a disintegration more subtle and more insidious. This novel is the legitimate heir of "The Sun Also Rises", and the expatriate Americans who carouse for a tragic, hilarious week beside the Mediterranean are curiously akin to Brett and her companions. Stylistically, however, Alan Updegraff owes nothing to Hemingway, and his sophisticated, often lyrical prose is wholly individual. To Peleus, his hero, the war has bequeathed gassed lungs and a weariness and disillusionment which, until death comes strangely, he combats with a kind of flippant gallantry. Despite its wit and glamor, the book is somewhat artificial, and its characters have a tendency toward *panache,* toward the splendid gesture which is allied to sentimentality.

One is better able to appreciate Mr. Updegraff, however, after reading *Façade* (McBride, $2.00), a novel by Douglas Goldring about post-war London. It is concerned with a writer who is unable to assume the bold front, the façade, with which lesser men arm themselves so successfully. Drifting into the hectic, dissipated life of certain literary circles, he allows another man, of inferior but more showy talents, to steal his wife and the credit for his play. Not until after his death is his genuine merit recognized. A good deal of bitterness against the futilities of present-day literary London has gone into this book, which remains, nevertheless, a pallid, unimpressive piece of work.

Intimately related to the question of post-war readjustment is the problem of the modern woman to whom increased freedom has brought increased perplexities. In *We Sing Diana* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), Wanda Fraiken Neff has approached this theme from an angle too often neglected. One can summarize the book in Nora Deming's own words, spoken in a moment of desperation, "I've lived all my life in hives of women . . . It's pitiful, stifling". After four years at a women's college, she slips into the arid routine of graduate work and teaching. Despite her real intellectual gifts she is starved for the normal contacts with men which, through circumstances and self-conscious timidity, she is denied. In her thirties she finds a solution, as did the heroine of that somewhat similar and infinitely better book, "The Girls", in a brief, passionate love affair which leaves her emotionally enriched. There is fresh and excellent material in this novel, but it has not been fully developed. Al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though the thesis is overemphasized, Mrs. Neff touches only superficially the inescapable problem of perversion, while from a purely literary standpoint her characters are imperfectly drawn and have little vitality.

Altogether a lighter and more sparkling affair is *Bright Avenues* (Henkle, $2.50), by Josephine Bentham, the story of a very credible modern girl who battles with the world in San Francisco. Christine Merrick has courage, energy and humor, but she too appears to believe that the independence of women is only an empty phrase, for she deliberately sacrifices her career to a charming, faithless husband. This is an unusually good first novel. It has a delicious quality of youth and spontaneity, and occasionally it attains beauty. Miss Bentham is inclined to pigeonhole her characters with a witty epigram, but she has penetration, so that it seems likely she will overcome this defect.

Not so crisply contemporaneous are the English novels of women which are at hand. Joanna, the undefeated heroine of *The Land of Green Ginger* (McBride, $2.00) might be the product of any age, although it was tuberculosis contracted in the war which exiled her husband to a dreary, lonely Lancashire farm. Winifred Holtby has caught something of the somber intensity of the Brontës in this novel which describes the struggle of Joanna against drudgery, the jealousy of a sick husband, and the stupid persecution of her rustic neighbors. She is saved by a fine imagination, which can transport her at will to strange lands of deliverance. When one takes leave of her at last she is about to sail, battered but still courageous, for her particular Carcassonne, South Africa.

Equally timeless in theme is *A Girl Adoring* (Dutton, $2.50), by Viola Meynell, an extremely delicate, almost tenuous story of a self-effacing young girl with a great capacity for devotion. Brought up in solitude in the country, she lavishes all this potential tenderness upon her brother and his wife until a real and disturbing love affair sweeps her off her feet. The book is so quiet in tone that one is in danger of overlooking the deft, subtle touches of humor and insight with which Miss Meynell achieves her effects.

Lucia in London (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), in which one of E. F. Benson's most entertaining characters re-appears, is none the less a shrewd study of a woman because it happens to be sheer farce. Lucia—tyrant, *poseuse,* and social climber—is a gorgeous invention, and one shares the feeling of her country neighbors, who watch resentfully her dizzy successes in London, that Lucia may be insufferable but that she does make life exciting. Throughout this pleasant piece of foolery Mr. Benson never allows one to tire of the formula.

One wishes that Eden Phillpotts had been equally adroit in that lamentable attempt at comedy, *A Cornish Droll* (Macmillan, $2.50). The simple zany who tells the story of his life, with no appreciation of the humorous and dramatic situations into which he has been thrust, nor any realization of how he has been tricked by a deceitful jade, is as tedious as he must have been in actual life.

It is a relief to turn to so honest and painstaking a novel as *Migration* (Scribners, $2.00), by David Grew, the story of a sensitive, sober-minded boy, reared on the Dakota prairies, who is torn between his love for the soil and his passion for a restless girl, intellectually his superior, who tries to lure him away into the urban life for which he is not fitted. "Migration" has neither the power nor the beauty of such a book as "My Antonia", which uses the same background. It lacks breadth of imagination and grace of style, but there is feeling in it.

Wilbur Daniel Steele, unwisely abandoning his short stories, has written a novel which quite escapes classification. It is difficult to say whether *Meat* (Harper, $2.50) is allegory, satire, or straight propaganda, and therein, perhaps, lies its failure. Mr. Steele, taking for his text the famous saying of St. Paul, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth", has attempted to show that it is ruinous to sacrifice the strong to the weak. A defective son, with a significant goatish excrescence, is born into a normal, robust family and in order to safeguard this wretched creature the mother tries to remove all natural temptations from him and from the other children. As a result, the healthy elder brother and his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foster-sister are surrounded with an atmosphere of fear, timidity and repression which nearly wrecks their lives. So much is made of the fact that, for the weakling's benefit, drink is represented to them as monstrous and sinful, there is some ground for believing "Meat" to be an allegory of prohibition. The book is written with Mr. Steele's usual crispness and brilliance, but it remains artificial and pretentious.

NOVELS OF THE SPRING SEASON

By Louise Maunsell Field

THE trials of an artist surrounded by Philistines have been treated often, and by all sorts and conditions of writers, but the trials of the artist's family are usually ignored. In her new novel, *An Artist in the Family* (Boni & Liveright, $2.50), Sarah Gertrude Millin, known to American readers for her fine "God's Stepchildren", sets forth some of those trials, vividly and sympathetically. Against the life of a small South African community she projects the various members of the Bissaker family, middle class, not unintelligent people, with a deep respect for the art they do not in the least understand, and a strong affection for the egotistical, irresponsible Theodore, who is entirely willing to deposit all his difficulties on the shoulders of other people, while he goes on painting. In a moment of self-consciously romantic generosity, Theo had married an ignorant young woman with an illegitimate child. Unable to support himself, much less his wife and her son, he brought them to his parents' home in South Africa. This is the beginning of a clever, searching story of a temperament. There are times when one feels intensely sorry for Theo, times when one is equally annoyed by him, and the futility of his final, consciously dramatic sacrifice brings the novel to an admirably ironic conclusion. "An Artist in the Family" is one of the more notable novels of the spring season.

Another very different story of an artist—a writer this time—appears in Kent Curtis's *The Tired Captains* (Appleton, $2.00), the tale of a World War aviator who could write his dreams, but could not quite live them. Somewhat akin to Conrad's "Lord Jim", this is the story of a man who "for one blundering moment of indecision, pays up to the hilt", but to whom it is given to depart with one last, heroic gesture. Dwight's character, the forces that went to make him what he was, the anguished longing for romance that was in his blood, his early hardships and the glowing vision of inarticulate Tristram Gore, are all depicted in a flexible style that has moments of high clear beauty; while the descriptions of the young men of the 31st Squadron, R.A.F., are full of life and movement, with underneath the throb of aching nerves.

An interesting and informative novel is Ludwig Lewisohn's *The Island Within* (Harper, $2.50), the history of a Jewish family which migrates to America. Although the book starts with a short account of his ancestors, most of it is devoted to Arthur Levy, a young Jewish physician who lives in New York and marries a Gentile. The difficulties of the Jews living in a Gentile community, their all too common "inferiority complex" and the effort—an effort against which all their natural instincts rebel—to be and to act like their neighbors, are convincingly described. Mr. Lewisohn's theory is that the Jew can find happiness only by emphasizing rather than suppressing his Jewishness, and will thereby win respect that no amount of mimicry can obtain for him. Illuminating in what it says and still more in what can be read between the lines, the novel deserves much greater space than it is possible to give it here.

Another book in which race plays an important part is Louis Stevens's story of Hungarian aristocrats before and after the war, which he calls *All the King's Horses* (John Day, $2.00). Brilliant and reckless, drink-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and loving intemperately, with the wild strains of the gypsy music always tingling in their blood, these Magyar nobles belong to a world which has come to an end but has left them disastrously alive. The story is told in the first person by the young doctor Otto, but though his love for Mariska, a dancing girl, forms the main thread of the plot, its central figure is the debonair, hot-blooded Jeno, who clings resolutely to the symbol of "his pride, his arrogance", even when he is obliged to acknowledge his own shame to his successful rival. Yet another tale in which the racial element is important is C. E. Scoggin's *White Fox* (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.75), the dramatic story of a descendant of the Aztec rulers who becomes a motion picture actor, and for a brief time shadows forth the glory of his ancestors. Incidentally, the book gives some vivid glimpses of the Spanish conquest of Mexico.

If Arthur Train had only devoted his new novel, *Ambition* (Scribners, $2.50), entirely to the career and character of the young lawyer, Simon Kent, instead of wandering into rather tawdry social bypaths with Kent's wife, Clarice, he might have written an important book. Mr. Train forces his characters on to the Procrustean bed of his plot, with results far from satisfactory. It is when sex and society slip into the background and attention is concentrated on the entirely legal if by no means entirely admirable affairs of the firm of Robinson, Myer & Burr, "famed as legal 'go-getters' ", that the novel is at its best.

The high-minded, small-town newspaper editor who fights graft and corruption more or less successfully is a familiar figure in fiction, but if I am not much mistaken, Jonathan Brooks's James Marvin, who always took the *High Ground* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.00) on every question, is the first who has been shown as he appeared to his own children. Four sons and a daughter tell what they know about their father's struggles, his mistakes, and the failure which had in it something of triumph. Doing this, they reveal their own natures. The book is interesting, and well done. Another character study is *The Bondwoman* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), by G. U. Ellis, an over-long book. Julian Ballantyne's inability to see beyond his own limited ideals is the rock on which he wrecks his own happiness and that of Leonora Boughton as well. During the war, long before she met Julian, Leo had given herself to a lover, the existence of whom Julian was never able to forget. With its scene laid in post-war London, the novel is an analysis of reactions as well as of the complicated, tortured mentality of Julian, nicknamed "the Apostate".

A woman a good deal less scrupulous than Leo, but equally a product of her own age and time, is that beautiful nobly-born Bianca Capello whose story Ysabel DeWitte relates in her swift-moving novel, *A Daughter of Venice* (Henkle, $2.00). Few periods are as appealing to the romance-writer as that during which the Medici ruled in Florence, and it is the Duke Francesco di Medici, head of the famous family, for whose sake the Venitian Republic adopts Bianca as its "Daughter". A girlish escapade had resulted in what was practically an enforced elopement with a handsome wastrel, Pietro Buonaventuri, and she had many exciting adventures before she became the Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

Two volumes of short stories close my list. *Many Latitudes* (Knopf, $2.50), by F. Tennyson Jesse, has for its first and longest tale the story of a stolen ship, rechristened "Helen of Troy", and of another Helen, a woman who found it "hard to say whom you have loved and whom you have not—it's so different each time". But the good ship Helen never failed, and readers of "Moonraker" will not need to be told how well Miss Jesse relates the story of the sea. The other tales range from Trinidad to Russia, the best of them being the tragedy of religious fanaticism called "Baker's Fury", laid in a small village of Cornwall. *Meet Mr. Mulliner* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00) is an invitation to be accepted with joy, for P. G. Wodehouse's stout and comfortable gentleman, whose brother, uncle and nephews were all given to peculiar, not to say extraordinary adventures, is a thoroughly delightful person. In the bar parlor of the Angler's Rest Mr. Mulliner unfolds these tales of his relations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Co-operation with the Public Libraries of America

Is "Transition" fact or fiction? Most librarians list it as autobiography, and so your reporter includes it in the general list. But a fair percentage of libraries persist in classifying it as fiction. It gets harder and harder to draw the line. "The Ugly Duchess" is unanimously listed as fiction by the libraries, yet one is given to understand by the reviewers that it is a serious biography of a person who actually existed. "Trader Horn's" visit to America (in person, not a moving picture) has convinced a skeptical world that at least, there does exist an elderly gentleman with a white beard who answers to the name of Alfred Aloysius Smith, whether he really had the adventures attributed to him or not. One wonders how the librarians of the seventeenth century (if any) classified "Robinson Crusoe". —F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
2.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
3.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
4.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
5.	Claire Ambler	*Booth Tarkington*	Doubleday
6.	A President is Born *	*Fannie Hurst*	Harper
7.	Giants in the Earth	*O. E. Rolvaag*	Harper
8.	Dusty Answer	*Rosamond Lehmann*	Holt
9.	Sorrell & Son	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
10.	A Good Woman	*Louis Bromfield*	Stokes
11.	The Grandmothers	*Glenway Wescott*	Harper
12.	The Ugly Duchess *	*Lion Feuchtwanger*	Viking

GENERAL

1.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
2.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	Putnam
5.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
6.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	Simon
7.	The Glorious Adventure	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
8.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little
9.	Disraeli *	*André Maurois*	Appleton
10.	Transition	*Will Durant*	Simon
11.	Count Luckner *	*Lowell Thomas*	Doubleday
12.	What *Can* a Man Believe	*Bruce Barton*	Bobbs

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News Story Contest

COMMENT ON FEBRUARY PRIZE AWARD

By Julian S. Mason

(Editor-in-Chief, New York Evening Post)

IT it curious how little one knows about one's own business—especially one's own newspaper business. Frankly, until I had looked over the exhibits in THE BOOKMAN'S News Story Contest, I had not realized how national is the first grade of journalistic writing in the United States today. THE BOOKMAN'S contest should have constructive value along these lines. I know that every editor chosen as judge must be benefited by merely reading the clippings sent in.

My choice as the best story submitted for the month is the account of the funeral of Earl Haig written by Allen Raymond and printed in *The New York Times*, Saturday, February 4. It may be that a judge is affected by the order in which he happens to read the entries for any literary prize, no matter how impartial he may wish to be. Certainly I read Mr. Raymond's story first, and from beginning to end I felt again the thrill which I had received on the first perusal the day of publication.

It has many qualities to recommend it. It has the sweep of majesty that befits its subject. It possesses that element of judgment which any good reporter must show, without incurring the fatal charge of editorializing. He shows it inevitably in his adjectives if nowhere else. It has not only journalistic, but historic, background. The first is found in the touching reference to the regimental flags "that meant much ten years ago" and the larger background lies in such passing phrases as "the statue of another great cavalryman, Oliver Cromwell". I am sure I never would have had the artistic sense to classify Cromwell that way.

Technically, Raymond does a thoroughly competent piece of reporting. Everything is there. Finally, his work has the ability to move the heart, which must be considered an extremely important factor in the creation of newspapers. I would rank Mr. Raymond's story close to the famous Associated Press recital of the burial of our Unknown Soldier.

Turning to the other stories submitted, I found unexpected richness. Second on the list as an example of an entirely different kind of journalism, I would place the full-speed, make-the-deadline record of the Fall River fire written by Leo E. A. Fontaine, on February 3d, in the *Providence Journal*.

Third on the month's roll of honor I place Frederick H. Brennan's story in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* of how sixty thousand school children met Lindbergh. Miss Bess Furman, writing as Bobbie O'Dare in the *Omaha Bee*, deserves a good word for her restrained and appealing story about a little boy who saved his invalid mother in a fire. Miss Mabel Wheeler of the *Indianapolis News* tells how a seventy year old woman, blind for twenty-five years, suddenly has her sight restored to her. She tells it through the rare process of noting down actual details.

For a solid piece of work with the pull of deep emotion, praise should go to Charles A. Stevens of the *Canton Daily News* for his series of articles depicting the ghastly conditions amongst the strikers in the area of the soft coal strike.

After all, in spite of all they say about the good old days of Dana's *Sun*, I am more than ever convinced by this interesting experience that our reporters are not artistically decadent. Perhaps some day, Mr. Editor of THE BOOKMAN, we may even hope that they will do as well as the writers for magazines!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRIZE STORY FOR FEBRUARY

EMPIRE HONORS HAIG AT ABBEY FUNERAL

By Allen Raymond

From the New York Times
Feb. 4, 1928

LONDON, Feb. 3.—Wrapped in the flag he had defended, and followed by four British Princes and the greatest warriors of France and Britain, the body of Earl Haig received today his empire's homage in moving ceremonies centring about Westminster Abbey.

Half a million persons saw the military cortège wind its way from the Presbyterian Church in Belgravia, where the Field Marshal was an elder, over the three and a half miles to the cathedral and Waterloo station, from which a train bore the body this evening for burial near the Earl's home in Scotland.

Uncounted thousands more scattered throughout the most distant Dominions of England must have heard over the radio the chorus of his favorite hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," sung by scarlet-coated Generals and morning-coated civilian ministers grouped about the bier, or caught the skirl of the London Scottish bagpipes wailing "The Flowers of the Forest" in honor of the departed soldier.

Three Moving Spectacles

There were three impressive spectacles here attending London's last salute to Earl Haig. One was the intimate service for his family and friends at the church where he worshiped. Another was the proud tribute of the national leaders at Westminster Abbey to the greatest soldier son of the British Isles since the Duke of Wellington.

The third was that outpouring of hundreds of thousands of humble commoners who lined the route or paraded with their crimson poppies in their lapels and doffed their hats and stood in reverent silence as the Field Marshal's body and riderless horse passed by.

In the Abbey emotion for his vanished comrade with whom he had labored to win the war so overcame former Premier Lloyd George that he suddenly broke away from the group near the altar and candles and, with eyes filled with tears, strode through a door into an inner closet, whither he was quickly followed by his daughter, Megan.

Similar evidences of grief could be seen after the service in that historic place between the Parliament Buildings and Abraham Lincoln's statue, where a massed Guards' band played Chopin's "Funeral March" and British, French and Belgian troops paraded at "slow march" through lines of old Guard battalions drawn up at the curb.

Nineteen guns boomed in the distance at minute intervals. The cathedral bells, half muffled, tolled their knell. Occasional raindrops splashed down through the blue haze of London's mist, and here and there some ragged, unkempt and apparently poverty-gripped veteran would gulp unashamedly while his face betrayed the streaks of tears.

Sad Sights Along Route

There was something inexorably sad in those muffled drums that beat a slow rhythm, in such sights as a riderless charger or lame civilians who once were soldiers, now carrying regimental flags that meant much ten years ago. There was much in these things to move bystanders from out their accustomed calm.

The preliminary parade leading to the Abbey was purely a military pageant, almost entirely the army's, to honor its dead leader, although such naval figures as the Admirals of the Fleet, Earl Beatty and Earl Jellicoe, were among the group of Field Marshals walking beside the coffin.

The guard of honor was led by the Seventeenth and Twenty-first Lancers, cavalry troops to which Earl Haig belonged when he was a mere subaltern. They were followed by the Queen's Own Hussars, with which Earl Haig won his first decorations on the field of battle in 1898.

The lance passed as a weapon of war only a few days before Earl Haig's passing, but the youthful lancers clad in khaki flew their red and white pennants bravely at their old chieftain's funeral.

Then came the Royal Horse Guards, giant cavalrymen mounted on uniformly chestnut horses. They were clad in long blue capes and above them their red plumes waved from their martial gold helmets.

Unbroken Rhythm of Busbies

Then after them marched the King's Own Scottish Borderers, kilties whom the Germans once called "The Ladies From Hell." Then came the Foot Guards, the Welsh, Coldstream and Grenadier Guards.

Crack troops in towering black busbies, carrying their arms reversed, they moved in almost unbroken rhythmic stream through smart Belgravia; where Thackeray's dandies once disported, down Constitution Hill, where Charles II used to "take his constitutional" walk, and past Buckingham Palace.

"Eyes right!" snapped successive commanders. The tall busbies swung right as if on a universal pivot.

Much of England's military history was pacing past the palace without music. There was only that steady thump, thump, thump of the drums swathed in mourning black. The Grenadiers served with the exiled Stuarts in the Spanish wars and the Coldstreams restored them to the throne. Now marching to honor Haig, they were mementos of the Napoleonic wars, of Egypt, Africa and Flanders.

The crowd, which ranked five or ten deep, was densest toward Nelson's lofty monument in Trafalgar Square, approaching the War Office in Whitehall and at the approach to the Cenotaph. A flag floated at half-staff over the grim, black, fog-stained War Office, where Earl Haig's record is history.

One of the flags was missing from those bright ones of the Allies fluttering from the white sides of the Cenotaph to honor the British dead. It was wrapped about Earl Haig's body, just as once it was wrapped around the Unknown Warrior.

Upon the top of the color-clad coffin lay the Field Marshal's sword, unsheathed but buried in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wreaths of crimson poppies. There, too, was his Field Marshal's baton and white plumed hat, with the plumes stirring slightly in the breeze.

The body was borne upon the gun carriage which carried the first British gun into action in the little Belgian village of Binche in Midsummer, 1914. Later it carried the British "Unknown Warrior" for burial in the Abbey.

But it was because that first shot fired by the "Old Contemptibles" was fired on Belgian soil that the first man at the left side of Earl Haig's coffin was a representative of King Albert and his nation. He was the Baron de Ceynick, Field Marshal of the Belgian Army, marching with head bowed and wearing Belgium's greenish-brown field uniform.

The first man at the right was Marshal Pétain of France and the last man at the left was Marshal Foch. Besides these there were eleven of Great Britain's greatest commanders, Sir Hubert Gough, Sir Herbert Lawrence, Viscount Byng, Sir Hugh Trenchard, Marshal of the Air Force, Admirals Beatty and Jellicoe, Lord Horne, Sir Ian Hamilton, Sir Claud Jacob and Lord Methuen.

Earl's Horse Follows Riderless

The tall white plumes advanced. The French Generals' hats were splashed with red. The Admirals' figures were clad in deep navy blue.

Then came Earl Haig's horse led by Sergeant Secrett, the Marshal's "batman" for thirty years. The sergeant was in civilian dress, but across his breast he wore as many medals as a Field Marshal, trophies of many campaigns.

Earl Haig's horse, a fine bay, walked proudly. In the stirrups, with the toes reversed, were the Earl's high black boots. The saddle was empty. An empty scabbard hung at the side.

Five Generals and three Colonels following the dead commander's steed bore upon cushions the medals bestowed upon him by most of the Governments of the world. Then came three Princes, the Prince of Wales in the centre, Duke of York at the right and Prince Henry at the left.

The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a Colonel of the Welsh Guards and the Duke of York that of a Colonel of the Air Force. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who followed behind the other three, wore the uniform of a Household Guards unit.

Immediately behind the Princes came the Countess Haig, dressed in deep mourning and walking with bowed head, and other members of the family.

Small detachments of French and Belgian infantry, with their familiar long bayonets, dull steel helmets, horizon blue and olive drab uniforms, were there to add strength to old memories linking unforgettable allies.

Civilian Officials in Line

In quick succession thereafter came groups representative of the principal departments of the British Government and organizations and institutions with which Earl Haig was connected in public service and private life. There were military members of the Army Council, numerous officers of the British Legion, representatives of the dominions and colonies, military attachés of several nations and representatives of former service men's units.

These last bore a score of flags and great wreaths of poppies. One impressive moment in the parade was when the Legionaries passed the Cenotaph and all the flags in the successive ranks dipped in unison before the shrine of the dead.

Ambassador Houghton of the United States and the Ambassadors of France, Belgium, Brazil, Portugal and Japan were among the hundreds gathered at the Abbey. There Premier and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain, the Archbishop of Canterbury and leaders of all political parties and all shades of thought reflected in parliamentary disputes united to pay homage to one leader whom all parties honored and trusted.

The bands of the great military cortège, which had been silent during most of the march from Belgravia, broke out in the Dead March from Saul as they neared the empire's shrine. From within its walls one could hear them approaching, and a hush fell over the great congregation which had been listening to Bach's Choral Prelude and Chopin's Funeral March on the mighty organ.

There was a sudden influx of scarlet-coated Generals, their breasts aglitter with rows of decorations, the men who had been parading behind the gun carriage. Then the choir began to sing "I Am the Resurrection and the Life, Saith the Lord."

Abbey Service a Simple One

The service was brief and simple and instinct with great dignity. There were a few prayers spoken which are common to the Haigs as Scottish covenanters and High Church Anglicans as well. There was the "Our Father" and Newman's hymn. Then Dean Norris read:

"O God, we bless Thy holy name for this Thy servant, who, having fought the good fight, has finished his course in Thy faith and fear."

The pipers played their lament. Bugles rang out the Last Post and Reveille. Several hundred of the leading men in the empire sang "God Save the King." Again, as at Earl Haig's own church, his favorite, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," beat against the high ceiling. Then Captains and Princes departed, with Earl Haig's bier borne aloft in their midst, out from the dim candle-lit shrine to the blue haze and crowds of London.

Skirting the statue of another great cavalryman, Oliver Cromwell, past Big Ben, which sounded the time almost unnoticed in the midst of the tolling Westminster bells, the parade renewed its march to Waterloo Station.

As the guns boomed flights of pigeons whirled over the heads of the troops. The sun struggled out. Bands which had been silent for most of the march began to play.

Through the poorer quarters of the great capital the cortège was viewed by workingmen, all bearing the insignia of the poppy, all baring their heads till the gun carriage disappeared beneath the high vault of the train shed.

Guard of Honor to Scotland

A guard of honor comprising a sergeant and eight men accompanied the funeral train to Scotland.

The Prince of Wales was the last man to step away from the door of the carriage bearing the leader under whom he had served in the war. As

(*Continued on page XXX*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

(A summary of the preceding instalment will be found on page vi, front advertising section.)

CHAPTER VII

Deportation Days

I

RUPERT ALVIN would have worried more about his runaway daughter if he had not had so many troubles at home to keep him occupied. It seemed as if all the devils in Puritan New England broke loose that summer of 1919. There were a couple of million soldier boys turned out of the training camps and flotilla loads returning from France, and no jobs to go around. They took to crime, to bootlegging, to striking, to demanding bonuses, to all kinds of behavior which kept bankers lying awake at night. The war-orders, the great prop of prosperity, had been pulled from underneath, and business was like a man waking up on the morning after a celebration.

The cost of living had been going up all through the war, but now it went faster than ever; there was a shortage of everything, and nobody could live on his salary. Out in Seattle there was a general strike, almost a revolution; while close at home, in Lawrence, a strike of the mill-workers had to be put down by kidnapping the leaders and beating them insensible with brass "knucks" and blackjacks. And then, in Boston, the most incredible event of all—a strike of policemen! Of the safest "cops" in the whole of civilization, Irish-Catholics trained in humility and obedience in parochial schools especially established for the purpose! Truly, it seemed the end of Rupert Alvin's world.

The policemen had been grumbling about their wages all through the year. Some were getting as low as ninety-two dollars a month, and how could a man keep a family on that? They grumbled about the way they were housed—many of them in that old Joy Street station, which had been built before the Civil War, and was dirty and verminous. They went on grumbling, and the authorities went on putting them off—for if you paid living wages to policemen, what would be left for politicians? In August the grumblers formed a union, and joined the American Federation of Labor. Treason and Red rebellion under the very shadow of Bunker Hill monument, on the very steps of "Funnel" Hall!

There were at this time two great banking groups competing for the mastery of Boston's affairs; like the wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines in ancient Florence. Parker, Jones and Company, one of these concerns, stood in with the city administration and had their Democratic mayor appoint them as a committee to sit with the leaders of the union and work out a settlement. The policemen were to get their "raise", and everything would be polite. But they had omitted to consult Rupert Alvin and the Plymouth National crowd; and Rupert was incensed that his dignity should thus be flouted. Also, he had religious convictions on the subject of labor unions. For policemen to organize and wring concessions by threats was a challenge to the very being of the state. If a Democratic mayor were allowed to bargain with Democratic-Irish-Catholic labor leaders, and pay out the city's money under duress, the Republican Rupert might as well retire from his job of running Massachusetts and Europe.

He consulted first with Henry Cabot Winters, as was his custom; then he got his associates together and told them his plan. Never would there be another such opportunity to teach a lesson to the forces of disorder. The

Copyright, 1928, by Upton Sinclair. Copyright in Great Britain and all European countries including the Scandinavian.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

policemen's union must be broken, its leaders driven from the force, and not a man who went on strike should ever again be employed by the city. Rupert carried his point, the heads of the Chamber of Commerce were called in and won over, and the police commissioner was summoned and told of the decision. Fortunate indeed that this official was appointed by the governor and not by the mayor, and so was a "blue-blood" and not a demagog!

The business men of the city had rallied to defend their property. The president of Harvard had offered a thousand students, and all these volunteers were ready to go on patrol-duty the moment they were called. The policemen had given ample notice; they would strike at five forty-five o'clock on the afternoon of September ninth; and moreover they left four hundred of the old men to protect property. But it was Rupert's plan to teach the city, and indeed the whole country, a lesson, by a demonstration of what it meant for policemen to form a labor union. To that end the old policemen were kept shut up in headquarters and the volunteers were not summoned until nine o'clock the next morning. For one whole night Boston was to be without any police protection whatever; and to make assurance doubly sure, one of the big detective agencies supplied a few men to throw bricks through the windows of department-stores and start things moving. That the plotters had actually done this was never proved, but you would meet many "blue-bloods", familiar with the gossip of the clubs, who were certain that it had been; and several years later, when Boston saw its leading bankers on the witness-stand in the case of Jerry Walker and heard them lying about how they had got possession of the felt-industry of New England—then Boston was ready to believe anything about bankers!

II

Whoever started it, the windows were smashed, and men and boys jumped through the holes and helped themselves to what they wanted; you saw women sitting on the curb-stones, fitting themselves with expensive shoes. There were many hold-ups that night, and some rape; more horrifying yet, there were crap-games going on the Common—on the very steps of the State House with its golden dome. It is characteristic of Boston that this breach of decorum was the thing which stamped itself upon the public mind, and stands out in unwritten history. Three hundred crap-games in broad daylight—that shows you what the mob is like, and what would happen if there were no hickory clubs to hold it down!

The merchants of the city were in a panic, putting up barricades in front of their shops, arming their clerks and spending the night in a state of siege. The picture of Boston in the hands of its criminal element had gone all over the country; the newspapers had made a fearful ado, and the faithful press agencies had spread it all over the country; so next day it was permissible for the city to be saved. The mayor called out some of the state militia—under an old law he had the right to call the part which belonged to Boston. He wanted to call the rest, but for this an order from the governor was needed; and here came an unexpected hitch in the program of "law and order".

The representative of Anglo-Saxon superiority in the State House happened to be a gentleman by the name of Calvin Coolidge, whose story is one of the oddest ever invented by that Great Novelist who makes up history. A thin-lipped, tight little man, a petty lawyer and bill-collector from the western part of the state, "Cal" had got elected to the legislature, and attracted the attention of the Republican boss because he always did exactly what he was told, and never said a word that could be left unsaid. If a politician has an opinion, he is bound to offend somebody; so, obviously, the wise course is to have no opinion on any subject. Strange, that no one ever thought of it before "Cautious Cal"!

The man who ran the Republican state machine through this period was a multi-millionaire senator by the name of Murray Crane. He had established for his good political boys what was known as the "escalator system", or the "Massachusetts ladder". So long as they took orders and kept themselves presentable to the voters, he would promote them regularly, step by step. It was a slow process, and you were old when you got to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the top, but Massachusetts liked that; it is old itself. In this case, however, there developed a phenomenon known as "Coolidge luck"; as if the fates were amusing themselves by boosting this feeblest man in the state machine. Among the legislators aspiring to the state senate there existed a "rotation agreement"; there was never any competition at the primaries, each town took its turn. But the man ahead of Coolidge died, and he jumped into the place. Then, as a state senator who had never made a speech, he learned that the man in line for president of the senate had attacked woman suffrage. When the suffragists asked the views of Calvin, he shut the tightest and thinnest pair of lips in Massachusetts. The women attacked the other man and beat him at the polls, Calvin presented his claims to the boss, and became president of the senate. Clear the way!

Next it happened that the man who was scheduled to become lieutenant-governor made the mistake of speaking in favor of prohibition. Again Calvin kept his masterly silence, the liquor interests switched to him, and he was nominated. He served two terms as lieutenant-governor, at a time when everybody was sick of politics and was pleased with a man who said nothing and did nothing. As a reward they made him governor; and now here was the police strike, with the police commissioner and a big banker trying to force some action upon him! There was nothing for him but physical flight, and for twenty-four hours no one connected with the government knew where the governor was to be found.

At last Rupert dug him out, on the farm of Murray Crane, who had pushed him up the escalator. They had a night session, and Calvin heard such things as never will be printed in any history-book. In the end he did what he was told; with a hand trembling so that he could hardly hold a pen he signed a call for the state guard. The machine-guns went into action on Boston Common, and fired another shot heard round the world.

As for Calvin, he waited several days, until it was evident that Rupert's strategy had been successful; public sentiment had turned against the strikers. Then Calvin rushed forward, waving in his hand a telegram to Samuel Gompers, proclaiming in clarion tones: "There is no right to strike against the public safety, by anybody, anywhere, at any time!" That was, of course, what the capitalist press wanted at the moment; the governor's proclamation took the front page all the way from Boston to Seattle—where there had been a rival strike and a rival hero. One of these two masterful men was destined to become vice-president and then president of the United States on the basis of his heroism; while the other was destined to become a supersalesman of real estate, unloading ten thousand subdivision lots upon admiring "come-ons". Which hero was to be which was a matter of a toss-up in a hotel-room, at the tail end of a long-drawn-out political convention. It may have been "Coolidge luck"—and again, it may have been the fact that the Massachusetts leaders were able to certify that here was a man who had never once expressed an opinion in twenty years of public life, and had never once questioned an order from Murray Crane, who had pushed him up the escalator.

III

This police strike cost the community three million dollars; nor did the community make it up out of policemen's wages, because it granted to the new men more than it had refused to the old. But that was all right to Rupert Alvin. In the first place, it wasn't his money; and in the second place, it was not a question of money, but of what he called "principle"—meaning the bankers' right to have their way. The "mob" really had learned a lesson; there would be no more crap-shooting on the Common, and no more labor unions for "cops".

Neither Rupert nor any of his crowd reckoned the dumb resentment smouldering in the hearts of fourteen hundred men, who had thought themselves guardians of law and order and now discovered that they were pawns in a game of power. These men had been pleading for a living for themselves and their families; they had been polite enough, humble enough—until they saw these qualities unheeded. They had served the city

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faithfully—some for twenty or thirty years; even the Back Bay admitted the virtues of those whom it knew. You would hear ladies of the Sewing Circle exclaim, "What do you suppose has become of that lovely policeman who used to help us across Boylston Street in front of Trinity Church? The one that got books from the library, and asked for something about the Æneid!" That story, told by the librarian, had been a tradition of the Back Bay forever after. So appropriate to Boston, to have a policeman who got books from the library, and actually appreciated the Æneid!

Cornelia Thornwell came back from Russia to find her city in a grim mood, with armed soldiers patrolling all the streets. The time for nonsense was past; the Bolshevik menace was going to be put down. The word "nonsense" included the fact that an elderly woman, once of high respectability, but now badly "cracked", had run away from her family and spent two months in Soviet Russia. Cornelia found that no newspaper in Boston manifested interest in what she had done; none desired to tell its readers about the condition of women in that city of Saratov where the "nationalization" story had started. No, the Boston papers wanted highly flavored horrors, invented by tsarist refugees in Riga and Helsingfors and Warsaw and Bucharest and Constantinople; they would pay the tolls to have such inventions cabled, but they wanted no facts which could be got by sending a reporter to an apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill.

Privately, of course, some of the "blue-bloods" got a tremendous "kick" out of Cornelia's story. Henry Cabot Winters came to dinner and spent a most interesting evening. Quincy Thornwell came, and loaded up with stories to tell to the guests at Mrs. Jack Gardner's. That was gossip, and gossip has always been the privilege of good society. But when it came to public utterances—to a newspaper interview, or a speech at some meeting—that was a different matter; that was Bolshevik propaganda, undermining the bases of American civilization. The word Bolshevism had become the worst of all terms of abuse, and covered everything in the modern world you did not like. The Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce issued a pronouncement to the effect that the new prohibition amendment was a Bolshevik conspiracy!

Rupert Alvin declined to meet his mother-in-law. He might have got from her first-hand information as to the outcome of his enterprise to overthrow the communist régime in Hungary, but he would not sacrifice his dignity by admitting that Cornelia's crazy jaunt could have even that much use. Rupert proposed to handle his mother-in-law and his daughter as he had handled the policemen's strike. The time for nonsense was past.

Deborah came to see her mother, and listened with painful reserve while Cornelia assured her that Betty was perfectly all right and that there was no need to worry. Betty was turning into a very fine woman, the best of the lot of them; she was doing a useful work in Buda-Pesth, and was justified in ignoring her father's cablegrams. Nor would she suffer because Rupert had cut off her funds. Her salary of thirty dollars a week was quite regal for any part of Central Europe. As for Cousin Letitia, she might become the wife of the elderly Hungarian playwright, Hubay, if the family would put up one or two thousand dollars for a "dot". Cornelia herself had had a most instructive experience; the world was changing, and her children would have to learn, as she had learned, to adjust their minds to new ideas.

Deborah pressed her tight lips together—for she had come with a stern resolve not to wrangle with her poor distracted mother. "We have done considerable adjusting of our minds this fall," she said. "We have seen crap-games on the Common, and machine-guns also. We have known what it feels like to lie awake all night in fear of the murderous mob." And that was true—for Rupert had not been able to convince his wife of his complete mastery of the situation. Not even four private policemen guarding her home had sufficed. Like most of the ladies on Commonwealth Avenue, Deborah had looked under all the beds that night, and had had visions of her treasures being looted and her dignified person "nationalized".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

But if the capitalist press did not care to hear about the adventures of Mrs. Josiah Quincy Thornwell in Russia there were plenty of socialists, communists and anarchists who did. Cornelia was besought to come and talk to this group and that; she was urged to write down what she had seen, and let it be printed in a pamphlet; and when she consented, it meant that she had definitely committed herself as a "Red", and was listed in the card-files of the Department of Justice as an active Bolshevist. In the month of November the newspapers told how "Red headquarters" had been raided, and everybody in it arrested and "held for deportation". Among the truckloads of literature confiscated were some of Cornelia's. Rupert was able to keep it out of the papers, but he brought the story home to the horrified family, and Deborah conveyed to her mother the warning that she stood within the shadow of arrest, and that her family's influence would not again be used in her behalf.

Vanzetti spent an evening in the little apartment hearing all that Cornelia had to tell and asking a hundred questions. He carried her answers to the "gruppo" in Plymouth and the "clooba" in East Boston. There were fierce debates going on among the anarchists as to the attitude they should take to the rapidly spreading soviet movement. Some were disposed to weaken in their anti-state principles. Government was a bad thing so long as it was an instrument for suppressing workers; but when it became an instrument for suppressing counter-revolution then it was no longer so easy to decide. The "individualistas" like Vanzetti stood immovable, and as a result many of them were in trouble in Russia; some had been shot, and others were in jail. So Vanzetti hated the Russian government as much as he hated the American, and was grieved by any good word that Cornelia had to say about it. A complicated and confusing situation! However, Cornelia had been watching the radical movement for four years now; she could talk the language of the different groups, and understand their reactions. That was more than the capitalist press could do, or the police, or the department of justice agents, or the courts, or any others who had the public ear in this crisis.

The job of "mopping up" the Reds was on in earnest. Congress had appropriated a couple of million dollars—which is the way to make things happen in America. All the big detective agencies were feeding at the trough, and the card-file of suspects now counted a total of two hundred thousand names—so the Attorney-General told a committee of Congress. This gentleman, oddly enough, was a Quaker, and under the combined banners of William Penn and Jesus Christ was instituting a campaign of wholesale terror, the like of which had not been known in America since the Iroquois Indians had been routed from upper New York state.

The prisoners taken in the November raids, together with a number of anarchists such as Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, were loaded onto an old government transport, the *Buford,* and on the twenty-first of December this vessel, known to the newspapers as the "Soviet Ark", set forth for Russia. It was a beginning of the program recommended by all patriotic orators: "If they don't like this country, let them go back where they came from". Here and there you found one even more ardent—such as the statesman who said that he "would send them in a ship of stone with sails of lead"! Such was the "Christmas spirit", as manifested in America a year after the ending of the war to end war!

V

"Dear Nonna:" wrote Vanzetti from Plymouth. "Come to see us little bit for Christmas. All Italian anarchista is unhappy and fear will come trouble for us after finish with Russian. Is no more *Cronaca,* and no leader in New England since Galleani is deport. Would be good have you come for letting us know one American lady onderstand worker and is not afraid for speaking. Vincenzo got bottle good Dago Red in cellar, it is not prohibitioned, for was there before. Trando has learn new melody on violin, it is 'When you and I were young, Maggie'. Fay is putting corns on string for decorate, it is word not in book, but is white corns which produces noise on stove. Alfonsina is working now by cordage and I have expec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of much business for Christmas, it is time for all Italian eating eel and I have order for barrel of living to be deliver from Boston. Your esteeming friend, Bartolomeo Vanzetti."

Christmas Day was on Friday, and Cornelia wrote that she could not come on that day but would come Saturday morning and stay over Sunday. Not all the witch-hunts in New England could keep the Thornwell family from inviting her on Christmas Day, or from having their feelings hurt if she failed to appear. Clara, who had a monopoly on young children, was naturally the hostess, and "Hillview" the place. It was one of those great family reunions, when the clan say by their presence those things which are never said in words. Three faces were missing that had been there last Christmas. Ahab would never be seen again; the spine of Great-aunt Priscilla had become solidified to such an extent that not all the pride in New England could bring her to a Christmas party; and Betty was in Buda-Pesth, handing out loaves of bread to the children of war-refugees.

"Hillview" was much changed from the day, now four and a half years past, when Cornelia had run away from it. James had kept his promise to leave the old part intact, but he had put on a monstrous new building in the rear for the eight young ones and their numerous nurses and governesses and servants, as well as for guests—it was a luxurious hotel. The children were all over the place, racing about, shouting, bumping their heads on the hardwood floors, tramping nuts and raisins into priceless rugs, smearing chocolate candy on white brocaded upholstery. Christmas came but once a year, and one must not find fault; one must exchange sticky kisses, and admire a tree so tall that it went up to the second story, standing in the curve of the winding stairway. It shone with myriad little lights, red, blue, green and yellow, and was piled around with enormous quantities of expensive toys, really marvels of ingenuity and workmanship, all of which would be broken and thrown on the junk-pile or forgotten in the attic a month from now.

Also there were the grown-ups to be greeted: Clara, rounder than ever, lamenting that no arts of any specialist helped to reduce her; James, solid and matter-of-fact, expanding with his vast prosperity, and with the importance of himself as host. Not for a million dollars would he have said it in words, but his manner made clear that "Hillview" was no longer "Thornwell"; it was "Scatterbridge". Deborah, stately in a creation of purple velvet; Rupert, with complexion to match his wife's dress, and a manner of impeccable cordiality to Cornelia, as if such a thing as a quarrel with a mother-in-law had never been heard of in Boston. Alice Thornwell Winters, whose elegance and grace paid no tribute to the passing years; Henry Cabot Winters, dapper and genial; their son, Josiah, still growing lengthways, and pale—perhaps from overstudy, as his fond mother said, perhaps from what the savage Betty described as "woman-chasing". Also there was Deborah's older daughter, Priscilla, due to finish at Radcliffe next spring, and already active in her mother's charities.

Not a word about Betty, nor anything else to humiliate Cornelia, or to remind her of her fall from grace. Unless you count Great-uncle Abner, poring over the *Transcript,* and commenting on a wireless despatch from the "Soviet Ark", now four days at sea. "Says it's stormy, and the passengers are seasick." The deaf man's voice of Abner boomed from the library and filled all downstairs. "Well, I'd cure their seasickness if I had my way!"

"They say there's no cure for it known!" shouted Abner's son, Quincy.

"No cure?" Abner's voice broke into a hoot. "I can tell them a cure—dump the two hundred and forty-nine beggars overboard, and they'll be cured in a couple of minutes!"

There was a pause while the old man turned over the paper. When he broke loose again, it was the "crime-wave", unfailing topic at all New England gatherings. "Country going clean to the dogs! See that story about the hold-up in Bridgewater yesterday? Coming to a fine pass when a shoe company can't bring its payroll from the bank without having shot-gun battles in the middle of the street! Read that?"

"Yes, I read it," said Quincy.

"Right out in the middle of Broad Street, corner of Hale—you know the place?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I know it."

"Big wide street, trees on both sides, trolley-car down the middle. And by jingo, if two bandits in an automobile don't pop out and open fire on the pay-truck, right in broad daylight, half-past seven yesterday morning! *Transcript* says the police have no clue to the bandits. Wonder what police are for!"

"To go on strike, Father."

"It's these foreigners!" And Uncle Abner leaned closer to his son's ear, which was not in the least deaf. "Infernal foreigners we've let come in and ruin the country! Sixty years I kept telling it to Josiah—ought to have stopped them. First Irish, then Jews, then Dagoes, then Hunkies, then God knows what. They've taken the country from us—the old stock might as well move out, they steal everything we've got. Ought to take every steamer that brought 'em over and make 'em take 'em back free, that's what I say!"

Did Uncle Abner know that Cornelia was in the music-room with the children, and hearing every word he shouted? Maybe so, for he was a shrewd old rascal, and you're only supposed to be polite when you know it. "Ought to ship 'em back where they came from, and all those sentimentalists that encourage 'em go along!"

VI

Cornelia left the palace of Thornwell-Scatterbridge, and went to the humble tenement in North Plymouth. Here too was Christmas, but on a minor scale. The tree was not quite up to Cornelia's shoulder, and the decorations were half a dozen red and yellow baubles—two for five cents at the grocery-store—a few strands of tinsel, some red ribbon off a package Cornelia had sent, and finally, long strings of snow-white "corns", with three pairs of small-sized but ravenous jaws waiting until Cornelia should have seen the spectacle before commencing the work of destruction. The presents, ranged under the tree for her inspection, were few and cheap—with the single exception of three fine story-books which had come from Boston. They were now set up conspicuously, and three children clamored their happy thanks.

The Brinis had long ago found out who Cornelia was; they knew that she came from a great rich family; yet not all the cruel "class consciousness" in the world could weaken their trust in her. It seemed to Cornelia that this offered some hint of the solution for the stresses of the war between capital and labor; also for the bitter strife between the old Yankees and the new foreigners, and for the "crime wave", and many other troubles of the time. But when she told that theory to her friends of the great world, they called it "sentimental", and went on with their wiser and more practical plan of jailing and deporting and killing. The great bulk of the "class conscious" revolutionists would also have called her program "sentimental"; so apparently the jailing and killing had to go on.

They had a grand supper that Saturday night. Alfonsina had made bean-soup, which Vanzetti was "crazy about"—he admitted it; and *budino,* a kind of custard pudding, and *tortellini,* a dish of meat cooked in noodles. Vanzetti was a vegetarian on principle, because he thought it wicked to kill animals for food; but once in a while he fell from grace, and the occasion was apt to be *tortellini.* The animal was already dead, said Trando; but Bart would not permit that sophistry—when we ate meat, he said, we caused another animal somewhere to be killed, it was the law of supply and demand. He spoke of animals as his "fellow creatures", and this gave the children great glee; they would bring home a crab, or perhaps a big spider, and refer to it as "Bart's fellow creature". But that did not trouble the philosopher; he made it the occasion for a lecture on the wonders of nature. All these strange beings did really have a life like us, at least the beginnings of it; each one knew all the things it needed to know in order to take care of itself—and many a man was not so wise.

Vincenzo had given his wife a tiny glass bowl with three gold-fish for a Christmas present; and this stood now on a table in the little parlor, by the window, where the light shone through it. Bart was fascinated by these creatures, he would stand watching them literally for an hour at a time. He was wondering what it was like to be a gold-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fish. If you dropped a bit of food into the bowl, the fish would know it and take it into their mouths; if it was not the right food, they would spit it out again. What told them that? What had taught them not to flee from a man's hand—though fish in the wild state would do so? Did the fish know that man existed, and what did they think about him? Strange questions one could ask about life!

Trando got out his violin, and played "When you and I were young, Maggie". So many sweet songs made you sad! The little boy played it several times, and Bart hummed the words which the children had taught him. A wonderful act of creation, making a melody out of the chaos of all the scratchings that were possible on four violin strings! The Brinis were so proud, something fine was coming out of their lives, something better than "working by cordage" all your life, better than "living like pigs", as the Yankees phrased it.

"Some day maybe we get piano," said Bart. "Fay she learn play, we have grand music."

"Oh, yes, we'll get a piano!" said Trando, and added, in school-boy dialect, "I don't think!" He was twelve years old now, and America was teaching him to be a little "fresh" at times. "It'll be like that horse you were going to get me!" He explained to Cornelia, "He promised me a horse to drive the day before Christmas. He had a barrel of eels to deliver, and I was to help him, and for two weeks he was telling me I'd have a horse and wagon, and I didn't think about nothing else all the time. But when the day come it was the same old pushcart".

"It is baker got horse and wagon," explained Bart. "He promise for rent heem one day, but then he cannot, so must pusha da cart. Trando he see—what you call it, visione—heemself sit in seat, make noise with whip, 'Gittup!'—granda gentleman, all little Italian girl come look, say what is this, something wonderfool! But instead to crack whip, he musta carry basket with package eel. He is little scare, for eel he is live and make move—what you say?"

"Wiggle," put in Fay.

"Mooch wiggle!" said Bart. "Little boy think maybe he come out from paper, make bite!"

"No, I wasn't scared," said Trando, "but I knew they were my fellow creatures and I didn't like to have them killed." They all laughed—even Vincenzo, who did not understand jokes in English. Bart with his vegetarian scruples was hard put to it to justify his conduct in having a barrel of his living fellow creatures shipped to him by express and turning them over to the murderous fury of two-score Italian housewives, who had skinned them alive and put them in salt for the next day's feast, as much a tradition with the Italians as turkey in all Yankee homes.

VII

Sunday morning they went for a walk—on the street, because the woods were full of snow. Coming home, Vanzetti bought a Boston newspaper, because he wanted to know what was happening in Italy. Cornelia read him a brief item, how the Italian workers were forming shop-councils, preparing to take over industry from the capitalists. They talked about this, and how it would happen in different countries. Vanzetti had made a speech in a hall in Plymouth. "I force-èd be spikker," he explained, because the man who was supposed to be "spikker" had such wrong ideas. Bart knew that anyone who discussed anarchist ideas in public in these critical days ran risk of arrest, and of deportation or worse. But he would not be silenced, and Cornelia knew that he would not, and did not even suggest it.

The children had got hold of the comic supplement, and were devouring it, laughing over the jokes and explaining them to their mother. This humor dealt with incipient young criminals, who perpetrated every indignity upon their elders. And meantime the elders were reading about the product of a previous decade of comic papers—the "crime wave" and its latest manifestations. There was more news about the Bridgewater hold-up, which Cornelia had heard Abner Thornwell discussing. Bridgewater was only twenty-two miles from Plymouth, and in the same county, so the attempted robbery had been much talked about. Now the shoe company was offering a thousand dollars reward for the bandits, and Vanzetti remarked, "You offer plenty money, you catch plenty feller.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is always polissmen, witness, for swear poor feller in jail".

He went on to say, how stupid for people to be surprised by the crime wave. "You send million feller to Europe, you put heem in army, give gun, teach heem keell; you bring heem back, he go home, find some odder feller got his job, got his girl; he look for job, cannot find, he is ongry—you think he don't steal? Is foolish for not onderstand, is people do not want onderstand."

"You think the cause of crime is always economic?"

"Shoore, Nonna, I not think all men alike. Some men is strong, is got what you call—carattere—"

"Character."

"He will not do crime, he will die before do crime. But nodder man, he is weak, is too much tempt', he see friend do crime, get plenty money, he try sometime, maybe get caught, he go jail. Is worsta place for make criminal, is jail, is like school, learn how to do it. You go like me, Nonna, you work one job, work nodder job, meet onderd, meet thousand worker, you meet plenty young criminal, young feller vanaglorioso for what he do, think he is smart feller; I hear heem talk, I know what is make crime wave. Is great reech men, spend beeg money—automobile, gooda dress, fine lady—what you say, lusso—luxury. Poor feller, he look, he like to live sooch life, have plenty money, plenty girl. He say, 'How come it reech man he get it, how come in bég-ginnin' ' "—Bart accented the word on the first syllable—"how come in bég-ginnin' he make the money? Is reech man honest? Is it sistema honest? He see everywhere beeg thief get plenty money, not ever punish. He see, you steal thousand dollar, you call-èd bandit, you steal million dollar, you call-èd banker. Is it not true, Nonna?"

Cornelia thought of Jerry Walker and his felt-plants. "It is sometimes true, Bart."

"All right, is injoostice. So long you have injoostice, is crime; more injoostice, more crime. Is like something you make in chimica—it come all time the same way. But reech man he not like to hear sooch thing, is better for heem call bad name, make polissman, put heem in blue clothe, give heem big cloob, send heem out to hit poor feller on head, put heem in jail. Big crime come, all right, get more polissman, make five onderd dollar what you call it—reward—get plenty stool-pigeon, you onderstand?"

"Yes, I know what you mean."

"Is always rotten feller, swear anything for money, send somebody to jail. All polissman want is catch somebody, all newspaper want is catch somebody, fill up jail, so reecha man is happy, is what you call law and order. You wait, Nonna, you see—thousand dollar will make sure—catch plenty Bridgewater bandit!"

Strange and awful are the fates that dispose of mortals—leading us blindfolded through curtains of black fog. How could it happen that Bart could speak such words, and no shaft of lightning split the fog, no warning finger pierce the curtain, no voice shout in thunder-tones, "You! You! You!" They sat chatting casually, criticizing each other's theories; the children laughed, bringing them pictures of the Goofy Googles; Alfonsina washed the dinner dishes, and Vincenzo, not being able to share in the argument, fell asleep in his chair; the gold-fish wiggled their silken-filmy tails, and the Powers that sent the universe on its course, benevolent or heedless, omniscient or omnescient, sent no smallest hint of the fact that Bartolomeo Vanzetti was himself that "poor feller" whom the thousand dollar reward was to bring down!

VIII

Cornelia went back to Boston, and found a letter from Betty:

"I have been having so many adventures, I hardly know where to start telling. I have been experiencing very eloquent and romantic love-making from one of the sons of 'Archie'. That is our nickname for the Austrian arch-duke who came in with the Roumanian armies and put himself on the throne, to the great dismay of the allies. This son is tall and sombre and splendidly-idle. I can understand how it is that American husbands are found unsatisfactory. I try to imagine father or Uncle James making such speeches! He pays endless compliments in carefully perfected English; but the trouble is he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't really know me at all. He is content that I am the daughter of a rich American banker; he doesn't guess my political opinions, and I dare not tell him, because I might lose my job! But it will be a good thing for His Highness to have his self-assurance reduced. He says that American girls are made of marble, and I smile and tell him it is his first contact with a social equal. Then I have to explain about the Back Bay!

"Also there is an undersecretary at the legation who is eating his heart out over me. He is quite different, rather tongue-tied, but serious, I fear. He comes from the middle west, and doesn't really know me either—though of course it is possible for him to understand how I can be virtuous though unchaperoned. I am also causing misery to a young lady of our mission, who is in love with the undersecretary. Apparently not all the troubles in Europe are enough to keep people from entanglements of the heart. I think it is rather the contrary, the general disorganization upsets everybody, and leaves the fancy roaming.

"While I am on the subject, I might mention that I was violently besieged by one of the Bolshevik agents before he took flight to Switzerland disguised as a chauffeur. He told me I was not truly a free woman at all, but a wretched little Puritan who would dry up and blow away at an early age. I showed him Cousin Letitia, who is still capable of being thrilled, but not of being seduced, even by the elderly playwright Hubay. There is something inside our marrow-bones, deeper than we realize, and stronger than our ideas. Roger Lowell would be surprised to hear that about me! Anyhow, I am sure there will be no love-affairs for me until I get back to America; it would be like a romance in a morgue.

"The suffering here is dreadful beyond words. I suppose you get news in the papers, but probably not true, because everything is propaganda for somebody or something. It really was the charitable Mr. Herbert Hoover who overthrew the Reds here in Hungary. I don't know if it is published at home, but here all his aides are proud of it, and tell the details and boast. We are managed by a California lawyer, one of Herbert's intimate friends; they not merely blockaded and boycotted Red Hungary, but they influenced some of the labor leaders to overthrow the Bolsheviks.

"It has been like a kaleidoscope; you never know when you wake up in the morning who is governing you—till you get to the office and hear what happened during the night. The Reds went out, and then came the Roumanian army with 'Archie', and we had to drive him out and get a White régime—which is rapidly turning into a dictatorship. Those poor fool labor-leaders who let themselves be used to turn out the Reds have mostly been shot or had their skulls cracked, and I wonder what our noble-minded Herbert thinks about it. There ought to be some way to make the White gentlemen come sit in the pools of blood, as we relief-workers have to do.

"It has taught me my lesson; 'law and order' talk will never fool me again. It really seems as if our master-minds want to teach labor that there can be no middle course, and no honesty or decency in the class struggle. The Reds here fell because they were too gentle, and let their enemies plot against them. The Russians made a clean sweep, so they survive. And don't let anyone fool you about the amount of killing they did; don't let anyone frighten you with talk about the 'mob'. From this time on I take the dear 'mob' to my heart; I am only afraid of dashing young gentlemen in gaudy uniforms, and elderly diplomats and business men in dinner-jackets. There isn't a country in Central Europe where the Whites haven't killed ten for every one the Reds have killed, and in many cases it has been a hundred for one.

"And the worst is, Grannie, these White dictatorships are all American-made—with guns and uniforms from our army and dollars from our bankers. They have got an American loan here in Hungary, and I am wondering if father is in on it. He probably won't tell you, but ask Uncle Quincy—he knows. If it's true, I'll never take another dollar from father—and I'll tell him so.

"Dear Grannie, do please take care of yourself, because if anything were to happen to you, what would I do, with not a soul to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understand me? Sometimes I get frightened, and get alone in my room and have a good cry; because, after all, it is absurd to think that a girl not yet twenty-one should know more than all her family put together. You know what Great-Aunt Priscilla says, so very calmly: 'You will be wiser when you are older.'

"Maybe the 'antis' were right, Grannie—women are not meant to meddle in politics! Maybe we ought to stay at home and look after the babies, like Aunt Clara. But when we get the babies raised, the old men step in and send them off to the battle-field, so what's the use? I go over and over it in my mind, and the only conclusion is that this generation of girls must go on strike, and refuse to have babies until the men stop killing. So I shall stick it out, and when I come back the family will find me worse than ever. I suppose you are having troubles enough at home; tell me all, but write as if I did not agree with your ideas. I have a way of getting this letter smuggled out, but your letters to me may be opened, and I don't want to lose my job quite yet."

IX

Yes, Cornelia had her troubles. The day after New Year's there burst upon Boston and the whole country a storm known as the deportations delirium. To the Quaker Attorney-General had come a brilliant idea; he would win the Democratic nomination for the presidency upon the basis of his heroic services in deporting the Reds. The two million dollars which Congress had voted him would be turned into a campaign fund for the glory of Jesus Christ and William Penn.

The ingenious Quaker arranged to lure his victims into public meetings, have the police appear suddenly and bar the doors, sort out all the foreigners, and load them into patrol wagons. The problem of getting the Reds all over the country to come to meetings on the same night was comparatively simple, because the government had put so many spies into the radical organizations that they had elected themselves to office, and were in position to call meetings whenever they pleased. Also they had been able to vote resolutions and adopt manifestos of such violence as to make the deportations legally possible. As Federal Judge Anderson of Boston said when the facts came out in his court: "What does appear beyond reasonable dispute is that the government owns and operates some part of the Communist party". An impressive exhibition of American efficiency!

The raids were scheduled for the night of January second, 1920, and netted some four thousand prisoners. Twenty cities and towns in New England contributed a thousand—including thirty-nine who had met for the purpose of organizing a co-operative bakery. The prisoners were lined up against the walls of police-stations, searched and beaten by detectives, denied counsel, denied reliable translators, and sentenced on the spot by officials of the Department of Immigration. They were loaded into vans and taken to the immigration station in Boston, and thence to Deer Island prison. In order to make the utmost possible amount of campaign material for the Quaker Attorney-General, the victims were chained together in pairs, and paraded down State Street, past the Old State House, and over the rings of cobblestones that mark the site of the Boston massacre. Such a novelty brought newspaper photographers in swarms, and the story stayed on the front page for several days. Never such advertising for a presidential candidate!

Also the Department of Justice agents saw to it that good reading matter was supplied for the pictures. Four bombs had been found at one meeting, said the report; they were taken to a police station and put into a pail of water—and apparently melted away in the water, for they were never heard of in court. Among the organizations raided was an amateur dramatic society, which had rented some old guns for use in a play; so the newspapers reported a "Red arsenal". Apart from stage properties, the police acquired a total of four fire-arms: this by searching four thousand persons, raiding their homes and breaking into their trunks. Apparently they had selected for deportation the least militant group of individuals in America.

Here were the troubles for Cornelia Thornwell. Four hundred men and women jammed into cells in Deer Island prison, with broken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

window-panes in the midst of New England winter, with no blankets, no mattresses, and no adequate toilet facilities. Husbands torn from wives, mothers separated from their babies—and all held according to the genial Spanish custom known as "incommunicado", denied lawyers, denied any information as to their fate. One woman, attending a meeting with her little girl, had been dragged to jail, and the child left to wander alone through the streets of Boston all that January night. One man flung himself over a railing five stories above the ground and dashed out his brains in sight of the rest of the prisoners. Another went insane, and several others were on the verge of insanity. And concerning all this mass of misery no mention in the newspapers, but vilification for anyone who dared to protest.

So Cornelia must sit at the telephone for hours, arguing and pleading with her friends, rush off to committee meetings, get a stenographer and dictate letters, and pay for long telegrams to congressmen and senators and officials in Washington and New York. She must besiege club-women, and plead for opportunities to speak. She must meet newspaper reporters and give long interviews which never saw the light. She must haunt the doors of officials, and waylay them on the street when they would not see her. She must start a subscription list, and go round like a Salvation Army "lassie", irritating bankers and lawyers and merchants, and their wives and daughters in the Sewing Circle, abusing her social position in shameless fashion to get at people, and tell them such harrowing stories that they would put up good Brahmin money to buy blankets for Bolsheviks, and milk for starving babies whose mothers and fathers had committed the crime of belonging to political parties run by the Department of Justice.

And this no job of a few days, but of months. The Quaker presidential candidate was slow to realize that he could not produce evidence against more than five hundred of those he had seized. In Boston, through an unfortunate oversight, there was a Federal judge who believed that law-enforcers ought to obey the laws they enforced. He declared from the bench that a mob was a mob, even when it was made up of Department of Justice agents. He would issue writs for one prisoner after another, and when the prisoner was able to prove that he was an American citizen, or that he hadn't actually joined the Department of Justice party, the victim would be turned loose. But all that took time—and meanwhile there were a thousand or two of children to be fed, and as many falsehoods to be refuted, and only a small group of rebel ladies to do it.

X

Almost every Sunday during that winter Vanzetti came up to Boston. He was doing well with his fish-peddling, and in between times shovelling snow or cutting ice, so he had money for the trip and for propaganda. In the midst of all this repression he had made up his mind that the anarchistas must have a paper, and he was raising the seven hundred and fifty dollars needed to buy a linotype machine; he had even written a couple of articles to appear in the new paper, and was working hard to "culture himself", studying both Italian and English. He came to have supper with Cornelia one evening, and when she ventured to point out the dangers of his course he answered that you could never accomplish anything if you quit in times of danger. The times of accomplishment were bound to be times of danger—trust the capitalistas for that.

Many of the Galleani group had been deported; Coacci had been arrested—one of those two men who had brought a package of books to the Brinis while she was there. The gruppo had raised a thousand dollars bail for him, and now he was under sentence of deportation. Also Nick Sacco was making his plans to take his family back to Italy. Great events were coming this next summer—perhaps the real revolution—and Nick as a man of action wanted to be there.

Yes, it would not be bad to be sent to Italy just now; but alas, you didn't always get there! Bart told the terrible story of Compagno Marucco, who had been put on a steamer and never heard of again. All the anarchistas believed he had been pushed overboard on the way because he had detected some of the government spies working among

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the group. Another man had hanged himself in his cell; had he really done that, or had somebody done it for him? You needed nerves of steel to go on with propaganda in the midst of events like that!

Bart talked about the spies. One had been exposed by Carlo Tresca in New York; Ravarini, who had posed as an anarchista for many months, one of the violent kind, a follower of Ravachol. One of his plans had been to revive *La Cronaca Sovversiva;* he had offered to get the money and had suggested Bart for editor. But Bart had been too modest; he did not consider himself well enough educated.

This Ravarini had been seeking to fasten the bombings onto the Galleani group; for the government agents had apparently convinced themselves that this group was guilty. Bart discussed the idea, and he said there was no such great nonsense in the whole world. He pointed out what had happened—the police had arrested hundreds of anarchistas, and searched their homes, and had never found a bomb, nor anything having to do with a bomb. Someday the truth would come out—guilt lay with detective agents, "feller get rich by hunting anarchista".

"You think they would kill innocent people?" asked Cornelia.

"Is not many people keell-èd, Nonna! Bombe blow up little piece of house, sometime when people is out, or sleep upstair and not get hurted. You want keell somebody, is not sooch difficultee, plenty people keell-èd all time, plenty Italian keell you cheap—what you call it, black hand. I know sooch feller, plenty, hear heem talk in café, vanaglorioso for what he do. He say, 'No sooch great keeller in whole state Massachusett; nobody shoot so queeck, so straight'. You pay heem onderd dollar, next night your nemico he die. What for make big bombe, big noise?"

"But they sent bombs by mail, Bart!"

"Shoore, send mail—but he not put on stamp enough—the mail do not go! What follia, Nonna! Think, amica mia, how easy to find out what is postage! You not need take bombe to post-office, no sooch reesk—no, you go any post-office, any town, you say, what postage for take five pound, ten pound, twenty pound, what you like to send. You say, got package for New York, for Chicago, any place. You not go self, send odder man, send child, you get stamp, million people buy stamp. But see, Nonna—anarchista is sooch fool, he get dinnameet, he pay money, make twenty bombe, get address, send to this man, to odder man, send to Boston, New York, Lawrence, Passaic, all place—but not got sense for finding out ow mooch stamp! Is crazy thing, Nonna, is imbecillità!"

"You think government agents did it?"

"Not go-vérnment, but what you call private agent—big feller, make million dollar. He make big scare, Congress vote money, big banker get bad fright, he spend money, he say, you sava my life, you catch anarchista, you put heem in jail, so he not blow up the bank, he not keell me. Look, amica mia, you read paper, you see this morning, big banker make—what you call—notizia—avviso—"

"Advertisement."

"Avvertisament, whole page, scare people, say polissman must catch the Red, the bomber, the anarchista, musta deport, must put in jail. Is patriottismo, militarismo—you see in paper?"

Yes, Cornelia had seen it, and not for the first time; it had become quite the fashion for groups of leading citizens, bankers, merchants, the Chamber of Commerce or other civic groups, to publish full-page advertisements warning the public of the imminent danger of Red riot and insurrection. "Yes, I read it," she told Bart—but was ashamed to add that among the signers that morning was Rupert Alvin, her son-in-law, and John Quincy Thornwell, her nephew-in-law!

XI

Almost a year had passed since the mailing of those "May Day bombs", and still the police had not succeeded in catching any of the senders, so naturally there was dissatisfaction on the part of patriots. What was the purpose of a huge secret service agency, built up at enormous expense? The loyal newspaper publishers forebore to express impatience in print, but privately they were outraged. A first-class Red scare meant millions in increased sales, but how could the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most ingenious editors and reporters keep excitement alive without a few facts?

The Department of Justice had one set of clues. A bomb had blown out the front of the home of the Attorney-General, the Quaker gentleman who was planning to move to the White House, and the man who carried this bomb had apparently himself been blown up. The authorities claimed to have identified the fragments as belonging to an Italian anarchist by the name of Valdinocci, one of the Galleani group. He had worn sandals, and in his pockets had been some leaflets in crude English, proclaiming anarchist ideas. The purpose for which the spy Ravarini had been set to work was to find the printing office in which this circular had been set up.

Ravarini sent contributions of money to Malatesta in Italy, got letters from him, and then appeared among the comrades in Boston and New York, a very ardent Red, with literature to be printed, and precise ideas as to how it was to look. He would hang about an anarchist print-shop for several weeks, and have his stuff set up many times, or would come and set it up for himself. In this way he tried all the type in several printing offices; and at last in a shop in Brooklyn he found, or claimed to find, what the Department of Justice believed was the type from which the Valdinocci leaflets had been printed. It was the office of an anarchist paper called *Il Domani*—"Tomorrow"—and the printers of this paper, two Italians by the name of Salsedo and Elia, were arrested and taken to the offices of the Department of Justice in the Park Row Building in lower New York.

The genial custom of holding prisoners without allowing them to communicate with their friends or even with an attorney is one for which we have neglected to invent an American name. But for the custom of torturing prisoners to make them confess, we have our jolly slang, "the third degree". All judges and lawyers in America know that it is employed, all pretend not to know it, and when evidence obtained by torture is produced in court, all judges and lawyers solemnly accept it, and at the same time go on believing in the constitutional rights of accused men. All understand that in no other way can the system of inequality of property be maintained, and anyone who denounces the "third degree" is therefore known to be a "Red".

Salsedo and Elia were held for three weeks in the Department of Justice offices with no warrant of law. At last Salsedo succeeded in smuggling out a letter to Vanzetti, who took it to the anarchist group in Boston. They knew without being told that the two men were being tortured, for the purpose of forcing them to implicate other anarchists in bombing plots. On Sunday, April 25th, there was a meeting of the group, and it was decided that somebody must go to New York to consult with the comrades there and see what could be done for the victims. The choice fell upon Vanzetti, and he went, and called upon Carlo Tresca, editor of *Il Martello*, whom he had never seen before. "Don't you know me, Carlo?" he said, gently; "I am Vanzetti." He had been sending in collections for the support of the paper, and occasionally writing articles. Tresca embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks, Italian fashion.

The two of them set out down the street; Vanzetti no small man, but out-towered by his companion, whom the strike-police used to call "the bull". In Mesaba, where the Back Bay families of Boston were holding onto their hills of copper, they framed him for first degree murder, and kept him in jail for nine months. They put three bullets into him, at different times. One side of his face was disfigured, and during the Paterson strike a newspaper published his picture with the caption, "Who Will Be a Good Citizen and Make the Two Sides of This Face Alike?" Seven times they arrested him during this desperate strike of the silk-workers. Now the Department of Justice was anxious to get him again, and was soon to do it—for the crime of demoralizing Italian Catholic women by a two-line advertisement of a pamphlet on birth control!

Carlo and Bart were going to see an Italian lawyer who had been hired to help Salsedo and Elia; this lawyer had offices directly underneath the Department of Justice rooms. Carlo could not get to the prisoners, and Salsedo's wife had been so terrified by the de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tectives that she did not know what to do. They saw the lawyer; Carlo wrote a note for the prisoners, the lawyer took it upstairs and came back and reported that Elia had refused to read it, that Salsedo was "getting crazy" and would not answer any questions. This confirmed their worst fears, so they consulted an American lawyer, connected with the Civil Liberties Union, who agreed to seek an interview. Bart said he would go back to Boston and send fifty dollars of his own money and raise more to pay the lawyer.

There was one other thing Bart wanted to do in New York—to see the Statue of Liberty. He had missed the sight when he had come to this country, because his steamer had arrived in a fog. And while it was true that America was not living up to this statue, still it was a world symbol of the cause to which Bart was dedicating his life. But they were too late for the boat which goes out to Bedloe's Island, and Bart was so much disappointed he almost had tears in his eyes. "All the years I have wanted to see it!" he said to Carlo.

XII

The day Vanzetti went to New York Cornelia spent packing two trunks. There had come a quite amazing cablegram from Betty in Vienna: "Letitia married Hubay my color discovered job flooey tired need recreation come immediately positively summer Italian lake reply Hotel Royal". Cornelia called up Deborah, and first read the message and then translated it; and after Deborah had voiced indignation at the treason of a poor relation and horror at the idea of her daughter unchaperoned in a center of notorious gaiety, she asked what Cornelia was going to do and actually hinted for her to join Betty. So much had four years of defeat tamed the family!

Cornelia had been exerting herself beyond her strength. She was sixty-five years old now—as her daughters never failed to remind her—and for four months she had not rested a day. A summer on an Italian lake with Betty for company sounded very good and she said she would go. So Deborah undertook to have her husband use his influence to get some kind of special passport immediately, engage passage on a steamer, and even pay for it. Cornelia and Betty would be taken back into the family again, with the services of all-powerful males to make smooth their paths in whatever part of the world they chose to roam.

The *Floritania* was to sail from New York on Saturday afternoon, and on Friday morning Vanzetti telephoned to Cornelia that he had got in on the night train from New York and wanted to tell her the news. She asked him to lunch with her, and heard from his lips the terrible story of Salsedo and Elia. She knew the former of these two men, for he had worked as a printer in Boston, and had come to the "picanics": a frail little fellow, suffering from tuberculosis—"he very bad now," said Bart; "wife she think they keell heem". Bart had been to the savings-bank that morning and drawn out fifty dollars and sent it to Carlo, according to his promise; Cornelia said she also would contribute fifty, and wrote a check. She felt quite rich that day, having several of Rupert's handsome and impressive bank-drafts.

It seemed a shame to be going away for a holiday in a crisis like this. But Bart said instantly that Cornelia must not think of staying; he agreed with her daughters that she was an old lady, and needed a rest, and nothing should interrupt it. He talked about the Italian lakes, not very far from where he had been born. "Sooch lovely countree! Gooda people, work hard, live simple, naturale. You be happy, live outdoor, walk in wood, pick little flower, send to me. I pick you mayflower, send heem in letter." Then he added, "Maybe I come, we take little boat in Italian lake, Comrade Betty she sing little song! I think I like be deport!"

"Take care of yourself, Bart!" said Cornelia. "If you want to come, pay your fare, so you can return."

Bart laughed, and made his usual answer: "Anarchista musta make propaganda!" She learned that even in the midst of these perils he was organizing meetings and distributing literature. He was working with that Italian, Boda—"you know heem, little feller, macaroni salesman, he drive us one time for see dramma when we go Nick Sacc' ".

"I remember him."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He is got same little car. Is go bust in winter, but now he get heem fixit, pretty soon he drive heem, we distriboot the books!" And Bart laughed, like a bad boy. "Book with red cover what so scare polissman—you remember book is bring Coacci and Orciani one time by Brini?"

"Yes, very well."

"Is moocha bad book, molto pericoloso, red anarchista cover, *Faccia à Faccia col Nemico*. Is reason for deport Coacci—finda six copy by heem, he say is why moosta go. He is gone two week now, maybe is Italy. I getta hees what you say—address—he got wife leav-èd behind in Brockton. You maybe see heem Italy."

"Have you got any of those books in your house, Bart?"

"Shoore, two, three copy, sella heem somatime. Nick Sacc' is got more. Nick he is not 'fraid, he go anyhow, is got passport, ticket, all fixit. You no see Nick in Italy, he live in south, way down in what you call boot. He is happy feller, go Italy. Is got fifteen onderd dollar save in bank—wife, she make heem sava ten dollar all week. Now he go see rivoluzione, maybe help. Is young feller, no can stay here when soocha great time come, no can be happy for trim edge of pretty shoe for fine gentleman!"

"You really think there's a revolution coming in Italy?"

"You watch, maybe see heem! Great sight for Yankee lady—nobody harm you. Italian worker, he think America is free countree, good countree—he think he make Italy be countree like America! He do not know what happen to poor wop in Massachusett, he not read in paper how Department of Joostice agent take poor seeck printer, torture heem, beat heem, to make heem tell what Joostice agent want to be tell-èd!"

So it was with Bart—difficult to make jokes, or to plan for a holiday, because all brain-paths led to these dreadful cruelties and sufferings. Impossible to enjoy a luncheon, neatly served by a much-puzzled Negro maid! No, Bart would begin to twist breadcrumbs into little pellets, which was very bad manners; his look would grow abstracted and far off, and Cornelia would understand that he was up in the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York, where two comrades might at that moment be hanging by their thumbs, or having their arms twisted behind their backs . . . As a matter of fact they were being beaten in the face with blood-stained shoes, said to have been worn by the bomber who had been blown to fragments in front of the home of the Quaker Attorney-General. It was a refinement of imagination difficult for an uncultured Italian to foresee.

XIII

That night there was a theater-party, given by Rupert Alvin, to serve notice upon the world that all was well between himself and his departing mother-in-law. They sat very conspicuous in a box, Cornelia, Rupert and Deborah, their daughter Priscilla, Cornelia's nephew-in-law, Quincy Thornwell, and her second daughter, Alice Thornwell Winters, who had given up her latest adorer in deference to the family's demands, and was now being rewarded in this public manner. They saw an expensive and highly sophisticated comedy from New York, dealing with people of their own social station who did not have to give up anything, not even one another's wives. After which the Alvin limousine rolled to the station, and Cornelia and Deborah took the midnight train to New York.

Next morning they inspected the fashionable shops, and Deborah bought a few things; Cornelia did not buy, because everything would be so much cheaper abroad. They lunched at one of the fashionable hotels, and took another taxi to the steamer; and on the way Cornelia asked the driver, "Where is the Park Row Building?"

"Way downtown, ma'am, by City Hall Park."

"We don't go near it?"

"Not unless you want to make a trip."

"Never mind," said Cornelia; and her daughter asked, "Why are you interested in the Park Row Building?"

"Oh, nothing, a couple of friends of mine have been tortured there for the past three weeks."

It was like that with Cornelia nowadays—impossible to carry on polite conversation, to enjoy any sort of holiday. Deborah had to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shut her lips tight together and pretend she had not heard. And pretty soon there was the mighty steamer; the crowds, and the partings, and the waving of handkerchiefs, and the promises to write often, the sending of love to So-and-so; and then a tear or two the gang-ways coming up, the great steamer sliding out into the river, and the tugs straightening it for the journey. And then the long panorama of towering white and gray buildings, the magical sky-line of Manhattan—

"Did ever a dream-city rise from the sea
That was fairer, more fleeting and fragile than she?"

But Cornelia missed all the poetical ecstasies, because she was thinking, "which is the Park Row Building? And which is the fourteenth story?"

But there was no one to ask, and soon the sky-line faded. There was the Statue of Liberty, and she thought of Bart and what it meant to him. Then came the ocean, and the rolling of the ship, and she was in her state-room for two days. When she came on deck again, there was the daily newspaper, published from wireless reports for the benefit of the vessel's leisure class; and Cornelia read that at three o'clock on the morning of the third of May, an Italian anarchist by the name of Salsedo, held by the Department of Justice for complicity in the bomb explosions of a year ago, had committed suicide by throwing himself from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York.

No more details of such a horror, to trouble the sleek and contented passengers of the *Floritania*. But two more days passed, and the ship's newspaper contained another item, this time from Brockton, Massachusetts. Two Italians, leaders of a bandit-gang, had been nabbed by the police, charged with the murder of the paymaster and a guard of the Slater and Morill shoe factory of South Braintree, and the theft of a pay-roll of sixteen thousand dollars. It was believed that this band had been responsible for numerous pay-roll hold-ups in Eastern Massachusetts during the past year, and the police expected to nab the other members within a few hours. Cornelia read this, but it meant nothing special, for there was hardly a day that papers did not report hold-ups from some part of the country; and in this case the news-service had not thought it worth while to give the names of the two bandit-leaders, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

CHAPTER VIII

The Detective Machine

I

O fates that hold us at your choice,
How strange a web ye spin!

THUS the poet; and never more aptly than of that web which the fates wove about the lives of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Their two friends Cornelia and Betty were to spend the better part of seven years trying to disentangle this web; laying bare a story which for mystery and melodrama has few equals.

At six o'clock on the morning of December 24th, 1919, Bartolomeo Vanzetti was still asleep when one of his customers, Balboni, coming home from night-work, stopped by to get his Christmas eels. Mrs. Fortini, Bart's landlady, woke him up, and he sold the eels to Balboni, and then dressed, swallowed his bread soaked in coffee, got out his little hand-cart and his scales and his basket and his packages of live eels, all weighed and wrapped the day before. He had more than forty orders to fill, because he was selling Christmas eels for thirty-five cents a pound, whereas in Boston the Italians were paying as high as a dollar and a quarter. He delivered several packages before daylight; Mrs. Augusta Niccoli was still in bed, and called to him to put the package on the kitchen-table, and she went out later in the morning and paid him when she saw him passing.

Soon after seven o'clock came Beltrando Brini, having gobbled his breakfast, excited because he was to have the baker's horse to drive. He met Bart on the street, expecting to go with him to the baker's; but Bart insisted that the ground was wet, and Trando

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must run back home and get his rubbers. It took the boy fifteen or twenty minutes to find them in the attic; and meantime Bart met the elder Brini, coming home from night-work; and then went to Bastoni, the baker, and was told that the latter could not spare the horse and wagon—a development which caused much grief to the twelve year old Trando. This was at seven-forty-five, as the baker remembered, because at the moment Bart entered his home the whistle of the cordage company blew, and no one who has guided his life by that whistle ever thereafter fails to hear and heed it. "The whistle is our bread and butter," said Bastoni.

It was during those same fateful minutes between seven-thirty and seven-forty-five that there occurred what is known to history as "the Bridgewater crime". In the town of Bridgewater, some twenty-two miles from Plymouth, a truck belonging to a shoe company came rolling down Broad Street. It contained the pay-roll for the week, and was driven by a chauffeur and guarded by two other men. As it neared the corner of Hale street, an automobile was standing there, and two bandits sprang out and opened fire. The guards returned the fire, and there was a battle for a minute or two; until a street-car came down the slight grade—the motorman having run back into the car to hide from the bullets. The street-car came between the bandits and the truck, and frightened the bandits so that they ran, and leaped into their auto, and sped away. No one was hurt, so the "Bridgewater crime" was classified as "attempted robbery".

The shoe company employed the Pinkerton agency, and within a few hours the Pinkerton men were on the spot, interviewing everyone who had witnessed the attempt. Their reports were known to the Commonwealth, but not to the defense in the case until six or seven years later. The reports proved that the witnesses of the crime could not agree upon essentials, not even as to the make of the bandit car. As for descriptions of the bandits, there was a wide range of choice, and the statements of leading witnesses varied greatly from what they later testified on the stand.

Being balked of clues, and at the same time hounded by clamor and tempted by rewards, the authorities resorted to that method which is the mainstay of American police procedure —the "stool pigeon". Underworld characters are paid to bring in the gossip of their cafés and hang-outs. So-and-so has got a new car; So-and-so-other has given a diamond ring to his girl; So-and-so-else was heard to say that he did such-and-such a job. It is manifest that such clues are open to suspicion; jealousy and revenge play a large part in them; yet, reinforced by the "third degree", they form the method by which the population of prisons is recruited.

The "stools" were active in this Bridgewater crime; and what they brought affords a problem for students of the occult and the mystical. Let historians investigate and psychologists weigh and philosophers speculate and make what they can of the fact: the Sacco-Vanzetti case, which echoed like a series of detonations around the world, which was destined to cause windows to be smashed in American legations in Buenos Ayres and Geneva, which made taxi-cab drivers throw their fares into the faces of American ladies in Paris—this *cause celèbre* had its origin in a "detective machine" invented by an underworld character, and looked into by an unnamed Italian woman in East Boston!

To the Pinkerton agents came a "stool" with the rumor that a certain A. C. Barr could tell about the Bridgewater crime. So there was a hunt for A. C. Barr—height five-feet-ten, weight one hundred seventy-five pounds, age forty, eyes dark, hair black, and so on. When found, the person proved to be an Italian—Angelo Christoforo Barragini, or words to that effect. He was questioned, and said, yes, he did know about the crime. How had he learned it? He had invented a "detective machine", with which you could solve crime mysteries. It consisted of a crystal globe into which you looked, and you there saw the crimes happening. A woman in East Boston had used it and had seen the Bridgewater hold-up, committed by Italians who lived in a little house on the outskirts of a town; there were four or five of them, and they were dark, and had a car which they kept in a shed in back of the house.

Now detectives are paid by the day while

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are working, and this has a tendency to stretch out their assignments. They followed up this "detective machine" clue, taking into their confidence Mike Stewart, Chief of Police, who kept the town of Bridgewater in order between bandit-raids. Mike, a burly "small-town cop", good-natured but not abnormally brilliant, took the detectives in his car and they drove about inspecting little houses inhabited by Italians on the outskirts of towns. They found several, were suspicious of one, and caused alarm to the occupants; but they found nothing definite. The Pinkerton reports were turned in, and the Bridgewater crime was listed among the unsolved mysteries in Massachusetts police history. The matter of the "detective machine" was stowed away in the subconsciousness of Mike Stewart, ready to pop up again sometime—according to the laws of the subconsciousness, understood in all psychological laboratories.

II

Three months later, on April fifteenth, came another sensation, known to history as "the South Braintree crime". In another "shoe-town", at three o'clock in the afternoon, the paymaster of the Slater and Morrill company took the pay-money, about $16,000, in two steel boxes, and accompanied by a guard started to carry it from the office to the factory—a distance of a couple of blocks. They were passing another factory, the Rice and Hutchins, when two foreign-looking men who had been lounging by the railing suddenly drew guns and opened fire point-blank. They put four bullets into one victim, killing him at once, and so wounded the other that he died the next day. They picked up the boxes of money, and at the same instant an automobile came rushing up the street, slowed down, and the two bandits sprang in and drove away at high speed, shooting at the bystanders as they went.

This very brutal and successful crime caused great excitement in the factory towns which lie to the south of Boston. So many raids had occurred during the past year, no town knew when its turn might come. Rewards were offered, and, as in the Bridgewater case, the Pinkerton detectives came and made their investigations and turned in reports. The statements applying to the Bridgewater case apply also to this later one; the numerous witnesses disagreed about essential details of what they had seen. They could not describe the car. One said Hudson, others said Buick; one said green, another said dark blue, others said black; one said shiny, another said spattered with mud. Many witnesses made statements quite different from what they afterwards made on the stand. Those upon whose identifications the commonwealth placed most reliance declared to the Pinkerton men that they could give no description of the bandits, because they had not had a clear view, or were too much frightened to make note of details.

So here was another unsolved crime—and a great clamor from the public, demanding to know what police were for. There was no clue—save only a memory lurking in the subconsciousness of Mike Stewart, waiting for a chance to pop up!

It so happened that the day after the South Braintree crime, while all the country-side was ringing with the horror of it, there came to see Mike Stewart a Federal immigration officer, looking for an Italian anarchist by the name of Coacci, a shoe-worker who had been sentenced to deportation and had been out on bail; now his time was up, but he had failed to appear and the officer had come to arrest him. According to custom he asked for Mike's help. So Mike drove him to the Coacci home, which happened to be a little house on the outskirts of a nearby village.

They found the shoe-worker with an oval-shaped tin suitcase strapped and ready, and the inevitable green umbrella on top. Also there was another Italian, a boarder by the name of Boda. Coacci had pleaded for delay because his wife was sick; but here was his wife, and she wasn't sick, and Coacci admitted that that had been a pretext—he had wanted a few more days to settle his affairs. Now he was ready to go. It was late at night, and the immigration officer said to wait till tomorrow; but Coacci said no, he would go now and get it over with. Someone was taking his wife to stay with relatives; he was all packed up, and would like to get the next day's steamer from New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So they went, and Mike Stewart sat in his office and thought it over. It was midnight, a time for ghosts and goblins. Strange that a man should insist upon being taken away from a country so great and so rich as America! This fellow Coacci was a Red, and the weekly paper in Bridgewater was running a series of articles, prepared by the Department of Justice, telling the small-town population of America the crimes which the Reds were committing all over the world. Mike pondered; and suddenly there occurred a phenomenon understood in all psychological laboratories—there popped into his memory the woman in East Boston who had looked into the "detective machine"! Here was a little house on the outskirts of a town, occupied by Italians! In a flash the whole story came to Mike: Coacci had been in on the South Braintree crime, and the reason he was so anxious to get away was that he had the sixteen thousand dollars in that oval-shaped tin suitcase!

With another officer Mike went back to the Coacci house, and there was Boda, five feet high, swarthy, with a little black moustache, soft-spoken, polite and chatty. He was a macaroni salesman, and his car was an Overland—a small car, just now laid up for repairs. Yes, he had a gun, and he let Mike examine it—it was a 32 Colt. There were no signs of crime, so Mike went off and pondered some more, and then telephoned to New York and learned that Coacci had sailed for Italy. He had left a trunk behind, to follow by the next steamer. The police broke it open, but found no pay-roll money, only a few pieces of shoe-leather, which some exploited shoe-workers consider they have a right to "swipe" from the company when they get a chance.

Mike decided to arrest Boda, so he went to the house again, but now it was empty. Boda had disappeared, and the police found that suspicious. But his little Overland car was in Johnson's garage in West Bridgewater, and Johnson was told to detain whoever came for the car, and thus have a chance at the rewards.

So the trap was set; and two weeks later came an Italian by the name of Orciani, driving a motor-cycle with a side-car containing Boda. At the same time by street-car came two other Italians, Sacco and Vanzetti. All four were anarchists, members of the Galleani group; and they had made this rendezvous at Johnson's garage, for a purpose which was to be a subject of controversy for the next seven years.

They went to Johnson's house, and found that the car was repaired, but had no license plates for the present year, so Johnson advised them not to drive it; he kept them talking, while his wife ran to a neighbor's and telephoned to the police. But the four men became suspicious and went away. Bart and Nick took the trolley to Brockton, and while they were on the outskirts of the town a police officer entered the car and drew a gun and ordered "Hands up!" Then was the time for them to make use of the weapons they carried; for Bart to put into effect his threat of not being taken alive. But alas, it was as Alfonsina Brini had predicted, he didn't know anything about using a gun. Pretty soon came a second officer, and the prisoners were taken to the police station and locked in cells. The first action of the police was to come to the door of Bart's cell, and call him to the bars and spit in his face.

III

Sitting in their separate dungeons that first dreadful night, there was only one thought in the minds of Sacco and Vanzetti; that thought was Salsedo. Was the same thing going to happen to them? One duty was obvious—to avoid saying anything that would involve other comrades. So when they were cross-questioned, they denied that they knew Boda, denied that they knew Orciani, and told lies as to where they had been and what they had been doing. These lies were easily exposed, and constituted the famous "consciousness of guilt", about which the Commonwealth was to talk incessantly for seven years. You would hear leisure-class Massachusetts affirming that those wops had had no reason to be afraid on that night, because the raids had been over for several months, and the Reds were no longer being troubled. This in face of the fact that sixty-seven hours prior to the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti their comrade Salsedo had thrown him-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self or been thrown to his death, from the fourteenth story of the Park Row Building in New York.

In spite of their fear, however, they had refused to give up their appeal to the workers. "Anarchista musta make propaganda!" Vanzetti had planned a meeting for the ninth of May, four days off, in Brockton; he had drafted a circular which Nick had in his pocket, where the police found it. "You have fought all the wars," it said. "You have worked for all the capitalists. You have wandered over all the countries. Have you harvested the fruits of your labors, the price of your victories? Does the past comfort you? Does the present smile on you? Does the future promise you anything? Have you found a piece of land where you can live like a human being and die like a human being? On these questions, on this argument and on this theme, the struggle for existence, Bartolomeo Vanzetti will speak."

It is an old idea, which has been haunting the minds of dreams for some thousands of years; you may find it, more briefly voiced by the prophet Isaiah twenty-five hundred years ago. "And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another reap." It is interesting to remark that shortly before the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti a Christian clergyman in the city of Winnipeg, Canada, had been indicted for the crime of quoting this ancient Hebrew redness!

Among the questions asked of Bart and Nick was: "Are you an anarchist? Are you a communist? Do you believe in the overthrow of the United States government by violence?" These were the conventional deportation questions, and were reassuring to prisoners in fear of torture. Bart answered them gently and tactfully. "I like things a little different," said he! When a friend came to see him next day, he smiled and said, "Well, I get free trip back to Italy!" So it was that Cornelia and Betty, enjoying their second week of vacation, received a letter from Fay—fifteen years old now, and quite a cultured young lady:

"Dear Nonna:

"I write to tell you the sad news that Bart and Nick Sacco are in the police station at Brockton. Bart asked to tell you he is not treated bad, except for being spit on once. The lawyer says he will be surely deported, because the police got a circular which he wrote about a meeting to protest about the killing of Salsedo. Bart says tell you he is happy because he will come to see you soon, and please stay on the Italian lake and do not worry, because you have worked too hard and should have a rest. As Nick was going anyhow it will save him the fare so it is all right. I write in a hurry not knowing when there goes a steamer, and Bart is afraid you might read it in the paper and be worried."

That was all for a week; then another letter:

"I am sorry to have to say that the arrest of Bart and Nick is worse than what I wrote you. The police pretend to think that they drove an automobile and shot two men and stole a payroll in South Braintree last month. It is so silly that we cannot believe it yet, and Bart himself does not believe it, he says it is just to get something on him to deport. The comrades here have all paid money and engaged a lawyer to get him off. Bart insists that I must tell you there is nothing to worry for, as he was in Plymouth all that day and talked with many people, like Mr. Corl who was fixing a boat. And of course when they know about Bart they will not think he could be a bandit. It will make you laugh to hear the police are quite sure that Bart was the driver of the bandit car, as you know that he never had anything to do with a machine, and papa says he is so clumsy he cannot drive a wheelbarrow. The comrades have found a rich store-keeper who will put up bail, so we hope to have Bart with us again soon. Please write him a nice letter in our care and tell him you are not worrying, because it is something he talks about each time we see him, that your vacation must not be spoiled for him. You know how like him that is, thinking about everybody else but his own trouble."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

From Italian lakes the land goes back by stages, rising higher and higher into the sky, and each stage has been taken in charge by generations of strong arms and backs, and made into orchards and gardens. Every smallest corner of soil has been terraced and buttressed with walls, and dug and planted with a row of olive trees—or a row of onions—up to where the bare rocks stick out and the white clouds gather. Here and there in sheltered places are cabins built of stone, and in them women breed prolifically, and send their progeny to Massachusetts to be known as "wops".

The lakes are blue, and the sky almost as deep a blue; by the middle of May it is summer, and all the land is bursting with vegetation of a thousand shades of green and olive-gray. The air is balmy, and ladies from Europe and America put on gay dresses and wander about in the gardens of villas and hotels, or drift on the water in little boats, holding bright parasols overhead to protect their creamy complexions. Everything is peaceful, and it is possible to float and sing "Kennst du das Land?"—and have no idea that the peasants on the hillsides are seething with hatred of their landlords and forming co-operatives and revolutionary societies, preparing to dump off their backs the age-old burden of parasitism.

Here in a little inn by the water-side Cornelia found her grand-daughter Betty Alvin, carefully chaperoned by Joe Randall, American socialist journalist, aged twenty-eight, and Pierre Leon, French communist editor, aged forty-four. In the days before the war if a young lady from the Back Bay had travelled about Europe with two gentlemen she would have caused herself to be ostracized for life; and maybe it was still so, Betty wasn't sure—but she was sure that she didn't want to know anyone who didn't want to know her. These two men between them knew things that she wanted to learn, so she had begged them to come to this Italian lake while she waited for Grannie.

Pierre Leon was stocky and broad-shouldered, with a rosy face and black moustaches twisted to points. He had lived for years in London teaching French, and in Berlin teaching English; he knew enough Italian to attend labor meetings, and now was studying Russian because revolutionary events demanded it. He had been an anarchist, then an anarcho-syndicalist, then for a long time a left wing socialist, and now was a communist suspected of a right wing deviation. He had read most books that had ever been published on these subjects, and most good literature besides; he could talk brilliantly about anything, and liked nothing so much as having someone to argue with until three in the morning. He was supposed to be resting for his health, but it was difficult for Cornelia to see where either health or rest came in, for he lit one cigarette from another, would work all morning writing an article, study labor and radical papers all afternoon, and argue all night about what he had read.

His qualifications as chaperon for an American young lady were peculiar. He took towards all women the attitude of the continental male, and this had caused in the American young lady a vigorous reaction, which in return had caused in the continental male an amused curiosity. Said Betty, "He thinks the purpose of woman is to submit herself, and that every woman will, if the man is fascinating enough. But I have made him understand that I'm a queer little New England old maid, so now he's a good sport and studies me". Betty added that Grannie was not to dislike Pierre on that account, because it was his environment; all European men were that way, especially since the war—the only difference was that the radical men could let you alone because they had other things to think about, whereas the leisure-class men had nothing to do but chase women.

Joe Randall came from Virginia, and had wavy brown hair and a charming slow drawl. Cornelia had met him in Russia, so she knew his story; he had come as a young college graduate to an attaché's position in our legation at St. Petersburg, and had seen the war, the revolution, and the diplomatic intrigues. This had made him into a radical, and he had kicked over the traces. Now he was a free-lance journalist, writing mostly for papers which could not pay him anything.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But he had a small income and was expecting to shake the world with a book about the White Terror, on which he worked diligently every morning and talked all the rest of the day, if anyone would listen.

It was evident that Joe's eyes followed Betty wherever they could, and Cornelia, being still an old-fashioned grandmother, wanted to know about it. "He is a dear," said Betty, "and I have to admit that he makes chills run up and down my spine. But I'm not sure we shall hit it off. I'm trying to make sure."

"What is the problem?"

"Well, several. In the first place, I had to propose, because Joe is poor, and he thinks I am going to be rich. I had to explain that I'd escape being rich if I married a Red. And then, there's his wife."

"Wife?" echoed Cornelia—but managing to keep too much surprise out of her voice.

"Didn't you know he had one? She went back to New York several years ago. She doesn't love him."

"Are you sure?"

"Joe is. It seems that she's reactionary, and you know enough to realize that no man and woman can be happy when they hold opposite opinions on the class struggle. That's what I am concerned about—I think I'm turning into a communist, and Joe still ties himself to the old social-democracy that was killed in the war and doesn't know it."

"I see," said Cornelia. Her heart warmed to Joe, because she did not want Betty to go with the fighting crowd. But she must not say so!

"You know," said the girl, "I think it's a form of our Anglo-Saxon egotism: we think we can change our social system by a method different from all the rest of mankind. We have such a marvellous constitution, and such a wise electorate, we can do it step by step—and all the while the truth is we don't intend to change a thing, but to smash anybody that dares a move. No rough-stuff—except what the possessing class needs in its business. Pierre quotes Lenin's definition of the state: 'a monopoly of violence'. Don't you see it, Grannie?"

"I am still one of the sentimentalists, Betty dear."

"Yes, I know, and you'll back up Joe in all our wrangles, no doubt. Well, he needs you, for he's got all current history against him—to say nothing of the ruling class of the world!"

V

To this quartette of assorted thinkers came the news about Sacco and Vanzetti. When the first letter was read, Cornelia said it would be pleasant to have Bart with them. But Joe Randall smiled drily and told her not to count too much upon capitalist policemen; they were not so eager to provide their victims with vacations on Italian lakes. When the second letter came, he said, "I told you so".

"But it's too absurd!" cried Cornelia. "They are innocent!"

"They have to prove it," said Joe.

And Pierre Leon eyed the old lady with a quizzical expression. "Don't forget, Comrade," said he, "it sometimes happens that anarchists are guilty." Then, seeing Cornelia's startled look, he added, "I was an anarchist myself for years; and I assure you I wasn't always innocent!"

Said Betty, "You mustn't say that to Grannie. She is soft-boiled."

Pierre was interested in American slang, which he said was a new contribution to the world's poetry. He asked about this phrase, and then went on: "People that are soft-boiled had better not go wandering about in the radical movement, because they may get their shells broken". He went on to say that about anarchists you could never make a general statement, each one was a law to himself. You had to know him before you could say what he would do—and even then you didn't always know.

"Well, we know Bart," insisted Cornelia; "and we know he is no bandit."

"And the other one?"

"I don't know him so well, I only met him two or three times. But he's a gentle, soft-spoken young fellow—"

"Which means absolutely nothing," said Pierre. "Even your American two-gun-men have been that; I think it's a tradition, out on the western plains, that your deadliest sheriffs have been mild-mannered men. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first thing you have to know about an anarchist is what leaders he follows."

"Bart and Nick belonged to the Galleani group."

"But Galleani is a militant. If you don't believe that, go down to Milano, or wherever he's living now, and hear him. Who gave you the idea he is a pacifist?"

"I didn't have that idea. Bart told me he was a militant—"

"But then, when an anarchist tells you he's a militant why don't you believe him?" Pierre's face indicated that this was one more aspect of the comicalness of American ladies. "Understand me, Comrade Thornwell," he said, "it is good of rich and cultured ladies to take an interest in the exploited workers; but you suffer always from the fact that you can't possibly realize how they actually feel."

"Don't forget, Comrade Leon, I worked for a year and a half in a cordage plant, and lived on the wages."

"I know; Betty told us. And I never heard anything like it. But all the same, if you will pardon me, it wasn't practically real, because if you had been ill or out of a job, you'd have gone back to your family; it wasn't psychologically real, because you always knew you could, and you had the moral support of knowing you were a lady. No worker has that; so don't be shocked if you should some day learn that some workers commit what the bourgeoisie calls crimes in the struggle against their exploiters."

There was a pause, while Cornelia digested these uncomfortable words. At last she said, "Crimes such as banditry, Comrade Leon?"

"Well, that's a question that calls for definitions. If you mean by banditry robbing for private advantage, the answer is no. If you mean robbing for the cause, the answer is there have been such anarchists: not many, but a few. Take Ravachol; he robbed the rich and gave the money to the poor, and boasted of it."

"And what did other anarchists say?"

"I have heard a thousand arguments about it. It's a practical question, whether such a course helps the cause; some say yes, some say no. A few anarchists repudiated Ravachol, others endorsed him—Elisée Reclus among the latter, and he is a god of the movement, a great scientist and a great soul. You see, Comrade, it is difficult for any anarchist to repudiate another who has acted from good motives. There are two things a real anarchist will never do; one is to betray a comrade, and the other is to profit at the expense of the cause. So long as he is faithful, and risks his own life for the cause, nothing he does can be repudiated; that lies in the nature of the doctrine, because he is a law to himself, and has a right to be that, and other anarchists proclaim that right. How can they control him? How can they refuse to stand by him?"

"That ought to frighten me," said Cornelia; "but we New Englanders were raised on that creed—we called it Transcendentalism."

"I know," said Pierre. "There are few anarchist book-shops without copies of Thoreau's 'Duty of Civil Disobedience'."

"But we managed to keep the doctrine from involving the right to kill other people."

"Did you really?" asked Pierre. "Stop and think now!" There was something in his tone that told Cornelia he was going to have fun with her. The twinkle was also in Betty's eye and in Joe's, so she knew they were in the secret. "Think hard!" said the Frenchman, and when she gave it up, he said, "Did you ever hear of a practicing anarchist by the name of John Brown?"

"Well," said Cornelia, hesitating; "I suppose he did kill people—"

"Yes, do suppose it! It so happens we have been reading a life of him—and while you are talking about bandit-raids, consider the one at Harper's Ferry. It was a surprise attack, you remember; it was going to give the slaves a chance to rise and get hold of an arsenal with some guns; and to that end half a dozen white men, quite innocent, harmless fellows, not even slave-holders, were shot dead in the streets of a country town. And remember, they took him and hanged him as a common felon, and were certain that history would agree with them. But up in Boston your Wendell Phillips proclaimed in a public meeting, 'He has abolished slavery in Virginia!' And some anarchist poet wrote four lines—Comrade Betty, can you say those lines that you liked so much?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And Betty, who had been smiling, became suddenly serious, and recited:

"Not any spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee!
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From Blue Ridge to the sea."

VI

Needless to say, there were many questions Cornelia wanted to ask of Pierre Leon. She realized that the time for dodging was past, it was up to her to get clear in her own thinking. She admitted to these three friends what before she had feared to admit even to herself: the doubts as to whether it could be true, as the government and the newspapers took for granted, that some of the Italian anarchists had been doing that wholesale bombing.

Said Pierre, "Set this down for certain at the outset—all militant anarchists believe in bombs. Not all make them—any more than all Christians sell their goods and give to the poor. It is too uncomfortable and dangerous. But the faith calls for it, 'anarchist christenings', is the phrase—and when some young enthusiast comes along and wants to practice, the preachers can't very well say no. And when the boys get into trouble, then of course the movement has to rally and defend them".

"And that, of course, includes telling the world they are innocent?" It was Joe, with a touch of socialist sarcasm.

"Naturally. It goes without saying that anybody who will fight will deceive the enemy. What you have to get clear is the central doctrine of anarchism, that property is theft. That makes capitalist society a gigantic bandit-raid, a wholesale killing; any killing you have to do to abolish it, or to cripple it, always is a small matter in comparison. Twenty years ago, when I used to argue questions like this, they were more or less academic; our generation had never known war. But now take what has happened, and you realize that to the working-class theorist, human life has ceased to have any value, compared with the bringing on of the revolution. We know that capitalism means one more world slaughter after another; it means that inevitably, you might say by definition. Every capitalist society has to compete for markets and raw materials, or else cease to be a capitalist society. It intends to take our lives by the tens of millions; and are we denied the right to save ourselves—because, forsooth, the effort means killing a few capitalists and kings and judges and police spies and what not? You can see that, to an anarchist, such an idea is childish."

"Or to a communist," added Joe Randall, the socialist.

Said the other, "Between the anarchist and the communist it is a question of technique. I once heard an American labor leader put it effectively: 'Never use violence—until you have enough of it!' That will serve for the communist formula—and I leave it for Joe to explain the polite social-democratic program of killing a tiger half an inch at a time".

So they wrangled for a while, saying sharp and bitter things with perfect good humor. Pierre declared that some day he would have the job of putting Joe into jail—and maybe Cornelia, too, because she believed in free speech for capitalists, and might insist upon practicing her theory. Maybe Betty would be putting her own Grannie into jail—stranger things had happened in revolutions. To which Joe replied that it was people of Pierre's way of talking that made a peaceable solution so difficult; they brought on reaction and set the workers back for decades. So for a while Sacco and Vanzetti were left in the Brockton police station, forgotten.

Until Betty said, "You are getting poor Grannie so balled up with your theories and your shocking facts that she'll lose heart and be scared out of the movement."

"For God's sake," exclaimed Pierre, "don't let me do that! In the first place, I don't know a thing about your Bart and Nick, they may be two harmless dreamers. And anyhow, innocent or guilty, no working-class rebel ever did a tenth part of the harm to society that society has done to him. No one of them ever carries a tenth part of the guilt that is borne by the judges and officials who prosecute him. Think of the guilt of those who caused the war, in order to extend their markets or to save their investments!"

That was coming close to home for Cornelia

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Betty. Said the former, thinking of her three perfectly self-satisfied son-in-laws, "Can there be guilt when there is no consciousness of guilt?"

Pierre answered, "That is the sort of question the Puritan conscience likes to wrestle with. But let us set aside theories, and consider the practical problem of labor defence. Whether an accused worker is guilty or whether he is innocent is a matter you can almost never guess in advance. If he's guilty, he won't tell you, and it would be wretched taste for you to ask. On the other hand, maybe the police have got the wrong fellow; often enough they know it, and don't care, because they figure he's done something equally bad, and anyhow he's the sort that is safer in jail. And then again, maybe it's a *provocateur's* job—something the bosses have planted in order to have a pretext for raiding offices and smashing presses and throwing leaders into jail. Either way, you can't know until you get in up to your ears. You may find you've got a chance to expose the police and win public sympathy—or else you have something that will discredit the movement and turn the public against you for years".

"A complicated matter, being a revolutionist!" remarked Cornelia.

And Pierre replied, "You bet your shoes it is—to quote your American slang".

VII

On the morning after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti came Mike Stewart, bringing his "hunch", which was destined to control their lives and deaths forever after. Mike himself called it by the more dignified name of a "theory"; he told it to the district attorney, who liked it so well that he rented Mike from the town of Bridgewater, and for a year thereafter the policeman had nothing to do but search out facts to fit the "theory".

A part of it was that the same bandits who had committed the South Braintree hold-up in April had committed the Bridgewater attempt of the previous December—the one which had been seen in the "detective machine". The police proceeded to collect some fifty persons who had witnessed one or the other of these crimes. Orciani was arrested at his factory, so there were three bandits to be identified. The usual procedure is to mix up the suspects with a number of other men and see if the witnesses can pick the guilty ones. But in the dingy old police-station of Brockton the three suspects were put in a room, the witnesses were brought in and told that these were the bandits, and asked if they could recognize them. Sacco and Vanzetti were sleepless, unshaven, unwashed, uncombed—a condition in which a leader of fashion might look like a bandit. But even so the witnesses were uncertain; some said they might be the right men, others said they were surely not.

Several witnesses had seen the bandits in special circumstances, for example with a cap on; so Sacco was ordered to put on his cap, and did so. Another had seen the bandit crouched down; Sacco was ordered to crouch, and the witness thought he looked more like a bandit that way. Another had seen the bandit pointing a gun; Sacco was ordered to act as if he were pointing a gun, and the witness was quite sure that made him look more like a bandit. Witnesses who were obdurate and wouldn't stop saying they were the wrong men were dropped by the Commonwealth, and it was up to the defense to find them if they could. In several cases they did so—but too late.

The police had found a Buick car abandoned in some woods, two miles from Coacci's home, and it was part of the "theory" that this had been used in the two crimes. This "bandit-car" was now brought to the police-station, Sacco and Orciani were loaded into it, and with a detail of the state police, heavily armed, were taken for a tour of the shoe-towns. Word went in advance, "The bandits are coming", and huge crowds gathered. At the time of the South Braintree crime several workers had run to the windows of the shoe-factory and seen the bandit-car driving away. Now the scene was re-enacted, with these persons looking from the windows to judge if Sacco and Orciani looked like the men they had seen. The crowds, meantime, did not wait for a decision; they knew these were the bandits and tried to beat them, and did spit in their faces. It was a grand public circus; by means of it the police persuaded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three shoe-workers to recognize the bandits and to stay persuaded until the preliminary hearing a week or two later, when they changed their minds and said they couldn't be sure. By the time the trial came, a year later, they had changed again; they took the stand and identified Sacco and Vanzetti as the bandits. That made three of the five witnesses upon whom the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts relied to the death.

On the day after the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti the three prisoners were arraigned before a magistrate. Orciani was charged with operating a motor-cycle without a tail-light—although his motor-cycle had had a tail-light and it had been lighted; Sacco and Vanzetti were charged with carrying revolvers without a license. Bail was denied—on the pretext of a war-time law—the three victims were taken back to jail, and the task of fitting the facts to the "theory" was continued. A week later there was a hearing upon the charge of murder; here an unexpected thing happened—the number of bandits was reduced to two. The district attorney stated that the identification of Orciani was not sufficient. That seemed strange, because more persons had been willing to think that Orciani looked like the bandit than had been willing to think it about either Sacco or Vanzetti. What had happened was that Orciani had been able to produce an Anglo-Saxon alibi. Not merely had he punched his time-clock in the factory that morning, but he could produce his boss and several other "white men" to swear that he had been at his machine all day. It was only three weeks back, and he hadn't missed a day.

Also it developed that Sacco was to be let off from the Bridgewater charge—because he too had an Anglo-Saxon alibi. But on the day of the South Braintree affair, according to his own story, he had gone up to Boston to get his passports; he had lunched at a café with friends, had gone to the consulate, where they remembered him for the comical reason that he had been told to provide a photograph for his passport, and had brought one of cabinet size. The clerks remembered it; but then, they were Italians, and Italian alibis do not "go" in Yankee police-courts.

As for poor Bart, alas, he had nothing but Italian alibis for both dates. On the day before Christmas he had sold eels to fifty housewives, and during the South Braintree crime he had been digging clams and bait. But such things do not count against a policeman's "hunch", so Bart was charged with both crimes; the Commonwealth was going to prove that he was the bandit who had stood on Broad Street, in Bridgewater, firing a shotgun at the pay-truck, and also that he was the driver of the murder-car at South Braintree—he who had never touched a steering-wheel in his poor proletarian life! The moral of this was clear to sarcastic young radicals such as Betty Alvin—that good little wops had better stay close to the boss, and punch a time-clock four times a day, and instead of going home at night they would be safer kept in pens.

VIII

A lawyer had been engaged to defend Sacco and Vanzetti at these preliminary hearings, an Irish gentleman by the name of Vahey. The lawyer himself was no hustler but a stout gentleman who did not hurry about to find witnesses for his client; he was content to let the Brinis fetch the wops to his office. He was active in the politics of Plymouth County, and intimate with those who controlled its affairs, including the district attorney, Fred Katzmann; later on he became a judge, and went into some office-sharing arrangement with Katzmann. It has been said in Vahey's defense that Vanzetti was probably the first innocent man he had ever had as a client. Very possibly Vanzetti was wrong in his estimate of his lawyer. He must have been a hard client to defend, because he persisted stubbornly in denying that he had been to Johnson's garage with Boda the night of his arrest; he would not permit any capitalist lawyer to persuade him to say a word that might involve another comrade.

The friends of Sacco in Boston had also engaged a lawyer to defend him. Before a month had passed there were three lawyers in the case, and one of them was young and confiding, and told how he had heard one associate say to the other, "See if you can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get Sacco to tell where he buried the money". A part of the "theory" became that Sacco had buried the treasure in the garden of his home, which belonged to Mr. Kelly, his boss; and in each of the next seven springtimes, when Mr. Kelly's father got ready to plant potatoes, a thrill would go through the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Sacco's boss was digging for the treasure!

The idea of accusing Bart of the Bridgewater crime seemed to Cornelia such madness that she could not take it seriously. It was a case of mistaken identity, which would be cleared up when it was investigated. "They can't make such a charge against a man who has lived in a town for eight years; and when he went about that whole day, peddling eels to all North Plymouth! If it had been any day but the day before Christmas one might say there was a chance of getting the dates mixed; but everybody knows that Italians eat eels on Christmas, and Bart can prove that he had a barrel of them. It seems as if somebody has gone crazy."

"The bourgeoisie always goes crazy when its property-rights are threatened," said Pierre Leon.

"But I was there the day after Christmas," persisted Cornelia, "and they told me all about what they had done—Bart and Trando, and the barrel of eels, and the baker's horse, and how Trando would never believe Bart's promises again. Surely I could testify to that conversation!"

"It's what they call hearsay," said Joe Randall.

"When they were all talking about it—the whole family?"

"Well, a jury would say it was a put up job—to fool you and prepare an alibi. The Italians are cunning, you know!"

They comforted themselves with the thought of the law's delay. Criminal cases took a long time to get on the calendar in Massachusetts; and meantime, since bail was refused, there was nothing Cornelia and Betty could do. But the law is like a sleeping tiger, capable of swift and deadly leaps when it is roused. The second week in June there came a cablegram; the situation was very bad, and Bart was to be tried for the Bridgewater crime in less than two weeks. There was just time for Cornelia and Betty to get a steamer; so the little radical party broke up at an hour's notice. Pierre Leon would go back to his desk, and Joe Randall decided that he knew enough about the White Terror in Europe, and that his book ought to have a chapter about Massachusetts!

IX

Their steamer came in to New York one afternoon, and there on the pier, waving handkerchiefs, were Deborah and Priscilla. Betty's sister was engaged to be married to a young mountain of copper; an enormously important alliance, which had already supplied a column of genealogy to the *Transcript*. The ladies were going to plunder the Fifth Avenue shops of their treasures; and also the father of the family was in town, on business connected with Jerry Walker's felt-plants, now in his care. They were going to a musical comedy that evening, and had planned diversions for several days.

Betty had been away a whole year, and any normal rich girl would have brought home several trunk-loads of presents for relatives and friends. But here was this madcap pair, returning percipitately, with no purchases whatever—and very mysterious about it; obliged to decline diversions, and take the night train for Boston. After much nagging, Deborah got it out of them—they were hurrying to attend the trial of an Italian anarchist bandit! And they did actually go—Betty in spite of mother, father, and sister; Cornelia in spite of daughter, son-in-law and grand-daughter!

Bart was in the County Farm Jail at Plymouth, and during the afternoon was brought from his cell into the reception room. He had on a coarse gray shirt and trousers, badly shrunken; his out-door color was gone. He was haggard and thin, and his walrus moustaches drooped mournfully. But oh, so glad he was to see them! His face lighted up, and he came, half running, holding out his hands; the messages of his soul leaped to them, love and pity and heart-breaking grief. Poor old Bart—the greatest lover of freedom Cornelia had ever known—shut up behind steel bars! Tears started into the eyes of both the women, and the prisoner's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voice broke as he tried to speak. "Oh, Nonna, I so sorry for spoiling your holiday! Oh, Betty, I so sorry for bringing you to sooch place!"

"It's all right, Bart, we had a good holiday, and now we're here, and we're going to get you out in short order." It was Betty speaking, brave little soul—no melancholy while she was in charge! "Cheer up, old pal, it's going to be easy. This is Comrade Joe Randall, who has followed me all the way from Italy because he thinks I am going to be silly enough to marry him."

Bart turned quickly to the good-looking young fellow. "I glad for meeting you, Comrade Jorandall. If Comrade Betty marry you, you be very lucky feller."

"Oh, I'm not sure yet," said Betty. "I've got to make a real Red out of him. Now he's nothing but a pale pink, one of those riformistas that we don't trust. But he's going to help get you off, and that will educate him."

Their feeble effort at jollity came to a speedy end, and they talked about the trial, only two days away. "My enemy have got me," said Bart; and they knew without asking who this enemy was, the profit system, embodied in Plymouth by the great cordage company from which Bart had helped to extort two hundred thousand dollars every year, in the form of higher wages to its workers. "I think they not let me ever get away," said Bart, and Betty's cheerfulness could make no impression on this firm distrust.

"You see what they do," he said. "They cannot prove Nick and me were at South Braintree, have not got evidence for sending two men to electric chair. So they think, first we take Vanzett', we fixit him for Bridgewater job, we make him convicted. So when it come trial for South Braintree job, jury will say, one of them fellers is bandit, he is convicted, it is not so hard for believing they both should die."

"But Bart, it's crazy to try to prove that you were in Bridgewater that morning!" It was Cornelia speaking.

"They have got it fixit, Nonna, they prove what they want. I tell all friend not fool self. They have got everything."

"Oh, Bart!"

"I sure of it. Come big feller, lazy, smoke big cigar—is what for Italian worker pay money, buy him big cigar. He is funny man, he make joke, he whistle. I say, 'I am innochent'. He make funny face, he say, 'Very bad, they put you wit' Sacc'!' He stick up finger in air, he make it go round, so"—Bart made a spiral motion, his index finger going up. "He say, 'Pfist!' Is hardest work he ever do for poor wop."

"I thought they had an investigator getting witnesses!"

"Have got Italian feller—he is spy for go-vérnment. He get all comrades put up money, buy him automobile, so he can go look for witness. But it pass many days, he not bring witness. Is plenty witness in Plymoot', but it must Brinis find them. Is maybe witness in Bridgewater, could find people say I not look like bandit, but cannot get them."

"Bart," said Betty, "we are not spies for the government, and we're going to rent a car right away, and take the Brinis this evening and see if we can find some witnesses in Bridgewater. Cheer up now; we're really going to help you. Joe, here, is an expert investigator; he is writing a book on the White Terror in Europe."

"Is same terror here, Comrade Joe, is plenty people could tell I am innochent, but will not dare speaking. Is polissman saw me on street, talk wit' me in morning, ask for price of eel, but will not tell. Is express office man, he knows I got barrel of eel, but he will not let us look for paper—what you call it, receipt. Is superintendent of cordage plant, you know him. He know I was in Plymoot' that day—but see if he come for witness! You saw him, Nonna, always, ever since strike, four year, he walk across street when I come, is not willing for meet me. Is maybe hate, maybe fear—but see if he help me getting out from jail! No, it is price I pay for eight year I try to educate worker. What is it they have said about Gesu, Nonna?"

" 'He stirreth up the people.' "

"Joosta so! And I am joosta same age, Nonna, I am thirty-two, like it was Comrade Gesu when his enemy put him in jail! I have readed about him—it is book what they give for wop to read in jail, because all church

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people have not know how bad rivoluzionario was Gesu!"

This was one of the themes Bart liked to talk about; he forgot his own desperate peril for a few minutes, while he sorrowed for Comrade Gesu. And when the three visitors went out, Joe Randall said, "This much is certain whatever happens, the police have given us a good martyr!"

X

The little party set out in a car that evening, and going from house to house at the scene of the Bridgewater hold-up, they found two Italians who had witnessed the crime, and had told the police that the bandit who stood on the street and fired a shot-gun was a short man with a closely cropped moustache. These witnesses had been rejected by the police as not fitting the "theory", and they were willing to appear for the defense. There were other witnesses who might have been found, if there had been more time, and if the seekers had realized the urgency. But Cornelia was hugging her notion that the case of the prosecution was bound to break down in court; and what human mind could have conceived that ghastly eccentricity of the laws of Massachusetts, which amounted in effect to this: that whatever evidence was presented to the jury at this coming trial would count, while everything that was found out later might as well have been left in the darkness of oblivion? To quote the words of the Supreme Judicial Court of the august Commonwealth, handed down in the Sacco-Vanzetti case: "It is not imperative that a new trial be granted, even though the evidence is newly discovered, and if presented to a jury would justify a different verdict". Such is the law of the Brahmins and Blue-bloods, which altereth not!

O fates that hold us at your choice
How strange a web ye spin!

How strange the plight in which you have placed us—that we walk backwards into our lives, with eyes that see the past, but are blind to the future! With ears that hear the past, but are deaf to the future! Betty rented a car, and Joe drove her and Cornelia and Vincenzo and Alfonsina to Bridgewater; and along with that little party went a vast throng, made up of twenty-six hundred and nine days, each one with a separate burden of griefs and regrets. Days, black-clad and sombre, waving black veils unseen! Days wailing and moaning, shouting alarms unheard! Cornelia and Betty and Joe and Vincenzo and Alfonsina got out of the car, separated and walked up and down streets, rang door-bells and went into houses asking questions of strangers; and into every house with them went ten million mourners, ten million protestants marching, singing, carrying banners in a hundred foreign tongues. Mobs roared their fury, shrieked their imprecations; bombs exploded, sheets of plate-glass were shattered; cavalry charged, clubs fell on human heads, sabres clove human flesh, men fell and bled and died—and of all that tumult not one sound reached the deaf ears, not one glimpse penetrated the blind eyes!

Voices, ghostly voices calling, up and down the streets of the little town of Bridgewater, all through that warm spring night! Run, Betty, run, on your swift young limbs that have been trained by climbing mountains! Run, and rest not—until you find those other witnesses who will testify that the bandit had a closely cropped moustache! Run, Cornelia—one last effort of those old legs, shrunken and withered so that you do not like to see them—find some one who can tell you the names of those two Pinkerton operatives who signed the initials "H. H." and "J. J. H.", and who know that witnesses of the Commonwealth told them they could not identify the bandits! Joe Randall, driver of the car, don't go back to Plymouth tonight! Turn your head lights to Boston, an hour or two away, and use your newspaper introductions to find the reporter who was first upon the scene, and will make an affidavit supporting the Pinkerton men! Cornelia, put your family influence to work, get the company to give up those Pinkerton reports—now while they will count, and not later, when they will be thrust into a pigeonhole and forgotten by a governor's secretary, who is paid a double salary to forget whatever the governor does not want to know!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look, Cornelia! Look, Betty and Joe, look at that man, waiting in the future; a man made all of marble, with eyes like two agates, cold, expressionless; a supersalesman of automobiles who will play the part of final jury, and will politely accept your evidence, and remain of his fixed opinion! Joe Randall, "expert investigator", now is your hour! Drive to Atlantic Avenue, where the wholesale fish-dealers have their stores, and find that Italian who shipped the barrel of eels! Pull off your coat and climb into the attic and search the boxes of records—it will not be so hard now as seven years later, for there are not so many records, and the dust is not so thick! And when you find the book of express receipts, showing the barrel of eels consigned to "B. Vanzetti, Plymouth", three days before Christmas, 1919, it may count with the jury—instead of being set aside, unlooked at by the agate eyes!

XI

The little party turned their car home that night, very well content with what they had achieved. And next morning they sat down to a conference with eminent legal authority. Cornelia offered her testimony, and learned that it was not available, because most of it was hearsay; and that anyhow, she had better not take the stand, because she would be questioned concerning Vanzetti's beliefs, and it was not desirable to have the jury know that he was an anarchist. Of course everybody in Plymouth knew it perfectly well, but if it was not introduced in the evidence the jury would be ordered to disregard it and would do so—that being the merry fiction of the merry legal game. Could Cornelia testify that Vanzetti was a pacifist, and repudiated violence? Could she testify that he did not believe in the overthrow of the United States government by force? No, she could not testify that, and therefore nothing she could say about Vanzetti's character would count with the jurors. How could they fail to be suspicious of an American woman who confessed to intimate friendship with a dangerous Italian Red?

Furthermore, there was a question as to whether Vanzetti should be a witness himself. He could not deny his anarchistic opinions, which would so antagonize the jurors that they would find him guilty of anything, regardless of evidence. It was a delicate matter because Vanzetti was a draft-evader, and the jury would consist of men who had gone to the war, or had sent their sons. Also he was an atheist, and the jury would consist of devout church-goers. The police had found on Vanzetti a letter from a friend, denouncing a certain Catholic priest, calling him a "pig". The jurymen in Plymouth county were not apt to be Catholics themselves, but they would think that Italians ought to be Catholics, and it would be better to appeal to the district attorney's sense of fair play not to introduce that letter.

Vanzetti was stubborn, and clamorous to be heard in his own defense; but then, he would not stop denying that he had met Boda at Johnson's garage the night of the arrest; and how could he expect to get away with that, in face of the testimony the Commonwealth could offer, if the issue were raised? No, Vanzetti must accept legal advice, and be made to understand that under the law he was not required to testify, and no conclusion unfavorable to him could be drawn from his failure to testify.

And again the future rose up and shouted, ten million hands were waved unseen, ten million warnings were voiced unheard! The fates that held Cornelia and Betty at their choice granted no glimpse of the man of marble with the agate eyes, the super-salesman of automobiles who seven years later was to be the final jury in the case. Not once did they hear him repeat the formula, which was to make him seem like a gramophone through the weary months of the future; the formula which would balk the friends of love and justice who travelled from all over the world to appeal to him; the formula which took the place of all evidence and all thought—"Why did not Vanzetti take the stand in his own behalf?"

(*To be continued next month*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN BRIEF REVIEW

NORMAN AULT has edited an anthology, *Seventeenth Century Lyrics* (Longmans, Green, $3.50), which satisfies in every respect the high standards this scholar set when he published his "Elizabethan Lyrics", to which this volume is the sequel. The anthology is of special interest because it rests upon a fresh and thorough searching of sources. Ranging from Jonson's "Gipsy Song" of 1621 to Pope's "Ode on Solitude" of 1700, and presenting more than five hundred lyrics from a provisional selection of about three thousand poems, it is not only a valuable record of the poetic genius of an age, but a record of its editor's fine discrimination and devotion to a difficult task. Norman Ault has examined every seventeenth century manuscript he found available; he has made his own collections, and he has printed thirty-three poems never before published, as well as producing evidence to change or assign authorship to certain pieces. His book is thoroughly indexed, and contains among other aids a short-title list of the many anonymous collections of the period.

Although Ault's labor of editing is best appreciated by scholars, every reader will enjoy the triumphal richness of his display. Since Shelley and Byron wrote, and after them Tennyson and Browning, many critics have been neatly contemptuous of the claims of Donne, Crashaw, Suckling, and others. They have slyly listed them as minor and have inferred that their work, because they wrote of Chloris and Phyllis, was not informed with "high spiritual values". Norman Ault's services may help disperse this wan superstition. The seventeenth century lyrists wrote with restless passion of love and of death; about these fundamental themes they played a fierce intelligent light, and whether they wrote with holy fervor or with sardonic laughter, all of them, as Herrick avowed, knocked at stars with their exalted heads. They were not content with romantic impressions but translated them into sophisticated and passionate thought.

Throughout his strange life Horatio Alger was as much a ragamuffin as any bootblack hero of his stories. But he was always a romantic ragamuffin, a strange Bohemian, who indulged in a thousand mad idiosyncrasies; now prowling the streets of New York disguised in a wig and draped in a cape; now building the extravagant dream in which he visualized himself as the President of the United States. *Alger: A Biography Without a Hero,* by Herbert R. Mayes (Macy-Masius, $3.50), is one of the most astonishing of biographies. That Alger's books in their day were read by hundreds of thousands is true enough. But that "his name in America is better known than Shakespeare's, his writings more widely read" is as hard to accept as Mr. Mayes's picture of the citizen of Detroit who had never seen a postman.

The story of Horatio Alger's life is a story of amazing contrasts. First there is the picture of his harshly repressed childhood, the son of a minister and himself destined for the ministry; then the years at Harvard; the trip to Europe, where, in Paris, the New England inhibitions were worsted; then the strange life in the Newsboys Lodging House in New York during the period of his greatest productivity. In his reading Alger was almost unbelievably limited. Once he outlined to a friend the plot of a projected story, a tale of the French Revolution, in which one man would go to the guillotine in another's place. Drily the friend asked Alger if he had ever read Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities". He had not. When, after college, he made that trip to Europe, he was reconciled to his brief stay in London because it was the city of Dickens. Yet he had never read a line of Dickens. He was in his fifties when he discovered "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas.

It was his ability to work at high speed, sometimes for ten hours at a stretch, that enabled Alger to produce his one hundred and twenty juvenile books. He wrote books for boys because he could not write books for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*To many people Shakespeare is but a* name, *to some he is a* god, *to others a* myth, *to a few*, human."

PROFESSOR C. W. WALLACE

Shakespeare

What He Means to You

By NATHAN KAUFMAN

A unique book on Shakespeare bringing out his *human* side—also his literary greatness—from a thoughtful business man's viewpoint.

Some of the Chapters

Shakespeare as Business Man
Shakespeare and the Bible
Shakespeare's "Invisible World"
Shakespeare, Master Teacher
Shakespeare the Man
"What is Shakespeare to Me?"

A TIMELY VOLUME NOW READY

Price $2.00
Postpaid $2.10

Plays • Players • Playhouses

International Drama of Today

By IRMA KRAFT

With Forewords by

Eva Le Gallienne and George Arliss

Profusely Illustrated

"I know of no other book that covers such a wide and varied field."—EVA LE GALLIENNE.

Price $2.50, Postpaid $2.60

George Dobsevage, Publisher
11 West 42nd Street - New York

men. All his life he dreamed of writing a novel for adults. He was eternally hoping, and while waiting for the inspiration for a masterpiece, he kept on doing his boy stories, often with disgust. He had no illusions about these tales. "Times," he said, "will change. Horse cars will disappear. Boys no longer will black boots in the street. What I am describing will seem fantastic to future generations. . . . Nobody will read them, even assuming they are well done."

The secret of the appeal of his stories was that they reflected the aspiration of the age in which they were written. As a nation the United States, in the 1870's was concerned in finding a way out of its poverty. Alger was writing books when James B. Duke, the tobacco king, was peddling the tobacco his father planted; when James A. Farrell, who was to become president of the United States Steel Corporation, was a laboring boy in a wire mill; when Henry Ford was working for two dollars and a half as a polisher of steam engines.

These were a few of the countless thousands who were asking themselves: "If Ragged Dick did it—why can't I?"

Dolls, by Esther Singleton (Payson & Clarke, $7.50) is not, as the name implies, a book on playthings, but a comprehensive well-illustrated study of the origin of the doll and its many uses through the ages. Miss Singleton is a competent biographer in this field and has access to the few reliable documents on dolls as well as to private collections of much importance.

It is a common belief that dolls have always existed as playthings, made by primitive man for his child either out of stone or wood; also that the doll appeals most strongly to the little girl's maternal instinct. Both these beliefs are disputed in Miss Singleton's book. She says that as a result of archaeological and psychological study we know that the "doll as a plaything is of late occurrence" and that it "is a greater stimulant to the little girl's imagination than to her maternal instinct". The author stresses the importance of the Fashion Doll, as the only reliable method of studying dress customs in the Middle Ages. Until recently

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the doll was used either as a fetish, image, malicious effigy or a messenger of fashion, and became solely a child's toy only after losing its supposed supernatural power. And because in this age the doll is the child's possession, this book would be fascinating to children were it not that the large field it covers makes it too difficult for them to understand.

In the admirable volume *Danton* (Putnam, $5.00), Hilaire Belloc demonstrates the perfection of a method at once pliable, accurate and eloquent. Beneath the glow and sparkle of a style scintillating with beautiful phrasing there is evident the steady heat of Truth. The scaffolding of the Danton biography, had Mr. Belloc held to a bare statement of facts, would have been but a sorry silhouette. For seldom has there been offered to an historian scantier material from which to construct a biography. Wisely, therefore, the author places the massive figure of the revolutionist against the lurid background of the French Revolution itself, avoiding "a mere string of events" for the finer purpose of developing the causes that led France to become the vanguard of that tremendous moral convulsion which swept through Europe "like the wind on the Red sea, and bared for a moment things that had been hidden for centuries". In those chapters dealing with political situations one senses the restraint of an historian's conscience. There is the sound of wings unfurling as the hard and fast land of fact is left below and the author prophesies "Whatever crises the Western civilization is to pass and whatever form its edifice will finally take, when the noise of the building is over, the corner-stone, with its immense strength and its precision of line, was planned by the philosophy and was hewn by the force of the Revolution. Civilizations die, and ours was dying before that wind swept over Europe".

Defending Danton as a man maligned, Mr. Belloc gives some touching incidents of his private life. He was leader of the Cordeliers. The Cordeliers were fighting the Assembly and the Champ de Mars was the altar upon which patriotism must lay the sacrifice of affection and personal ambition. Two vast instruments ruled France; the Tribunal and the Committee. Danton, the man who saw beyond the hegemony of Paris into the heart of Europe, was driven from his policy of conciliation into active insurrection. And upon him came the immutable stigma of ruthless revolutionist. Mr. Belloc's enthusiasm does not pass over Danton's radical defect; lack of vision and ideality. Another, a wolf-man, strangely bore in his empty heart this writing of God; and Belloc, the idealist comprehending an idealist, permits himself in his final chapter a startling re-incarnation of Robespierre.

We heard recently of an American woman who sailed for France bearing Scotch as a present for a friend in Paris. And an Englishman, James Barbican, has written *The Confessions of a Rum Runner* (Ives Washburn, $2.00). The average American knows more about rum-running and bootlegging, both on the spectacular and the economic sides, than he does about any other profession. But here is the story again—rum ships and blockade running, high-jackers and federal agents, graft and corruption. "One of the oldest and most conservative firms in Great Britain" (blurb) has published the book there, and vouches for its authenticity. On the Island it will be widely read and may shatter many a monocle. Here it can be passed by, for it has little literary or news value. It may do some harm. For the more civilized citizen is beginning to take liquor as it should be taken—straight and for granted.

The story is told by a foot-loose Englishman who enters the profession backed by an English syndicate. His account of it all rings true; he writes a straight story without embellishment; at times one gets rather excited over some isolated incident. But when Mr. Barbican leaves his Cheviot and dishes up American character for English consumption, and, unchaining an abortive sense of humor, lets it gambol about with our frailties—of which we have been only too conscious ever since the first visit to these shores by an Englishman—then we lift an eyebrow. After all, we bought and paid for all of Mr. Barbican's Cheviot.

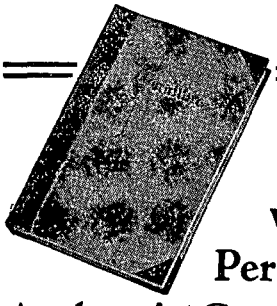
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN JAY'S
Bookstore

Your Own Name On a Sign Like This

SHOULD mean real pleasure plus substantial financial reward. So many people read books these days, more stores are needed. If books are your hobby and you have reasonable capital, energy and business ability, there is a splendid opportunity for you in this interesting profession. For information about how to open a book shop or a rental library, write to

Bookselling Information Service
Room 772-B
18 West 34th Street, New York City



This Book will teach you Period Furniture

Authentic, Concise, Readable

Every library should contain this convenient volume on period furniture styles. Written for the layman; brief, compact, interesting. Contains 30 chapters and subdivisions, covering all principal furniture periods and designers in history, with chronological table of England, France and America, and glossary. More than 250 beautiful halftone illustrations and marginal sketches with descriptive text. Size 5½ by 8½ in. Handsomely printed and bound.

A prominent furniture decorator writes: "I have read 'Furniture' through twice, and know it will always be one of the most useful books in my library."

The price, $1.00, barely covers cost of production. No similar book sells for less than double this amount.

$1.00 postpaid

CENTURY FURNITURE CO.
60-E. Logan St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

CENTURY GRAND RAPIDS

For some reason a good many critics have emphasized the irony in Dégas's art. Even M. Ambroise Vollard in his recently translated volume *Dégas* (Greenberg, $3.00) speaks of "— the sort of cruelty which often led him to depict women at the most intimate moments of their toilet".

The truth is, probably, that Dégas did not satirize women so much as he satirized the eroticism that artists had made fashionable since the Renaissance. He did not do this objectively; Dégas was no reformer. Certain movements and colors connected with women happened to please him so much that he did not need the voluptuous aspects of their bodies as a stimulus. Consequently he saw them not as a sex, but as people, especially working people.

It was, then, other than his misanthropic qualities which made his work valuable. Renoir, who understood him perhaps better than anyone, said it was, "that chaste, half religious side which makes his work so great". M. Arsène said it was the vigor and refinement of his line and form. In these statements we begin to see Dégas not as a sour-minded, bitter-tongued eccentric, but as a man of complete though sensitive development. It is this man whom M. Vollard shows us in a manner that is as convincing as it is delightful. Those who are familiar with his "Renoir" and "Cézanne" will find the same objective, anecdotal manner that builds a strong and interesting figure. He is not a moralist. If the volume has any real fault, it is in a lack of index.

The whitewash brush has seldom been brought into more zealous use than in Cecil Austin's *The Immortal Ninon* (Brentano's, $3.50). Frank and unabashed, the author stands forth to champion this unparalleled woman of gallantry, who deliberately, without any excuse of passion or financial stress, embraced a career that has never been held in high estimation even in the indulgent society of Paris. Ninon was not a *fille de joie*, but a person of good birth and some consequence; although never rich, she enjoyed the friendship of the leading men of the times and of women in high position at court. Madame de Maintenon was intimate with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her; Christina of Sweden deemed it an honor to be received by her. Bishops, great lords, titled ladies waited at her door. Yet, from her early youth she "had not the faintest care for her reputation or for the gossip of her neighbors, friends or rivals", but entered into intimacy with one man after another, heedless of whose marital claims she violated; vaunting her one good quality—which set her apart from other gold diggers of all periods—that she accepted no gift from a lover, but only from "friends". To Ninon gallantry was a delightful career; her house a refuge for young men who sought proper initiation into the customs of the times. But even her biased biographer concedes that with delicious spirituality " to her the sensual was the salt of life". She claimed the right to be as free to obey her instincts as any male animal. In this she was a pioneer. Yet there drifts to one a memory of another woman, named Jezebel, who believed that vice has no sex. Also famous for her wit and her beauty, she had not the luck of Ninon, who had Fraguier to write her perfect epitaph: "All that she thought was well thought, all that she said was well said, all that she did was well done. Her house was the house of honor, and she, in that respect superior to the greatest geniuses, was always the most honored". After that let no one say again that a prophet hath no honor in his own country.

The *Life of Lord Curzon* (Boni & Liveright, $15.00 a set) furnishes one more proof that the problem of the authorized biography is still unsolved. History demands a full record of every important career; from every other quarter there comes a protest against the dullness and prolixity of a Life and Letters. Curzon was foredoomed to supply a fine example of the dilemma. Following the Victorian fashion, he kept all his papers, and, being a more prolific wielder of the pen than any other statesman of his time, he poured out letters and memoranda, dispatches and books, writing with a copious enjoyment which, beginning before he went to school, continued to the end of his days. The result, for the biographer, you can guess. He is having to work through a mountain of material, and cannot do the Life in less than three volumes. Here is the first; the second comes in June, the third in September.

Lord Ronaldshay, who has shouldered this task, was one of the most successful of the governors of Bengal. He is a competent writer, and his experience of public affairs is such that he can move with ease through the whole astonishing career. In a later number THE BOOKMAN will publish a considered review of the Life.

It is the fashion of the age to be contemptuous of the Rev. Mason L. Weems, that incorrigible little parson in black, who scurried so noisily through the post-Revolutionary period. Contemptuous merely because as a biographer he chose to be imaginative and entertaining; for all that the average person knows of Weems is that he reported the demolition of a tree which, some scholars say, never even sprouted. Beg the question as to whether historical accuracy on such matters is in the last analysis important and *look* at the man as he appears in *Parson Weems of the Cherry Tree,* by Harold Kellock (Century, $2.00).

A preacher who horrified his fellow churchmen with his radical ideas and scandalous behavior, especially with his fiddling, and who terrified the sinners of the seven deadly sins with his fiery oratory (rarely neglecting to sell his own tracts after the sermon to cement his words in the minds of the congregation); a publisher who knew what the public wanted; the author of the most popular and widely read biography ever written by an American, and pamphlets and tracts on murder, adultery, rum, etc., which sold by the thousands, professing the same moral purpose as does the modern tabloid press, and for lurid sensationalism leaving the tabloids cold; a bookseller whose merchandizing methods might well be studied by the trade of today; the player of a fiddle the sound of which was greeted with acclaim from Philadelphia to Savannah. A rogue, an opportunist, a liar, a perverter of fact, a hoaxter. An earnest man with high ideals, a moralist, a man respected and loved, an indefatigable worker. A superior intelligence, a mind rich in humor, writing with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLOSE UP

An International Monthly Magazine Published in Europe

—approaching films from the angles of art, experiment and development.

—not highbrow, but progressive.

—reporting the major achievements.

—a searchlight on new film-forms.

—distinguished thinkers and writers as contributors—Havelock Ellis, Andre Gide, Arnold Bennett.

—news of all countries, with correspondents in Paris, London, Berlin, Moscow, Rome, Hollywood, etc.

Single Copies, 35 cents
Annual Subscription, $3.50
Vol. 1 July-December, 1927
$5.00 bound

American Representatives

FILM ARTS GUILD
SYMON GOULD, *Director*
500 Fifth Ave., Dept. B, New York

pen dipped in colorful ink of vivid and dramatic intensity. If only Weems had written his own life!

This entertaining biography presents one of the most grotesque, amusing, and interesting men of letters America has had; understand him if you can. There is some question as to whether the parson does not at times leave Mr. Kellock far behind, puzzled, uncertain, and a bit apologetic. One suspects that Mr. Kellock does not always approve of his parson, and that is too bad; for a biographer with a moral code should not write about a person such as Parson Weems.

(*Continued from page 337*)

leader under whom he had served in the war. As the train moved out, he stood alone, saluting his dead commander.

The train consisted of three cars, two of them filled with wreaths and poppies. The body will lie in state at St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh tomorrow, Sunday and Monday and will be buried at Dryburgh Abbey, near Earl Haig's home, Bemersyde, on Tuesday.

Simultaneously with the services here other services honoring Earl Haig were held in Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Leeds, York, Belfast, Dublin and Aldershot. For three days here there has been a continuous sale of poppies made by disabled men, to whom Earl Haig was a patron, and great sums were realized to aid the war veterans.

Diary a Secret Till 1940

The war diary left by Earl Haig, which is believed to contain sensational entries, is now in the strong-room of the British Museum and will remain there unpublished for twelve years. Earl Haig gave the diary sealed into the hands of the trustees of the museum with the understanding that it remain unopened till 1940.

Only one friend of the dead Marshal outside his own family knows the contents of the diary.

It is understood that the Marshal gives his frank opinion of many statesmen and Generals for their conduct of the war. He is known to have opposed many of these.

THE SWORD LILY

By NORMAN LEWIS

This young college man and school principal offers, in this volume, four wonderful stories, dealing with Nebraska sandhills, the great Canadian northwest, with the psychology of exhibition riding in the cow country, and little known prehistoric life of the cave dwellers.

The combination of the modern viewpoint with the ethics that are the foundation of all good society in absorbing romance, make this volume especially well worth reading. Cloth; gold stamping; 123 pages; $1.50 prepaid.

MEADOR PUBLISHING COMPANY
27 Beach St. Boston, Mass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION NOTES

PERHAPS, as is intimated in the introduction, *The Three-Cornered Hat*, by Don Pedro Antonio de Alarcón (Simon & Schuster, $3.00), *was* one of the tales with which Adam shocked Lilith long before Mr. Avery Hopwood and his confrères decided that a variation on it would make a profitable bedroom farce. But what of it? Neither Mr. Hopwood, nor Petronius, nor Boccaccio, has done as admirable and deft a job of it as Alarcón in this mischievous bit of waggery.

For there is something peculiarly droll in the Andalusian setting—something incongruous in the juxtaposition of mediaeval social customs with reports of Napoleonic exploits—something so intimately and bewitchingly Spanish in the carelessly journalistic way in which the author digresses from the story time after time, that the reader is captivated from the start. All this drollery has been perfectly mirrored in the illustrations by Norman Tealby.

The story? The Corregidor of an Andalusian district, a rakish old lout, makes love to the pretty wife of the miller Lucas. He tries to enter her bedroom at night—after having her husband arrested and taken to a neighboring town—and is thunderstruck when he discovers that Frasquita is not only faithful to the miller, but very much in love with him. She flees to get her husband, but while she is gone Lucas returns, only to find the Corregidor's clothes drying by the fire, and the Corregidor himself in his bed. Murdering the old lout would only make Lucas ridiculous; so he decides to disguise himself in the Corregidor's clothes and help himself to the Corregidor's wife. And then the fun begins in earnest.

Somerset Maugham's *Mrs. Craddock* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is announced not as a reprint but a new book. And in his amusing introduction, the author tells us to what extent this is true. Originally published thirty years ago, the book has now been re-edited, and some of the more strikingly youthful passages deleted or revamped while others that had been censored have been restored. The story, in spite of all corrections, remains curiously *démodé*. It comes to us with a depressing shock to find how alien already are the manners, emotional and mental, of a day just over the horizon. This tale of a woman "who wanted to but didn't" was regarded, Mr. Maugham tells us, as distinctly shocking at the time it appeared. Needless to add, it will shock no one now. But once we have accustomed ourselves to a certain primness and stiffness of movement, we recognize the Maugham of today—a little more earnest, a little duller, but the same. The chorus of this disallowed tragedy, in the person of the heroine's spinster aunt, is a delightfully cynical echo. The Victorian Age itself cannot wither a really salty woman.

For many the War was much the same experience as for Mark VII, *A Subaltern on the Somme* (Dutton, $2.00), with even the rare moments of spiritual exaltation tainted by the stench of what had passed or quickened by the uncertainty of the ever-coming tomorrow; but few could recreate as Mark VII does. His book is the broken diary of an English subaltern at the front from July, 1916, to January, 1917: no heroics; no illusions; no self-conscious half-hidden parade of bravery; he loathed it all. When he gets his Blighty ticket his response is: "Home! My God; I'm going home!" But, incidentally, he has done his job well. An honest man, this Mark VII, and courageous. Such books should be in every school curriculum. Fewer brass bands, more rotting bodies; fewer rippling flags, and more sucking mud.

Being a good part poet, the author found many beautiful things to say; being a seeker after truth, he found many—perhaps unanswerable—questions to ask; having a keen sense of humor, he could not but be conscious of the mirthful. He has fine understanding, balance, limitless sympathy. His style is clear and clean, with seldom an unnecessary word or phrase. Were he a painter we would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS reproduced in CREATIVE ART

"FRISKY HORSE" By HEINZ WARNEKE
(*Courtesy, Milch Galleries*)

CREATIVE ART

reproduces month by month the finest sculpture, paintings, etchings, lithographs, and so forth, of contemporary artists throughout the world. This magazine is a mirror not only of the "Fine Arts" but also of the latest developments in the "Applied Arts."

CREATIVE ART

is edited by LEE SIMONSON, who is not only a scenic designer of international reputation, but also a painter and a brilliant writer. He believes that art is a living and thrilling entity which can and should touch all our lives.

CREATIVE ART

for over thirty years has appeared in England under the title of THE STUDIO. Editions have since been issued in France, Germany and Italy. For many years it has been recognized as the world's leading journal of the arts and crafts. Its circulation is greater than that of any other art magazine and is continually on the increase.

CREATIVE ART

will contain, in addition to the complete English STUDIO, edited and printed in London, a large American section devoted to the fine and applied art of this country.

CREATIVE ART

A Magazine of Fine and Applied Art
Edited by LEE SIMONSON
By Subscription, $7.50 a year *Monthly, 75 cents a copy*
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say that his startling effects were rarely due to color, almost always to line. "Facts are mere accessories to the truth," he writes. Facts we have had a hundred times—the truth not so often; it is here, unmistakable, convincing, familiar.

The Kiss (Century, $2.00), is the work of an experienced newspaper man. This would be evident even if one knew nothing of M. K. Wisehart's past and there were no "blurb" to disclose it. Only a man thoroughly acquainted with the philosophy as well as the technique of a reporter could have written so convincingly of the results of newspaper publicity. The tale tells of a tiny scandal in a New England town which ruined a prominent minister's career, almost broke up a home and furnished the latest gossip for millions—all because an enterprising reporter happened to get wind of it. The book is one of suave irony rather than satire. The author never permits a desire for caricature to muddle his perception of facts. As a result, most of his characters have an authentic individuality. The woman in the case is particularly well drawn. Only the minister seems a bit vague. The story abounds in difficult situations, which are handled.

S. Fowler Wright, though a lawyer, has small sympathy for present-day laws or for his profession—or even for modern civilization as a whole. All this is made obvious in his *Deluge* (Cosmopolitan, $2.50); a bit too obvious, indeed, to comply with the principle of strict neutrality in art. While busy constructing a new civilization, he cannot refrain from taking a slap from his auctorial platform at details in the present one which fail to please him: traffic laws, the criminal code, birth control, the mining industry, and numerous others. It seems unfortunate that creators of Utopias are seldom willing to let their plan speak for itself, but must enhance its value by flaunting the imperfections in the existing order. Aside from this, the book is vigorously conceived and beautifully written. The story is of a flood, caused by a depression of the earth's surface, which destroyed modern civilization; and particularly, of the

Marie Tello Phillips'
fine novel
Stella Marvin
The straightforward tale of a modern American family's struggle to live "nearer to the heart's desire."
A beautifully made book. Decorated wrapper.
Price $2.00

George O. Schoonhoven's
collection of light verse
The Chaff of Life
A memorial volume, containing the contributions of this promising young Brooklyn poet to *The Conning Tower*, *Judge*, *The Lantern*, etc.
Small Crown 8vo. With a Portrait
Price $1.50

HAROLD VINAL, Ltd.
Publishers **562 Fifth Avenue, New York**

The Bookman in summer

If you are spending the summer months in the country be sure you do not miss THE BOOKMAN.

We will send it to your vacation address from June to September for $1.50.

THE BOOKMAN, 452 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send me THE BOOKMAN for four months. I enclose $1.50.
Name .....
Address .....
City .....State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggle of a man and two women in what was left of England to re-establish order on a more logical foundation than formerly existed. The atmosphere of a newer, hardier world than ours exhales from the book.

In *Oberland* (Knopf, $2.50), the ninth volume (not the tenth, as the jacket says) of her "Pilgrimage", Dorothy Richardson's heroine spends a few winter weeks in the Bernese Oberland before she returns to London and Hypo. Her experiences in the two volumes that precede this, together with the stimulus of the locale in this one, make her more actual and more vital than ever before.

Consciously or unconsciously, Miss Richardson's method has changed with her material. Far from being purely subjective, as in the early volumes of the series, it is frequently so objective as to be almost impressionistic. The note of ecstasy is grandly and triumphantly sounded, in contrast to the distressingly English guests at Miriam's hotel. The book is rich in poetic passages that are a full reward for the gas-light drabness of the earlier books in the series.

David Cort's *Once More, Ye Laurels* (John Day, $2.00) is the tale of a family of which one member in each generation has a talent dissipated by the demands of life. Camilla Weymouth captivates Colonel Peters with her performances on the spinet in 1790, but her talent is forgotten when her children come. Her daughter makes wax miniatures and is betrayed by a debauched husband; her grandson is a poet who apostrophizes the Confederacy and gives his life for it; her great-grandson is a professor whose sense of humor remains unpublished while he turns out one text-book after another in order to meet his bills and keep up appearances.

In young Dorney Peters the fire is quenched by an excess of sophistication, and by a mistaken sense of values. When he discovers his errors, he has the decency to commit suicide; but the story of the events that lead up to it is a poignant and sincere transcript of the experiences of our age. At times the delicacy is a little too studied to be anything more than a trick; but the sincerity of the whole soon makes the reader forget this excess showmanship. And yet the book is a failure because its tragedy is already too commonplace and too universal to win anything more than a shrug of our shoulders. The author himself realizes this in a final chapter in which he indicates that the suicide of his hero was in itself a futile gesture, of no profit to anyone, and of no consequence.

The Wise Wife, by Arthur Somers Roche, (Century, $1.75) offers a new solution of the eternal triangle trial marriage between the husband and the house guest. It is arranged and supervised in every detail by the outraged wife, whose purpose is to kill romance with over-familiarity. The husband and girl rebel after one day of this treatment; the plan fails, and Mrs. Blaisdell is forced to resort to the old stratagem of inventing a rival to win her husband back.

The book is written with Mr. Roche's customary ease and exhilaration. Its intellectual, moral, and philosophical tone is set by the frequent generalizations of Mrs. Blaisdell, the last of which is typical: " 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' Also, sometimes it breeds love. Real love".

In *Gods of Yesterday* (Appleton, $2.00), James Warner Bellah has written almost the first highly satisfactory stories about the airmen who fought in the war. That is real praise, for the subject demands something more than a tame talent. Mr. Bellah has brought to it a gift for swift, direct, pointed narrative curiously combined with a sensitive imagination. "Fear", the story of a young aviator's baptism by fire, is tensely, painfully real. Reading it, one experiences the terror and the loneliness that came to men in the gray air wastes above Cambrai. For sheer intensity none of the other tales can equal this one, though "The Great Tradition", with its deliberate brutality, is a close second. In each of the stories there is a cruel quality of suspense, unaccompanied by artificial plots or false glamor. They initiate one into the state of mind which made it possible for these aviators to do their perilous work, but the men themselves are not romanticized.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We suspect that before Octave Aubrey wrote *The Emperor Falls in Love* (Harpers, $2.50), she rather fell in love with that dazzling personage herself. This excellently written volume furnishes irrefragable testimony as to Josephine's worthlessness and to the patience and sweetness of Napoleon toward the woman he adored. The reader who can steel his heart against Bonaparte, seizing time amid the fall of shrapnel and din of war to write tender missives to her (she was betraying him even then, with the stupid *chasseur* Charles) must be obdurate indeed. Whatever else Bonaparte was, it is fairly certain that he was a forbearing and generous husband toward a commonplace wife. Many million words have been printed about him. Anything as eloquent as these of Madame Aubrey will be welcome.

A sprightly story told pleasantly is *The 5:35*, a novel of suburban life by Helen V. Tooker (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00). Its heroine is a girl commuter, but its most forcible character is the girl's mother, who devotes all her time to charities and clubs, yet expends on her children such a demanding affection that she very nearly succeeds in wrecking their happiness. Her son succumbs to the strain of her domination, but the girl finally wins through; and in the end the mother proves that her love can be more unselfish than her phrases. The style of the book is frequently homely and colloquial, but it has a flair for humor and a deftness of character handling sufficient for its purpose.

The difficult first few years of marriage are subjected again to diagnosis and prescription in *Uncertain Treasure*, by Helen Woodbury (Little, Brown, $2.00). The immediate reason why the two young persons of this book strike the shallows is the girl's insistence on "independence" for them both. Since they do not care for one another's friends, she holds that they shall pursue their separate interests. Acceptable novels will always be written on this theme because people want to read easily the mirrored troubles of their own lives. A fine novel, however, cannot be achieved so long as it employs this method of a solemn analysis of events.

Cipher Stories Puzzle Book

Ciphering—the new puzzle fun—has become a fashionable epidemic. There's a story with each set of puzzles—yarns and wisecracks about celebrities. The 25 rollicking stories contain clues to 100 brain teasing puzzles. Entertains—thrills.

$1.75 at all Booksellers ($1.85 by mail)

Machine-Gun Diplomacy

by J. A. H. Hopkins and Melinda Alexander

Can the present fighting in Nicaragua be called anything but war? *Why are we down there?* Why did we occupy and subjugate Haiti, Dominican Republic, etc.? In this book, the inside facts are frankly revealed.

$2.50 at all Booksellers ($2.60 by mail)

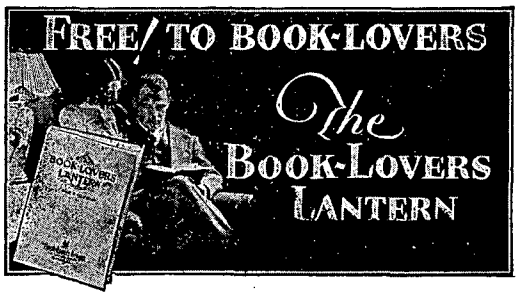
The Outline of Man's KNOWLEDGE

by Clement Wood

A tremendous book that contains all the really vital facts that every informed man is expected to know. Covers History, Science, Literature, Art, Religion, Philosophy. A priceless book.

$5.00 at all Booksellers ($5.12 by mail)

Lewis Copeland Company, *Publishers*
119 West 57th St. New York



A Fascinating Reading Guide!

NOW—every reader of "The BOOKMAN" may own a copy of the widely discussed "Book-Lovers Lantern." Prepared originally for "The Book-Lovers League" members exclusively, "The Lantern" was greeted so enthusiastically, our Directors have voted to extend this privilege to all readers of this periodical for a limited time.

"The Lantern" is unique. It presents in handy, compact form a complete guide to all worth-while books published. It is interestingly arranged and attractively illustrated. With "The Lantern," you always know "what's what" in books—for it can be supplemented as quickly as the new works come out. It is as though a group of distinguished literary critics and friends were visiting you. It is just like having constant access to the world's largest bookstore. If you would keep pace with the most discerning book-lovers—if you would read more profitably than ever—and save time and money as well—you will want a copy of "The Lantern" on your library table. Write to-day! Edition is limited, so please send a postcard or the coupon below NOW!

FREE COUPON—MAIL TO-DAY!

Book-Lovers League, 156 E. 42nd St., Dept. B1, New York, N. Y.
Send me FREE copy of "The Book-Lovers Lantern" as per special offer. I am not obligated in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GLOBE TROTTING THROUGH BOOKS

HOWARD RAMSDEN HARTILL, the author of *Men Are Like That* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.00), carried on agricultural reconstruction work in the Caucasus from 1922 to 1924 and there he came to know intimately Ohanus Appressian, of whose adventures this book tells. The scene is that land between the Black and the Caspian Seas, peopled by Tartars, Armenians and Russian Cossacks, where hatred and savagery, primitive living and age-old traditions are rampant. It is not only a story of adventure but contains also much information on customs and traditions of the people of the Caucasus. Although a sequential biography from boyhood, the greater part of the tale is of those years from 1914, through war, revolution, counter-revolution, famine, pestilence and the lowest point of destitution. The most amazing quality of the book is not in the succession of shocking and terrible incidents, but is rather in the sanity of the teller, in the understanding of hatreds and generosities, in the acknowledgment of faults, in the appreciation of virtues, wherever these are found. He knows that "men are like that" in hatred and revenge, which bring forth the worst in human nature, in a savagery far below the beasts; he knows, too, that "men are like that" in courage and kindness and unselfishness. But in his understanding he is wise enough to say "We live in a universe beyond the understanding. I have been on the scenes of massacres where the dead lay on the ground. . . . The earth in such a spot should rot, and the sky above it be black forever; but always the sun shines as warmly there, and over it the canopy of the blue sky spreads itself as protectingly as elsewhere". Well may he say "The serenity of God troubles the spirit of the thoughtful". A vivid and a fascinating book.

Jan Gordon, the author of *On a Paris Roundabout* (Dodd, Mead, $5.00), describes his work as "the kind of book a beetle might write were it to recount its journeys made while tied to a pin". In that sense alone it is a travel book. The string allows him to wander only as far from his studio as the Restaurant Landru—the home of M. and Mme Chatelain and of the huge dog Caesar and the scandalously wicked rabbit Landru—and to take in all the innumerable fascinations of people, places and incidents in this circumscribed little world. It is a Paris never known to the tourist and also, one might say, never known to any resident who was not poor in money but rich in awareness and interest in human beings. The Restaurant Landru was first chosen because of its cheapness, but the author and his wife remained constant to it because of the quality of its food and because of a certain simplicity and variety in the lives and interests of its proletarian occupants. Here are delightful bits of gossip, and the many illustrations by the author add charm to the book. Though it may all be a blending of the actual and the typical, as the author confesses, it is such a skillful blending that to the reader it is a reality of color and interest and intimacy.

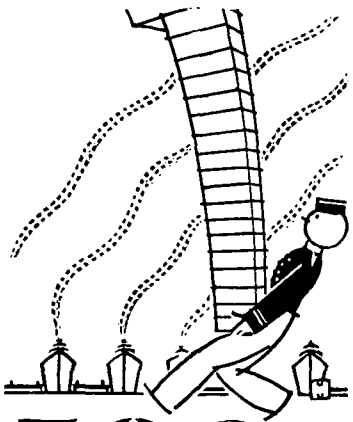
Roads to the Revolution, by Sarah Comstock (Macmillan, $5.00), is a book of twenty journeys to some of the outstanding scenes of the American Revolution, all of which are to be reached from the three centers—Boston, New York and Philadelphia. It aims to be a companionable guide to historic places and buildings, and to sketch the events connected with the spots visited. Although not arranged in strict chronological order, it follows a general scheme that begins with Lexington and Concord and ends with Washington and Mount Vernon. The author occasionally wanders on brief excursions into an earlier period—as in the short accounts of Plymouth and the Pilgrims, the Salem Witchcraft, and early Dutch New York—but only as a historical background for the quickly sketched events of the Revolutionary period. From Boston the traveller can visit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the many familiar places within a fairly small compass, but ranging from New York he must go as far away as Saratoga and Ticonderoga, as well as along the Hudson, to Long Island and nearby parts of New Jersey. Trenton, Princeton, Germantown and Valley Forge are all included with Philadelphia. A fair knowledge on the part of the reader of Revolution chronology would add much to the pleasurable use of the book. It is all very clearly and succinctly put, and is well illustrated by many photographs. A short list of ready reference books is arranged as further aid to each journey, followed by a complete bibliography.

Safari: A Saga of the African Blue, by Martin Johnson (Putnam, $5.00), tells a more or less connected story of the life of the author and his wife, with two hundred natives, at Lake Paradise, close to the Abyssinian border—an almost unknown region five hundred miles from the nearest civilization. Their object was to film a record of Africa's vanishing wild life, never to hunt big game. In this account are tragedy, near-tragedy and comedy, and an appreciation of the creatures they photographed. "The camel is a peevish old woman; the elephant a scholarly gentleman; the giraffe a born aristocrat; the lion a sportsman; zebras are just plain rowdies; the ostrich is a bully; the leopard an assassin." Every one of these characterizations the author has made from his own experiences, and the reasons for them are entertaining and enlightening. Patience and courage went into the gathering of this material, the story of which is told in a straightforward, admirable fashion that makes the region and the life vivid. More than sixty full-page illustrations are an added enjoyment.

Published in London as "Our Cockney Ancestors", *London in Bygone Days,* by Kenneth Hare (Payson & Clarke, $4.00), aims to bring to the reader an understanding, a visualization, of past periods by means of a series of detached chapters presenting in slightly fictionized form single days in the lives of imaginary individual Londoners of six important epochs. A holiday in Chau-



506
BON VOYAGE
BOOK
BOXES
were delivered
in one day
to 19 steamers at
the port of New York—
vivid proof that those
who travel like to read.

The way to remember
your traveling friends...

Write or wire name of voyageur, giving the price of box desired, the name of vessel and the date of sailing. Delivery will be made to the steamer. Books and magazines of your choice or ours will be sent.

BON VOYAGE BOOK BOXES are priced at $5, $10, $15, $20, etc.

BRENTANO'S
Booksellers to the World
1 W. 47th St. New York
Branch 5th Avenue at 27th St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRIGHTER FRENCH

BY H. T. R.

HOW TO WISE-CRACK IN PARIS

2.00

PAYSON & CLARKE LTD

The Best Abridged Dictionary

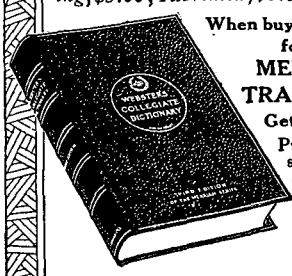
It is Based upon the "Supreme Authority" WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL

When you puzzle over the pronunciation, definition or derivation of a new word—over questions of geography, historic characters, grammar, spelling, punctuation, etc., use

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

106,000 Vocabulary terms; dictionary of **Biography; Gazetteer;** rules of **punctuation;** use of **capitals, abbreviations, foreign phrases,** etc. 1,256 pages; 1,700 **illustrations.**

The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient to handle. Art Canvas binding, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.



When buying, Look for the MERRIAM TRADE-MARK

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Get The Best

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention this magazine.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

cer's London, a pilgrimage in the days of Henry V, Anne Boleyn and the London of Henry VIII, a holiday in Shakespeare's London, a man about town in the 1600's, and a visit to London in the eighteenth century—these are the successive pictures presented to convey to the reader the sense of bygone days. The author has brought to his work a wide and intimate knowledge of English history. It is done richly and delightfully, and the atmosphere and appreciation of other days are here. However, the method of arousing historical feeling and realization through the experiences of an imaginary character is not necessarily more successful or more vivid than the straight-from-the-author account. Only the first long chapter, serving as an introduction, is written in this undisguised form.

It has been several years since a real travel book about Germany has been written, and *Towns and People of Modern Germany,* by Robert Medill McBride (McBride, $5.00), is a welcome publication. The author has not only written a book full of charm—a quality also found in the many drawings by Edward Caswell—but one which is informative and to some extent interpretative. It is the chronicle of a journey made by the author and the artist to places often visited before but now recently revisited for fresh impressions. These are presented chiefly by grouping the places according to such chapter arrangements as: "Forty Miles of Romance on the Rhine", "Picture Towns of Bavaria", "Mediaeval Cities of the Hartz Mountains", "Cities That Once Knew Luther", "Twin Cities of Saxony", "Far-Flung Towns of the Hanseatic League". In these chapters are sketches of historical backgrounds, and an understanding of the individuality and personality of places. Modern Munich, Dresden and Leipsic; mediaeval Augsburg, Ulm, Nüremberg, and Rothenburg; the Valley of the Moselle, the Black Forest, the Bavarian Alps; Berlin, Bremen and Hamburg—all these and many other places are visited and presented to the reader for their mellowness, their beauty their quaintness, or their modernity, with a thoroughness, an enjoyment and an interest on the part of both the writer and the artist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The BOOK MART

NOT in some years has the book-auction season in New York come to so early and melancholy a close as in this present year. The reason is not far to seek—the book-auction houses simply could not get the books to sell. In the first half of the season, before the holidays, there were a few important sales of private libraries. In the sales of the present year there has been not one that would stand out as making the season distinguished. Nowadays there is no profit to anybody in selling at auction books which merely pay the cost of cataloguing, advertising and commissions. Really rare books have been scarce in this season's sales. To be sure, there were a few new records, but nothing like the number which have appeared in many previous seasons. The Levy Elizabethan books, the Vollbehr incunabula, the Colgate Stevensoniana, the Kingan Americana, the Rhinelander Waldo library and numerous sales of first editions were all interesting, but not sensational. The sale of an English collection of first editions of Kipling in January was something of an oasis in a desert, but outside of the Kipling and Stevenson collections there have been few great opportunities for collectors.

It has, however, been a great season for autograph sales. The dispersal at the Anderson Galleries of the collection of the late Zachary T. Hollingsworth of Boston, the total proceeds of which were nearly $182,000, was the great sale, not only of the present season, but the best in many years. The sale of the Varnum Papers at the American Art Galleries brought into the market another collection of American historical papers, and, although it did not compare with the Hollingsworth sale in value, it was by no means devoid of interest, and produced some new record prices. The great feature of the Colgate Stevenson sale was the autograph section, and the chief advances in price were made for autographs rather than books.

The closing of the Walpole Galleries as a New York book-auction house was another feature of the past season. The story of this auction house is a sad one. The business was started in 1915 by Edward and Lenore B. Young Turnbull. The partners had been cataloguers in the old Anderson Auction Company and decided to become partners for life and start in business for themselves. For a time they specialized in Japanese prints, and had some of the most important sales of this class of material ever held in this country. Mr. Turnbull was an accomplished English bibliographer and Mrs. Turnbull an expert cataloguer. For a time all went well, until Mr. Turnbull's health failed, and though dying of tuberculosis, he made a game fight against heavy odds until the end came in 1924. Since then, until the present season, his widow pluckily carried on the fight alone. Finally, however, she recognized its futility, and the Walpole Galleries closed with the sale of Mr. Turnbull's extensive and valuable bibliographical library. The books brought good prices, and while the Walpole Galleries had a limited field and was unable to carry on in the face of increasing costs, its late proprietors made friends who will realize the brave fight the Turnbulls made against adverse fortune.

But if the close of the American auction season was something of a disappointment, the English season is closing in a blaze of glory. About the middle of March, Dr. Rosenbach, and other leading American dealers packed their grips and took passage for England to be in time for the sales of the libraries of the late Sir George Holford, the rare and valuable Americana from the library of the ninth earl of Northumberland, and the books and manuscripts of Clement K. Shorter and others. The great gems of the Holford library, valued at more than a million dollars, had already been secured at a private sale

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Mart

by Dr. Rosenbach and shipped to this country; but a sale of the remaining portion, which included such rarities as the first edition of Milton's "Lycidas"; one of the two known copies of Surrey's "Songes and Sonettes" and the serial publication of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe", as only a few of its important items, was not a sale to be disregarded by American dealers. The sale in April, in which appeared the Shorter books which had not been bequeathed to institutions, was notable principally for one item, the original manuscript of Rev. C. L. Dodgson's "Alice's Adventures Under Ground", the original of "Alice in Wonderland". This was the property of "Alice" herself, now Mrs. Alice Pleasance Hargreaves, for whom it was written. The manuscript, set down on ninety-two pages, with illuminated title and dedication and thirty-seven drawings by "Lewis Carroll" is probably the most attractive autograph manuscript that ever came into the auction room. Its value was estimated, before the sale, at seventy-five hundred pounds.

It is too early to tell the story of the sale of the Percy library, which was held at the end of April. The collection of books and manuscripts relating to America was made largely by Henry Percy, ninth earl of Northumberland, born in 1564 and ranking eighth in succession to the throne. A friend of Raleigh, he was interested in the Virginia Colony, of which his brother, George Percy, was for a time deputy-governor under Captain John Smith. The manuscript record of the Virginia Colony, by William Strachey, dedicated to the earl, is one of the principal gems of this sale. It is one of three copies, the others being in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library. Then there were little books like Brereton's "Relation", 1602, of which only two other copies have been sold at auction. No such collection of Americana has come into the auction room in the last fifteen years.

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE WALDEN BOOK SHOP
410 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago

will send on request a catalogue of first editions and Brief Bibliographical Notes on modern authors issued occasionally.

Modern first editions and private press books always in stock.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FREE for the asking, the S & K MONTHLY BOOK REVIEW: We have all good books.

STEWART KIDD

Booksellers *Stationers* *Engravers*

19-23 East 4th Street Cincinnati

The Smith Book Company

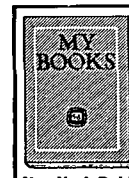
We specialize in material relating to the Old Northwest Territory, the South and far West. Monthly bulletins may be had on application.

914 Union Central Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

THE EDWARD-MADISON-COMPANY
BOOKS-STATIONERY-ARTWARES-CAMERAS
ARTISTIC-FRAMING & PRINTING
427-429-BLOOMFIELD-Av-MONTCLAIR-N-J-

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

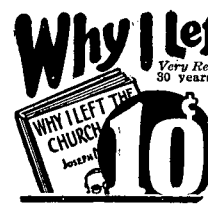


What Shall I Read?

is answered in a list of 300 books, chosen from the best in Art, Drama, Fiction, Humor, Music, Science, Religion, Philosophy, Literature, etc. Differs from usual Reading Guide by stressing average reader's interest instead of compiler's erudition. You'll like it! Write TODAY FREE

Magazine Subscriptions at Unusual Rates

New York Publishing Co., Dept. 20-F, 25 Dominick St., N.Y.



Joseph McCabe (*formerly the Very Rev. Father Anthony, O.S.F.*), after 30 years as a Jesuit Priest, exposes the degrading life of the Church today. Thinking people will welcome this 46-page confession of the Church's hypocrisy with its wilful fraud and deceit. Order your copy at once of this amazing book which has defied suppression since its publication. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents.

FREETHOT PRESS ASS'N
250 W. 54th ST., NEW YORK, Dept. 100

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Mart

One of the modern methods of selling books is by showing them, not to individuals in bookstores, but to organizations in clubs and libraries. The American Institute of Graphic Arts will have its annual exhibition of "Fifty Books of 1928" simultaneously at the Grolier Club and the New York Public Library in May. After that the exhibits, in duplicate, will be shown in forty different cities of the United States, to the accompaniment of lectures, lantern slides and catalogues. Anybody who can resist the appeal of the fifty most beautiful books published in the year prior to March 1, 1928, will be a hardened soul who would be insensible to the appeal of the magazine ad or the book-shop.

Originally issued as a pamphlet in 1913, *An Introduction to Bibliography,* by Ronald B. McKerrow (Oxford, $6.00), is intended to give the student of literature an account of the transition from the MS. to the printed book, so as to enable him to learn something of a book's history which might not be gathered except through a knowledge of printing processes. In its present enlarged state the book will find readers among students of printing and bibliography, and will be valuable to amateur librarians and collectors. The author disclaims these latter interests, but the book is such a good accounting of printing history and practice in early times, of details of book construction, and so explanatory of bookish and printers' terms, that it will doubtless go beyond his intention, while it will certainly serve its stated purpose well.

EARN PROMOTION AND COLLEGE CREDIT
through the
HOME-STUDY COURSES
in 40 different subjects given by
The University of Chicago
221 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

BOSTON, MASS.

MENCKENANA
"What You Ought To Know About Your Baby," Hirshberg and Mencken, scarce, l.s. by Mencken, laid in, $50; "American Language," first limited, l.s. by Mencken, laid in, $35; Players' Ibsen "A Doll's House," introduction by Mencken, o. of p., $10; "Prejudices," Sixth Series, autographed, $5. Send for unique list.
THE BOOKNOOK, 99 Mt. Vernon St., Boston

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Any Book of Any Publisher
PROMPT CAREFUL SERVICE!
THE H. R. HUNTTING COMPANY
(*Library Specialists*)
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!
We hold 1,250,000 vols. second hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books, and Sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests.
FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

THE FRANK HOLLINGS BOOKSHOP
Has the most varied and interesting stock of Rare Books and Autographs of all periods, Association copies, Victorian and Georgian First Editions, Modern Press Books, etc. Catalogues sent post free on Application. 7 Great Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W. C. 2.

DULAU & CO. (Established 1792)
32 Old Bond Street, London W. 1
Offer post free: Catalogues 158 Miscellaneous Books; and 160 Books and Autographs.

RARE MODERN FIRST EDITIONS
Catalogues gratis
BERTRAM ROTA
76a Davies St., London W.1, Eng.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Book Mart

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

McDEVITT—WILSON'S

NEW BOOKS—RARE BOOKS
FINE BINDINGS—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
Monthly BOOK-TALK 50c a year
30 Church St. New York City

VISIT the FRENCH BOOKMAN

202 West 96th Street, near Broadway
when in New York. French Books and Magazines exclusively. Large selections conveniently displayed and reasonably priced. Lists on request.

BOOKS *by mail.* Send for any book mentioned in or out of THE BOOKMAN and we will speed it on its way to you.

Current books *Fine press books*
Modern first editions
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

ISRAEL SOIFER
1244 Clay Avenue New York City

BOOK-DEALERS

HAVE you realized that The Bookman's audience is the largest in book-reading, book-buying people that you can find anywhere? And Bookman readers are rapidly increasing—The Bookman is making itself a *necessity* to all who read. An entry in its advertising columns is a necessity to *you.*

WRITE US FOR OUR SPECIAL RATES TO BOOK-DEALERS

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Rare Books · First Editions · Sporting Prints · Standard Editions

BOOKS

Real Booklovers invariably go to Himebaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask?

Write for catalogue

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
Booksellers and Stationers
4 East 46th Street

Read Without Buying

RARE, scarce, unusual, out-of-print and curious books, limited editions, privately printed items, unexpurgated translations, exceptional reprints and current esoterica may be had through this entirely unique service. You may now *read without buying,* at moderate cost, both the quaint old books and the extraordinary new ones.

Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY, INC.
45 West 45th Street Dept. R-2 New York City

MASONIC BOOKS

The latest books on Freemasonry. Come in and visit our bookshelves. *Mail orders promptly filled. Send for Catalog B.*
REDDING MASONIC SUPPLY CO.
9 West 23rd Street Masonic Publishers New York, N.Y.

NEW CATALOGUE

of modern first issues and limited editions, private presses and illustrated books, may be had for the asking.
GOTHAM BOOK MART, INC.
51 W. 47th Street, New York City (*Bryant* 5812.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

F. M. HOLLY
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Rates and full information sent upon application

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures.
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC.
135 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City

Strengthen Your Work and Increase Your Sales
By Having Me Criticise Your Manuscripts
Fee—Fifty Cents per Thousand Words
Circulars on request
G. GLENWOOD CLARK
219 North Henry Street, Williamsbury, Virginia

ROBERT THOMAS HARDY
Play Broker and Author's Agent
Formerly editor of Snappy Stories. Has also been on the editorial staff of the J. B. Lippincott Company, Street and Smith, and the Munsey publications.
All manuscripts are given Mr. Hardy's personal attention. Send for full information.
47 West 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

ELIZABETH DILLER
45 West 11 Street, New York
CRITICISM AND REVISION OF POETRY
Information on request

MANUSCRIPTS COPIED
50c per thousand words, including carbon copy
L. F. PLANK MORGANTOWN, PA.

Test Your Story Writing Ability FREE

Dr. Burton
If you have the proper natural qualities of mind, then under Dr. Burton's training you will be able to succeed in Short-Story writing. Send for this interesting Analysis Test, and receive expert critic's frank opinion. Also free booklet.
LAIRD EXTENSION INSTITUTE
489 Laird Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

SPEAKERS, WRITERS, Club members: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service suited to your requirements, highly endorsed. Revision of manuscripts, story and books, a specialty.
AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU
Room 491, 500 Fifth Avenue New York

Books for Writers 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50. The Writer's Book, $2.50. How to write a Short Story, 65c. What Editors Want, 25. Catalogue 30 others. Also personal service in criticism of manuscripts and advice as to markets. Correspondence invited.
***JAMES KNAPP REEVE**
Service Bureau for Writers (*Former editor of the Editor) Franklin, Ohio

ARTHUR E. SCOTT
Authors' Agent and Editorial Critic
(Former Editor of *Top-Notch Magazine*)
Expert criticism, revision, and marketing of manuscripts. If you want real editorial assistance, write for particulars.
74 Irving Place, New York

MANUSCRIPTS
Neatly and accurately typed. Fifty cents per thousand words. Free carbon copies. Poems, 2 cents per line.
EMIL E. MADERA
29 Beechurst Ave. Morgantown, W. Va.

BOSTON
by
Upton Sinclair
began in the February issue of THE BOOKMAN. Copies of the February and March issues may be ordered from the publisher for 50c each.
THE BOOKMAN
452 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

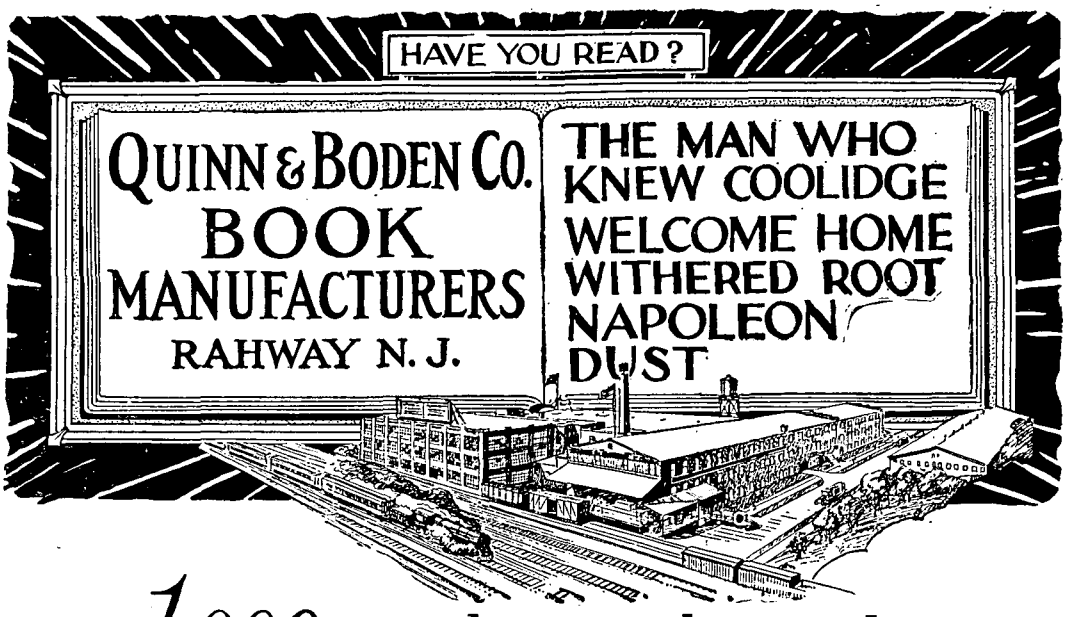
JAS. H OLIPHANT & CO.

Established 1898

Members New York Stock Exchange
Members New York Curb Market
Members Chicago Stock Exchange
Members New York Coffee & Sugar Exchange, Inc.

NEW YORK, 61 BROADWAY CHICAGO, THE ROOKERY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



1,000 people every hour--day and night--see this sign!

ON the roof of the Quinn & Boden plant at Rahway, N. J., this huge illuminated sign advertises (without cost to the publisher) the newest outstanding books. Every crack train on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad (the "Broadway Limited," "The Orange Blossom Special," etc.) has to pass the Quinn & Boden plant—and this sign.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY WROTE in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of March 10:

"I must have passed Quinn and Boden's big printing shop in Rahway, N. J., several score of times, and always keep an eye open for it from the western side of the P. R. R. smoker. But only the other day I noticed that they have started a new way of giving a little free advertising to recent books that have been printed there. On a big sign that overlooks the railway you will see a number of titles as the express flashes by. It says something like this: DUSTY ANSWER REBELLION GEORGE WASHINGTON WHATEVER WE DO MOTHER INDIA."

Every traveller carries with him, too, the impression of Quinn & Boden activities—compositors, pressmen, electrotypers, bookbinders, cars at the siding, trucks at the door—a panorama of fine books in the making.

QUINN & BODEN CO., INC.

Manufacturers of Fine Books

RAHWAY ~ NEW JERSEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$18 a year is only 5¢ a day!

Will YOU Pay that Small Sum for Twelve of the Year's Chosen Books?

MEMBERSHIP in the Literary Guild of America is absolutely free. There is no charge for the service; there is no charge for the expert advice of the Editorial Board; all postage is prepaid. When you join the Guild you pay eighteen dollars (nineteen dollars on the deferred payment plan), for which you receive twelve outstanding books that *would cost between thirty-five and forty dollars if purchased any other way.* These books are delivered to you—one each month for a year—by the mailman. They are chosen for Guild members from the most important and entertaining manuscripts scheduled for production by America's leading publishers. They are issued simultaneously with the regular trade edition—in the special binding of the Guild. Each book is a masterpiece of its kind—the best book, in the opinion of the Editorial Board, to be published in that month.

Every member of the Guild's Board of Editors is a leader in the literary or educational world. Dr. Carl Van Doren is Editor-in-chief, assisted by Joseph Wood Krutch, Elinor Wylie, Glenn Frank, Zona Gale and Hendrik Willem van Loon. These names assure you of the quality of the Guild books from month to month. Every field of writing is explored for outstanding work. In the long run fiction predominates, of course.

The titles of books chosen by the Guild in the past reads almost like a best seller list—headed by such outstanding successes as TRADER HORN, CIRCUS PARADE, TRISTRAM and THE GREAT AMERICAN BANDWAGON.

Surely your book budget is a great deal more than eighteen dollars a year. The four books listed above cost you twelve dollars at retail prices. For the six dollars difference Guild members received *eight more outstanding volumes.*

You have the same opportunity to realize this economy. You can join the Guild today and begin at once to enjoy the countless advantages of membership.

You risk nothing. Your membership may be cancelled at any time on a month's notice. In case of cancellation the regular retail price is charged for the books you have received and the balance is refunded to you. Clip the coupon now and assure yourself of the next twelve chosen books—*for five cents a day!*

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.
55 Fifth Ave., Dep't 40-B, New York City

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc.,
55 Fifth Ave., Dep't 40-B, New York City.

Gentlemen: You may enter me as a subscriber to the LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA for one year. I will pay you $4.00 on receipt of your first book and $3.00 a month for 5 months only. You will send me one new book a month for a year. I may cancel this subscription by giving one month's notice. In this case you will charge me only the retail price of books received and refund the balance.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Save $1.00—If you prefer to pay all at once you can save $1.00 by sending $18.00 with this coupon.

For Canada, Australia and New Zealand send $21.00 cash and books will be delivered to you, duty paid. All other foreign countries send only $18.00 cash.

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN,
CAMDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED